

The Journal of a Retread

The observations, problems, and comments of a food and agricultural officer in Military Government in World War II

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One civilian-turned-soldier's view of the problems, activities, situations, experiences, successes, and failures encountered in Military Government, Food and Agricultural Division, in World War II behind the combat lines, North Africa to Sicily, Italy, Austria, West Germany. The period December 1941 to December 30th 1946

Colonel Stanley Andrews (Retired)

Alamo, Texas 1971

Dedicated to Mrs. A. and Winky

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Note by the Editor:

This electronic version is a transcription of a typewritten manuscript bearing many penciled-in editorial marks in Colonel Andrews' handwriting. Simple editing to remove obvious redundancies and typographical errors has been performed in the transcription of the manuscript, but the document is verbatim otherwise.

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INTRODUCTION

The word "retread" is used to describe officers in World War I who volunteered for service in World War II.

The material in this book was taken from a longer, highly personal, and detailed account of my experience and observations as a military government officer concerned with food and agriculture behind the advancing armies in World War II from North Africa, to Sicily, Italy proper, briefly in Austria, finally in Germany ... first as an officer and later as a civilian.

Beginning on the night of Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, and extending through three years and nine months of active participation in the problems of restoring agricultural production and feeding people, I kept brief notes of time, place, and situations. These notes, though scant, have guided me in the preparation of a longer manuscript now in the custody of the Harry S. Truman Library at Independence, Missouri.

That manuscript presents, as does this shorter version, a picture of what happens to people when a modern army rumbles over their land, their homes, villages, cities, and towns, and some of the problems which people confront when they try to restore their shattered villages and personal lives. The document in the library is there for future generations, if they choose to read and ponder one aspect of World War II that rarely got into the headlines, the radio, or the news-reels. The observations and comments are reflections of one person on the situations and in the atmosphere of the war years 1941 to 1945.

Incidentally, World War II was not my introduction to a war scene. I was an infantry soldier during World War I on the front in France and as such saw war from the standpoint of the combat soldier. However, as a military government officer attached to the fighting forces one is more or less a hybrid torn between the necessity of doing everything possible to enhance the fighting forces and at the same time trying to assist a distracted and sometimes terrified civilian population back to some sort of order and stability.

As an infantryman in World War I, I also kept a notebook, and as I review those notes some 57 years later I find my concern then was almost wholly with the day-to-day business of carrying on a war. Actually, they reveal more periods of diversion, rest camps, delousing stations, quiet fronts, recreation areas, rare good meals, and show troops, with periods of nothing much but wait and loaf between active combat. In contrast, my notes in World War II seem to reflect that I started running in North Africa and never stopped until I returned to the US three years and nine months later. There was never a minute it seems that some problem did not arise.

This experience in two World Wars has convinced me of two things ... namely that war is never justified in terms of the total cost to human beings for the aims gained; that it is at best a dirty, degrading, and senseless business which mankind seems unwilling to give up

or unable to escape. Woodrow Wilson's call for a "war to make the world safe for Democracy" and the phrases in the UN charter about the peaceful world, seem rather hollow indeed as we write this in 1975. Even the small and most helpless nations seem to want to settle their accounts by the sword instead of reason in a world where malnutrition is standard for nearly two thirds of the globe and millions of that number are at the very edge of starvation ... we find the enlightened men on this globe spending 240 billion dollars annually in the arms trade, even as we face a world shortage of fertilizer and lack of facilities to produce the abundance of food that we can produce. The US defense budget for 1983 is 258 billion alone.

My second conviction is that there are no real heroes in combat; that the real heroes are those innocent and helpless women, children, old people and others who are trampled down by the war machine and who, after the holocaust, can somehow look around their shattered homes, families, and lives and still see a ray of hope, their hands clutching the tender threads of survival.

If the following pages reflect anything it is the hope that in these little people, once they have a real voice in world affairs ... maybe future wars might be avoided.

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CASABLANCA - AND BEYOND

A few of the ships in the hundred-vessel convoy, which had left the United States some 23 days before, put in at harbors on the North African coast. The Liberty ship on which I had sailed was loaded with tanks and tons of cordite. The passenger list included 26 military personnel; 9 old retreads (all majors) and 17 young bomber pilots. We landed at Casablanca and were trucked to a red clay and sandy field some distance from the city called Camp Don Passore. As we stood in columns of twos in "at ease" formation with our valpacks and other possessions neatly stacked before us, a rather dour-looking Colonel was speaking ...

"You will be held at camp until orders from the High Command come in for your formal assignment", he advised us, "You will be housed in regulation army tents, four persons to each tent, with iron bunks, wire springs, and GI blankets top and bottom."

This was as we had expected and we stood there stoically and listened to the rest of it. Mess call would be prompt at 7 each morning and the chow line would form at the open-air kitchen a short distance away. As a final note, he ordered that "No one should leave the camp for forty-eight hours, without his expressed permission. At the end of that time the senior officer would be responsible for the contingent with authority to issue passes and be responsible for the conduct of those in the group."

I had been hit with this Senior Officer role everytime since leaving the States nearly 25 days before. While waiting embarkation at Camp Patrick Henry in Newport News I was assigned to command a Negro work batallion because the camp commandant, a Colonel, said, "As a southerner you know how to handle niggers."

The prospect of a bunk in a warm tent was good news to the nine old retreads in our contingent but it was like waving a red flag at a bull to the seventeen bomber pilots who had come across with us. The nine old retreads were perfectly willing to retire to our tents and do bunk duty for the night. The seventeen bomber pilots disappeared like a bunch of quail in the brush thicket. They had either bribed the guards or sneaked through the barbed wire surrounding the camp and had spent the evening in the bistros outside the barbed-wire enclosure.

Apparently they made traditional use of their time and filled up on raw Algerian wine. They had returned about midnight, roaring drunk, and were caught by the military police as they attempted to get back through the wire. They were promptly brought before the Colonel who ordered them to house arrest and to see that they went to meals and latrines under proper guard.

In the camp was a contingent of enlisted men, former cooks, jeep drivers at various camps in the USA who had been gathered together and shipped out as infantry replacement in anticipation of heavy casualties as our army invaded the Italian mainland. These men had not been paid for several months. Though it took another round with the Colonel, I succeeded in getting them paid.

However, with that attended to, I still had the problem of my bomber pilots ... they were chafing at the bits to get out, or get court-martialed for whatever was coming to them. However, as luck would have it, a few days later an order came down, asking that all bomber crew personnel be shipped at once to England for replacement to the crews being lost over Germany.

I went to the Colonel with the telegram and again he argued that these fellows had disobeyed a legitimate military order and would be court martialled. Finally, however, after a lot of argument, he consented to let them go and agreed to squash the court martial proceedings. In just a few hours the seventeen young bomber pilots were on their way to their destiny. Some months later I encountered one of the group taking a leave in Italy, and he said that of the seventeen original replacements only eight were left. The other nine had either been killed or taken prisoner after being shot down over Berlin.

A matter of hours after the bomber personnel left camp, orders came for the nine retreads to report to Algiers and on the same evening we took the French Papado from Casablanca to Algiers where we were then shipped by truck to a land-locked valley in the Atlas Mountains known as Tizzi Ouzzou, or the Grand Kabayle. Numerous villages nestled high on the mountainsides looked on the lush lowlands mostly settled by the French.

Our billets at Tizzi Ouzzou were in a French high-school building and here we experienced our first Joint Command of British and American forces. Sicily had already fallen to the sweep of the Allied armies. Our mornings at Tizzi Ouzzou were taken up mainly in Italian lessons in preparation for what was to be the invasion of the Italian peninsula. In the afternoon we did a good bit of hiking in the mountains.

The British, we had promptly learned, were sticklers for doing things according to the rules and long-range plans. It had been decreed that no hot water was to be supplied until November 17th. That meant that after our long hikes in the mountains when we came in sweaty, cold, and tired it was cold-water baths, or no baths. Promptly as the hands on the clock and the numbers on the calendar reached November 17th we had hot water, to the relief of everyone.

Our stay at Tizzi Ouzzou was rather short. One afternoon, after returning from a visit to Tigzit, the farthest west of the ancient Roman settlement, an orderly came running through the hall calling specifically for Major Hammar, a former land economist professor at the University of Missouri, and anyone else who knew anything about food and agriculture.

A Captain Keim, who had been the 4-H Club leader in the State Extension service of the State of Pennsylvania pointed to me and said, "That guy is a farmer."

I had filled out my Form 57 emphasizing my experience as a manager of business enterprises, a farm magazine and radio station, General Agent of the Farm Credit

Administration of the New Orleans district and my experience as First Sergeant of Infantry in World War I without a reference to my agricultural background.

Major Hammar and I were immediately called before the assignment board consisting of a British General and an American Colonel and were told to report to General Eisenhower's headquarters in Algiers the next morning. We were soon packed bag and baggage in a weapons carrier and rushed to Algiers ready to report to General Eisenhower. We were received by his Civil Affairs officer who briefed us on the situation and reported back to General Eisenhower.

Two weeks before our departure for Sicily from Tizzi Ouzzou an American Lieutenant Colonel, who had served a short time in Military Government in Sicily, claimed that provisioning the island would be no problem since Agricultural Department statistics showed Sicily exporting about 40,000 tons of wheat annually. We did not at the time have access to the statistical data but we were suspicious that something was wrong somewhere. Now here we were, less than two weeks later, in Sicily because of a food crisis.

What had happened was just another example of the danger of taking statistics at first glance and assuming that they mean what they appear to mean.

The Pentagon planners, setting up the supply needs for the Sicilian invasion, had looked at the Sicily agricultural statistics all right -- but they had only read the production and export figures. Sicily is the chief producing area in Italy for durum and hard wheat varieties and annually exported considerable amounts of this wheat to North Italy to blend with soft wheat in making pasta. On the other side of the ledger Sicily normally imported 40,000 tons of soft wheat from North Italy or Africa to round out her food supply. Seventy percent of the diet of the Sicilian population at that time consisted of various forms and concoctions of bread grain ... the balance being fruits, vegetables, olive oil, and very little meat.

Because of the invasion, much of the 1943 hard wheat crop had not been exported to North Italy; and none of the soft wheat from North Italy had come to Sicily. To further complicate the situation, the current grain crop in Sicily was not coming in and Dr. Hammar and I faced the problem of how to induce the farmers market.

Our first stop was Trapani, the provincial capital of the province of the same name, on the west coast of Sicily. The town had been badly battered by the naval bombardment and was just beginning to move about a little. A rather sharp and gung-ho Britisher was in charge of the small military government team. There was much activity of cleaning up the mess of the battle and getting some sort of local government organized and going. Everything had to be closed down tight. Gasoline stocks, transport, food supplies, and fuel resources had been seized and put under guard. The chief activity that morning was issuing or denying anxious Sicilians a chit for a ration of gasoline, wheat, or fuel. Everything was moving, if it moved at all, through military channels. There was concern

in griping about the collection of the wheat crop but things had not reached crisis proportions evident in Palermo.

Over the years Italy had developed a nationwide system of Farmer Cooperative Marketing associations which received and marketed the farmer's grain, olive oil and horse beans. These cooperatives ("Consortorio Agario") had been enveloped into the fascist system and performed certain state services such as payment of subsidies to wheat farmers. When military government officers landed in an area they were given a guide book for procedures mainly requiring the closing or destruction of all Fascist institutions and the trial or firing of all officials of these institutions. Colonel Charles Polette, Military Governor of Sicily, had followed the book and closed all of these institutions and fired or jailed their managers. This meant that the only agencies which could receive and pay a farmer for his products were closed. Since there was no subsidy to be paid, farmers were at a loss of what to do with their wheat. Under the system these Consortorios and their sub-offices in almost every commune in Italy offered the only way a farmer could market his wheat legally.

When this situation became so evident, Major Hammar and I discussed the situation and what to do about it. We had no administrative authority; only staff functions, which were largely the making of reports and the expression of opinions. But the situation was most serious, so with some danger of getting into trouble higher-up, we quietly suggested to the local Military Government that teams be formed in each province to find some way to open up the consortorios and get them back into business with the promise that we would try to legalize the procedure and get an increase in the price of grain to offset the lack of subsidy which normally came from the government. Most of the local Military Government officials took the hint and opened up the Consortorio Agario with the clerical personnel putting some farmer, a so-called non-Fascist official, in nominal charge of the operation.

Another false assumption which bugged us all over Italy and Germany was that everybody concerned with a Fascist institution was a member of the party or a follower of Fascism. When it was pointed out that it would be almost impossible for everyone to be Party member we were told by some of the most ardent CID men that these people were followers and followers in this instance are worse than an outright Party member.

This of course overlooked the very human instinct in all countries of every person to survive. Even the most primitive economy must have somebody to manage it.

As we drove on to each province and many villages on our survey, we found that most of the Military Government teams were strongly in favor of force, military raids, to gather in the grain and to "scare the peasants into bringing in their harvests." They had achieved some success in several provinces raiding the large Latifundia, but the small peasants on two or three acres often tucked away high in the mountains or on the fringes of the Latifundia were a real problem. These fellows had been hiding their crops from the invaders and government for centuries. They were not about to change colors because of "being liberated by the British and American armies."

In Calcansetti province we learned that a raid was to be staged on some farmers in a mountain village on the night of our arrival there. We took part in the raid as observers. A little after sundown, two jeeps with six or seven soldiers in each, with an American Captain and a British Major, took off for a group of villages and individual homes perched on the side of a mountain several miles away. The jeeps were parked at the hard surfaced road at the foot of the mountain and the party walked up a winding donkey trail to one of the dwellings and demanded entry. Then began a rather fantastic procedure.

When the wheat was demanded, there were loud protests from the peasant and his family. He denied having any except small amounts he had kept for his family over the winter.

This claim was not believed, and immediately a search for the wheat was ordered; a search of each room, of the out-buildings, under the floor, and in the fence corners. Finally, a sizeable amount of grain was found in the earthen jars in a sort of a cellar, more in sacks hidden away in bushes and corners. After about one hour at this one place, something like five quintals, about 1000 pounds of wheat, were seized and toted down to the jeeps and the waiting weapons carrier truck on the roadside.

We left the party at this point but when the results of raids on other houses in the area were added up it amounted to less than a ton of wheat. This seemed quite a small haul and rather dubious use of the combined military power of two great nations conducting a world war. I was convinced that there had to be some better way of doing the job, but just how was another question.

Major Hammar and I spent New Years Day 1944 in Calcansetti. The Military Government team took the day off. Italians traditionally visit and have family gatherings on that day. We did very little more than try to keep warm. An entry in my notebook reflects some of the feelings we had on New Years 1944:

"This is New Years and I suppose one should think lofty thoughts and jot down ideals and resolutions but all I can think of now is that I'm cold and lonesome for the family. It is raining, turning to sleet outside. I slept on an iron cot springs last night with no mattress, no blankets and newspaper on the iron springs to break the chill which even then came up through my trench coat and sweater which I wore all night. These Sicilians are quite a lot. They literally swamp streets each evening, walk and talk. The youngsters: first, want to be a priest; second, a painter; third, a tenor; and last probably a gangster of the Mafia."

With our food survey rounded up on January 2nd, we headed for Enna high in the mountains: a beautiful town at the foot of Mount Aetna, which on that day was capped with snow glistening in the bright sun. After our round of seeking out the food situation we got over to the British Military Government villa around midnight where we were to sleep in considerable comfort. We were casually advised by the British Major that he had ordered the execution of two Sicilians at dawn, carrying out sentence of death leveled by the Italian court, before the invasions. This was to take place in the best Sicilian tradition

with a firing squad, the prisoners blindfolded and standing against the wall. We were invited to attend the execution. I noted in my book that we refused the invitation but "slept soundly that night."

During the next seven days we visited all of the provincial capitals of Sicily, Ragusa, Catania, Syracuse, Messina, and literally dozens of villages and small towns. The story around the circuit was about the same: little or no wheat coming in, black market raging, and farmers in rebellion against the prices they were paid in the official market.

As we approached Messina on one of our last stops before Palermo, we rounded a mud puddle on a curve in the road and there lying at the edge of the road, where cold muddy water was splashing on them, were huddled six young children apparently waiting or hoping to be picked up or else too ill to move. Those pale pinched faces haunt me to this day.

Vehicles were crowded front and rear and roaring hellbent for whatever destination each was supposed to reach. We paused only briefly but drove on like the rest. We stooped at the first church we saw in Messina and told the priest of the children back up the road and expressed the fear that they were going to die if not taken out of the chilly rain that night.

The priest listened, then shrugged his shoulders and said, "Yes, I know, but there are so many that we must try to care for here now that I can't see much that we can do."

I shudder now, thirty years later, at my own comment, "Well, life is cheap in Sicily." What else could be said?

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GET SOME FOOD MOVING QUICK!

We had completed our survey, and late in the evening on January 8th the destruction of war was everywhere as we headed back to Palermo along the northern coast of Sicily. As we rode past those stark ruins, we began to think what our report would be and what suggestions we should make to the Military Governor about the situation.

That night, in the rather palatial and comfortable Excelsior Hotel, I noted:

"There seems little question that the Sicilians in the larger towns and cities will starve. It becomes a question of who we should let starve. Some should starve and some should be shot. But could Allies let either of these things happen? Two classes here ... very, very desperately poor and very, very rich."

We worked until late at night on our oral report to be made the next morning. We were over at headquarters to report around ten o'clock on January 9th. We had only briefly gotten into this when an orderly came asking for a special mission to report to Naples. Without trying to find out very much about the mission, I volunteered. By then it was eleven o'clock and I was told to report to the docks to board an LST by 3:00 P.M.

Our report was rather brief and probably over-simplified. It was our recommendation to get some grain from the outside -- maybe divert some ships going to the Italian mainland if there were any in the convoys moving that way; raise the price of grain to at least 4000 lira per quintal; open up the Consoricios and Alimentari, and go ahead with the raids if they thought that would scare the Sicilians into action. A final item had to do with transport and of all things, horseshoe nails!

All motor transport had been seized and most of the trains in operation were carrying military supplies to Messina and other ports for shipment to the mainland. Farmers were complaining that they had no horseshoe nails to shoe their donkeys and oxen which were the chief transport power for getting wheat and farm produce to markets. The hilly gravel roads or trails simply cut the unprotected hoofs of the donkeys and oxen to the blood.

Our investigation had determined that village blacksmiths could hammer out scrap iron make something that might do for a horse or oxen shoe, but the nails to put them on were something else. I promised to see what could be done about this when I got to the mainland if that was where I was supposed to be going.

Major Hammar, in whose lap I had left the Sicilian food problem, saw me off at exactly 4:00 P.M. on a landing craft, loaded with tanks and artillery. Aboard were a few enlisted men and a Lieutenant Colonel in Military Government, a former deputy warden of a Pennsylvania prison, who had volunteered with me. We put out to sea headed for Naples, and were told that if we were lucky we would make it by about ten o'clock the next morning.

Our old LST, flat-bottomed, diesel-powered, headed up along the north coast. All night and into early afternoon we edged toward Salerno where our troops had landed some weeks before, in the mainland invasion. We rounded the Sorrento peninsula and as we headed toward Naples in late afternoon we at last saw the famous and truly beautiful bay of Naples. Some distance ahead black smoke was curling from the cone of Vesuvius. As we moved further into the harbor, about sunset, this smoke turned to a warm red glow, and later that night, occasional flames shot upward. It was in Jeremiah, "The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud (smoke) to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire."

The old LST duck, as the Navy crew called our boat, had been more comfortable than any accommodations since leaving the States. Good beds or bunks and Navy meals, plus the luxury of hot showers. Our Captain said we would remain aboard in the harbor overnight. This was greeted with enthusiasm as I noted:

"this means a warm bed, a good shower, and two more good meals."

Promptly the next morning, Jan. 12, we were herded off the ship as the tanks began clanking out of the open maw at the bow.

I immediately reported to a Colonel Adams who was in charge of the special detail. As we soon found out, the assignment was to look after thousands of Yugoslav refugees being pushed into the sea by the retreating partisans of Hitler and Tito. King Peter, who had passively resisted the German occupation of Yugoslavia, had long since fled, and General Mikhailovich, the leader of the Chetniks, the Serbian guerilla forces, carried on his campaign against the Germans as a minister of war of the Royalist government in exile.

Mikhailovich's forces had often clashed with the partisan forces of Tito; but his army gradually dwindled against the Tito drive and the Chetniks were being driven literally into the sea. For many months the Serbian Chetniks had served as a sort of an underground gateway for Allied airmen shot down over the Balkans. It had been an Allied policy to help out this force as much as possible. However, early in 1944 the Chetniks had lost Allied support and our mission, supposedly, was to try to organize the transfer of these people out of Yugoslavia, get them on islands in the Adriatic, and move as many of them as possible to camps around Bari, on the east coast of Italy.

I had received orders and was headed for the airport to take off on the initial hop to Bari, where we were to get transportation either by boat or parachute drop to the Yugoslavian mainland, where I decided to stick my head in the door of the Food and Agriculture Section of the Allied High Commission for Italy. At the desk sat an old friend and co-worker from Agriculture Department days, then Major, later Lieutenant Colonel, William Hartman. He greeted me like a long-lost friend and asked, "Where the devil have you been? We've been looking for you to show up for a month!"

"I've been in Sicily," I told him, "and am now on my way to Yugoslavia on a special mission."

Immediately, he began pressing buttons and making telephone calls. The long and short of it as that he called Colonel Adams, said something about my being a needed person on his staff, and that any Second Lieutenant could do what I was supposed to do anyway. My orders were cancelled and a Second Lieutenant was the goat in this instance. In my own case, I noted:

"I had missed the opportunity for some real adventure to talk about when it was all over."

This had been the second time that I had been alerted for a so-called special mission and was cancelled out. While over at Tizzi Ouzzou rumors were that two or three of us were to join a parachute drop on Rome as our landing forces invaded the mainland north of Rome. For some reason, this was cancelled and a landing later was made south of Rome without parachuting into Rome.

I was not long getting into action. It was now January 14th, and my first assignment was to be prepared to leave Sunday the 16th for Bari, Italy, to work with the newly-appointed Minister of Agriculture of the new Italy under King Victor Emmanuel and the Badoglio government.

I bunked that night with one of the fellows on Hartman's staff. The food and agriculture setup was the pattern to be followed all the rest of the war. A mixed staff, roughly one Britisher for one American.

In the case of the Food, Agriculture, Fisheries, and Forestry Division, one Lieutenant Colonel Dickey, a delightful Scotchman, who had been Minister of Agriculture of Scotland and now, in His Majesty's Army, was Hartman's counterpart. So on Sunday the 16th, I took off in a Command car, with a British driver and an Italian interpreter, for Bari to help organize the new Italy. I noted in my book:

"Badoglio, King Victor, here I come ... may the Lord help Italian farmers!"

We took off early that Sunday morning by way of Benevento, over the mountain passes of the lower Appenines, which run like a giant backbone down the spine of Italy.

As we drove over the snow-covered and icy-slick mountain passes, literally hundreds of men, women, and children were weaving up the slopes and along the roads with sacks of wheat on their head, moving towards Naples. Men carried fairly large sacks around 50 to 100 pounds, the women lesser amounts but often with a blue-nosed baby slung in a blanket over their back. This we learned later was the human break line which kept Naples in wheat that winter. Whole families and communities picked up the wheat on the Foggia plain, carried it in a rather well-organized system over the mountains and into the black market at Naples. This was first: a manner of surviving; second, it was good business.

Up to this point, the Morgenthau Boys, as we later called them, had insisted that no Italian be paid more for food or articles than the official government price had been under Mussolini. Wheat price had been fixed at 200 lire a quintal: and the black market price in Naples at that time was 4000 lire a quintal. There was good money in the business.

On our arrival in Bari we looked up the new Minister of Agriculture, one Dr. Segatti, a professor of agronomy at Bari University, and Captain Walt Shriber, an American, formerly with the Office of Foreign Agriculture Relations USDA. Capt. Shriber was the olive oil, fruit and vegetable expert for that organization. He had been assigned to the new Ministry, and was familiar with Italy and a fluent speaker of the language.

Since our assignment at this point was to try to help set up an Agriculture Department for the new Italian government, our conversation was largely on organizational problems and availability of Italian agriculture experts. We soon found there were none and Segatti, at this point was it, as far as an agricultural ministry was concerned.

Segatti was an agronomist, and with no particular food problem having hit the Bari area up to now because of the closeness of the ample supplies on the Foggia Plain, his concern was planting of the new crop. He was worried about the Contradini, or farm workers, who under the zest of liberation were running rather wild, squatting on the large estates, taking over this and that property, or simply refusing to work.

Italy, and Southern Italy in particular, had a semi-feudal system of agriculture. First, there was the large landowner, who usually lived in Rome, or at some of the more pleasant places on the coast. Next was the resident representative of the landowner's interest; next came the operator, or the man who got together the seed, fertilizer, machinery and generally supervised and made the decisions as to what would be produced and how. Finally there were the direct tillers or Contradini, who did the work, planted and harvested the crops, either on a day wage (about 23 cents per day at the time) or got a portion of the crop for their work.

This system had pretty well broken down under the strain of war, with battles being fought all around. Those who could, ran for safety further north; others hid out until the army passed, and others simply could not get hold of anything to start things moving again. There was no transport; it had been seized by the armies. Input supplies were virtually nonexistent and with the so-called freedom, political chaos prevailed. The workers were enjoying their freedom and the bosses were looking on in dismay.

We did not get very far in our first round with Segatti because he was simply out of communications with things; he had no staff, and most ministers are helpless without one. We went back to Naples, promising to return when we got a better look at our problem.

On the 19th we returned to Naples to look at things. This was the center of Military Government under the Allied Commission in what was then the only free part of Italy.

My assignment in the picture was Chief of the Agriculture Division of the Department of Food and Agriculture, Fisheries and Forestry of the Allied Military Government of Italy. This included the total agricultural picture from plowing and planting until the product reached its first processing to the marketplace. Here the Food Division, which was a sort of separate Ministry took over. We were expected to facilitate production and to see that the production reached market channels.

The Badoglio government had set up shop in a luxury hotel in Salerno that somehow had escaped the bombardment and destruction of the Allied landing there. People were moving in all directions giving orders and issuing decrees since this was free Italy and subject to the new Italian government control. However, the government was pretty much helpless at doing anything since nearly all transport, communications, and commercial activity was actually controlled by the military.

We went to Salerno to see if we could find anybody with any idea of what to do about the food problem. The black market situation was out of hand and the food situation was growing steadily worse. On top of that, no wheat ships were coming across the Atlantic to take care of the critical situation. The first job then seemed to be -- after getting seeds and fertilizer started toward Italy -- to determine how much wheat and other food supplies were available in Italy to meet the problem in the months ahead.

During most of the Mussolini regime, no provincial agricultural statistics had been given out by the agricultural ministry. All statistics were kept by the National Institute of Statistics in Rome and when issued at all were in press releases or in the total volume of statistics for the whole economy. There were simply no books, reports or other material anywhere in Naples which we could find reflecting agricultural production after 1936 in the four southern provinces of Italy under our control.

By this time, Major Hartman had raided the infantry casual companies near Naples and had found a couple of young Second Lieutenants and wrangled them on to the staff. One of them, Ralph German, wounded and convalescing in a hospital had been a county agent in Kansas and was an agricultural economist by training. The other, Harold Koeller, was an agricultural economist and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. We armed these young fellows with the 1936 statistics on agricultural production, put them in a jeep with an Italian interpreter and told them to make a commune-by-commune tour of the four provinces, if possible, and to ask farmers along the way how their 1943 crop compared with the 1936 crop ... if they remembered that crop.

The answer was usually a shrug or a "bono bono" or "basta," but with this sort of survey the fellows got some inkling of what was still out there to be collected. This was vital on two counts; one, we had to have some idea of what was available for the immediate critical days ahead; second, we had to have some sort of an estimate to send over to Algiers headquarters for requisition of grain, especially from the United States.

In a matter of this kind, the Pentagon was always reluctant to act except on the most detailed justification since every bushel of grain that had to have ship space meant that much less space for munitions and other materials for the war. In the meantime we were battling the army for transport to bring wheat from the Foggia area and conducting the most inhuman raids on the people who were carrying the wheat over the mountain to the black market. These carriers had a system of depots where each segment of the human train deposited their wheat to be picked up by another carrying party to take to the next depot and so on.

The authorities, those whom we had put in office, under the prodding of our military, would use the new Italian carabinieri to raid these small caches and bring them to Naples much to the despair of the men and women who trudged through the ice and snow to get the wheat up the mountain passes.

This black market racket was not confined to the Italians alone. We finally secured a fleet of trucks from the army manned by British and American GIs to go up to Foggia and haul in the grain which had been collected there using the old Mussolini force system to get the grain. Some twenty of these trucks never did reach Naples with their cargo and the flood of wheat which hit the black market was sure indication that it had been diverted. Later investigation revealed that the British Lieutenant in charge said some of the drivers got lost and they simply turned the grain over to the Italians.

During the next ten days we settled down at a desk to try to figure out what tools we had to work with and how we would go about, getting crops planted, collecting in wheat, getting seed and other agricultural supplies. The Italian farmers in the Naples area were screaming for sulphur and copper sulphate for sprays on their lemon, orange, apricot, grape, and other crops. In addition they needed seed wheat, hemp, and potato seed and either tractor or horses, mules or oxen. The man and woman with a hoe symbolized more than anything else the farming in the Naples area at the time.

By some astute wrangling on the part of our British potato expert we got some shipping tonnage jarred loose from the military. Two cargoes of potato seed from Scotland were soon on the way. By some more wrangling on the American side, we got a Navy destroyer to go to Beirut, Lebanon and pick up five tons of hemp seed. Hemp was a big crop in the Naples area. The area swarmed with small hand-operated rope factories which produced most of the industrial rope for that part of Italy, not to mention a variety of towels, rugs, sacks, and other containers.

Our argument for the procurement of this hemp seed was that by producing hemp this would off-set some of the very scarce rope material which had resulted from the Japanese cutting off Asian supplies of sisal and abaca. As it turned out, later that year, the little factories, almost in the fields where the hemp grew, produced literally tons of hawser rope for the Royal Navy.

We had a fishery expert on the staff as well as a forestry man. They got busy trying first to do something about reviving the fishing industry especially around the Sicily coast

since war activity had somewhat subsided in that sector. They then turned to the matter of fuel. Much of the Italian fuel is charcoal and methane gas plus imported coal. Since the methane gas was produced mostly in the North, still occupied by the Germans, and most of the coal was imported from England or down from Germany, almost the only heat available was from wood or charcoal burning equipment. Here again, transportation, organization, and distribution were the problems. On top of that with our armies bogged down before Cassino and a cold and chilly winter in the mountains facing them, were screaming for heat.

Gasoline supplies for the army were being held to a minimum in this period largely due to the big build-up going on for the invasion of France. As a result the army came to the Agriculture, Forestry and Fisheries Division for help. What they wanted was a battalion of Italian workers to go up on the sides of the mountain in the Rapid Valley, cut down the timber and gather it in dumps along the road where army could pick up the timber in trucks and allocate it to the military units for small in effect camp fires in their dugouts, fox holes, and bunkers in blown-up buildings.

Major Fuller, a former US Agriculture Department forestry man, got on the job. He organized a detail and most of the winter, Italians, both men and women, cut down the small trees, tied them in bundles, and skidded them down the mountain sides on a cable stretched from the top of the mountain to the dump at the roadway.

Our ten days in the office up to January 20th had been devoted almost day and night to getting things moving in some direction. Our effort to get some sort of an Italian ministry under way suffered. The grain situation became worse and worse. January 29th we took off by air for Bari and another fling at the Agricultural Ministry. We were on very good terms now with Dr. Segatti, who was just as bewildered as we were about his position. Things were boiling up all around but no clear indication from Badoglio over in Salerno as to what was supposed to do.

On a Sunday we left Bari for a look at King's Italy which consisted of four Southern provinces. We had driven around the countryside and ended up around noon at the village town of Matera. This was high flatland country, near the center of the lower part of free territory. Largely devoted to grains, potato and general agricultural production, as against the citrus, vegetables, olive, apple, peach and apricot crops of the Naples area.

In the town it was church day and market day. After going to church in the morning the peasants gathered in the Piazza to display their ducks, geese, chickens eggs, vegetables, flowers and so on. Some of the more progressive merchants displayed the few wares they had to sell. The day was sunny with a sort of chilly warmth for that part of Italy on this January day and the Piazza was abuzz with activity.

We picked up a ten year old boy who was tagging along with us, to walk about the town and along the roads leading into Matera. We sat by a small stream, deeply eroded in the limestone surface, and across the stream were rather high limestone banks underneath the flat lands beyond. Caves had either formed or had been cut in the sides of the limestone

walls and literally hundreds of families had lived in them for centuries. Now they were overcrowded with refugees from other areas blasted out by the recent invasion. This contrast to our way of life at home was thought-provoking and served to emphasize the urgency of the task that faced us in this war-torn country.

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GETTING ORGANIZED

During the last two weeks of February we were busy trying to get organized in our own department and trying to find some Italian organization contacts with which to work. Dr. Conrad Hammar, rather Major Hammar, my co-worker whom I had left in Sicily, showed up in Naples late in the month. Major Hammar, a land economist and a crack statistician as well as a levelheaded observer, was set the task of trying to work up some workable data on just when the food situation was in order that we would have some basis for requesting wheat from the United States or Canada. Outside supply was essential, especially for the larger centers which even with plenty of wheat in the country were almost cut off from that supply by lack of transport.

By this time Lieutenants German and Koeller had turned in their survey. They had discovered quite a bit of potential grain; but had also determined that there was a little known and understood cog in the Italian government machine called the *ascertimenti* ... an individual in every province with sub-offices or representatives in each commune. It was his job to keep all of the statistics on what was going on in his area; births and deaths, the number of goats and pigs, the amount of wheat planted and the amount produced, the number of rooms in the village -- literally a daily census taker.

The value of this information was immediately obvious; however, since these gentlemen in every province were a part of the Mussolini fascist machine, they like all other so-called fascist organizations, were abolished and sent packing or failed. Yet these were the only people with first-hand knowledge of what was really going on in the areas.

We rather quickly and unofficially revived these fellows and Major Hammar, finding an old check sheet used by these people in gathering statistics, had copies made and promptly sent them out to the province and communes asking the *ascertimenti*, or someone who had taken their place, to fill them out and send them in.

Hammar worked day and night on this and came up with an estimate ... which later proved to be astoundingly accurate. The typed sheets were hardly out of the machines before they were put in a cable to Algiers, still the nominal headquarters of General Eisenhower and General Alexander -- though by now, General Eisenhower had actually moved to Caserta up a beautiful tree lined drive in North Naples.

From Algiers the data went on to Washington for the sharpers there to figure on. No wheat came our way immediately but later in the winter and early spring some came, this came in handy ... some of it, Canadian red wheat; something Italian peasants had not seen before, was released for seed.

While in Salerno one afternoon I was suddenly called over to the Badoglio headquarters to hear that he had named a New Minister of Agriculture, and that within a few hours I was to meet him. He was Baron Lucifero, from Reggio Calabria province, the overlord of a literally feudal estate claimed to be some 200,000 hectares, or nearly 500,000 acres.

There was quite a story behind that appointment. Major Glenn Riddell, a former Arkansas county agent, and before joining the Military Government, an agricultural agent for the Missouri Pacific Railroad, had replaced Captain Schreiber in the Bari area, working with the then Minister of Agriculture Segatti. Lucifero was very upset about what farmers were getting for their wheat, was loudly critical of the way things were going in agriculture generally, and was especially concerned about the revolt of the Contradini.

Lucifero had held on to his little Fiat car but had no gasoline. He approached Riddell for gasoline coupons to get to Salerno and see what was cooking. Riddell worked it out on the gasoline and Lucifero showed up in Salerno. He almost immediately, according to his story, got an audience with Badoglio and gave his pitch which was pretty vigorous and critical. After listening for awhile Badoglio looked up and said, "Lucifero, how did you get here and do you have an extra shirt?"

"I got here in my own car, at my own expense," Lucifero replied, "and I expect to go back tonight." Then, looking puzzled, he added that he had no extra shirt to replace the dirty one he had on.

Upon hearing that Badoglio said, "Well, you'd better get you another shirt because from this moment on you are the new Minister of Agriculture for Italy."

Lucifero accepted the appointment and set up shop that afternoon in the hotel where Badoglio was stopping. I was called in to see him less than an hour later. Our first discussion was about wheat, and the seeds and supplies needed for the planting of the new crop. The price of wheat was the big issue. It really made little sense even to a large farmer to sell his wheat for 200 lira a quintal when the black market was paying 4,000.

We had been discussing this in the Allied food and Agricultural staff, but we had been stymied by the so-called Morgenthau boys, US Treasury representatives, who were laying down fiscal policies for the occupation of Italy. After Major Hammar's study of supplies and bearing in mind the raging black market it was generally agreed that little if any wheat would come into the legal market at less than 4,000 lira a quintal. This had been sharply turned down by the US Treasury people.

As a result of the turn-down, Major Hartman -- now a Lieutenant Colonel -- and Lieutenant Colonel Dicky, his agricultural forestry and fisheries counterpart, went over the heads of all of the mid-command and bureaucrats, direct to Major General Harold McMillan, head of the Allied Commission, the supreme military government authority in Italy, and asked for an order raising the price of wheat. This was granted in moments, much to the consternation of the "hold the line boys." This did not do all of the job, but it did start some wheat moving in legal channels. That, with an occasional scare that "food ships were coming in from America," got the wheat log jam broken and created some semblance of order.

During this period, I went back to Sicily to see how things were coming there. It was about the same story as on the mainland. The raids by the military, which we had counted on to scare peasants into delivering, simply did not work. I was told that more than 25,000 peasants had been jailed -- but we still did not get the wheat. The 4,000 lira did help, however, and with some supplement from the USA, the Sicilian people got through the winter. While we had our problems on the mainland, it was livable; at least nobody starved, thanks to the black market.

During February and March of 1944, Naples was pounded almost nightly by relatively small but sometimes very destructive air raids. The target was transport in the harbor; either ships going out to Anzio or bringing food and military supplies from the US or England. Few people were killed, but very often the Germans would overshoot the harbor area and bombs would land at the edge of the waterfront or sometimes up in town. An overshoot I well remember was on the Volmoro, the high hills overlooking Naples harbor, and the dwelling places of the more wealth residents of that city on the bay. We had combined British-American Military Government billet -- quarters and mess -- in a villa on the Volmoro. On that particular night our bed danced a jig and the house next door was hit at the same time taking off a corner of our billet.

One of our officers, an American, who had a very narrow escape at Salerno in a similar situation, was badly shaken up. In World War I, we would have called this shell shock. This time the medics labeled it "undue nervous tension." He was sent to a military hospital in Salerno for treatment where he was later declared unfit for further duty in the war zone. He returned to the States and being an able person in his field rose to a very top position in our government bureaucracy. While our little group was small, we suffered a relatively high attrition rate that winter in Naples. Another of our officers contracted milk fever from eating Sicilian goat cheese and another was killed by a floating mine as he crossed a stream in his jeep.

The winter and early spring and summer in Naples had been pretty much routine -- trying to allocate and distribute the food stuffs and agricultural inputs which were now reaching Naples in volume. The main job was to see that these shipments were distributed equally; the food to the population and the inputs, seed, fertilizer and insecticides, to the farmers.

Our commune committees, which had been set up with the memorandum which Captain Case had developed, were functioning admirably in assisting the collection of wheat and olive oil and our reopening of the Regional Consorcio in Naples. The former manager of the Consorcio was restored to his managing position, which helped solve the pilferage problems on supplies coming into Naples harbor.

Under the system, the Consorcio would deposit Italian lira with the army officials and the Consorcio would be responsible for getting the goods from shipside to their warehouse some miles from the harbor. On previous occasions military trucks with GI drivers would pick up the fertilizer and other goods and deliver them to the Consorcio warehouse and the Consorcio would be responsible financially for only the amount delivered. On several occasions under this system there would be a shrinkage of several tons between the docks

and the warehouse and the drivers would either get lost and dump their load or peddle some off to the black market.

On one occasion of record we had a shrinkage of more than 100 tons out of a cargo of 700 tons of ammonium sulphate. Investigation developed that the drivers had traded some of the fertilizer for liquor, sold some to the racketeers, and had developed a lively and lucrative trade with local gangsters. With the responsibility being fixed on the Consorcio at shipside, the pilferage ceased.

During this period much of the talk and many rumors, as well as positive preparations, pointed to the final assault on Rome. Two previous bids for Rome had stalled. The Anzio invasion had bogged down at the foot of the Albain Hills and that front was to remain stagnant until the big breakout later in the summer. The Fifth Army had been battered down at Cassino and the job of the military government team was mostly finding food and fuel for the cold and drizzly winter and spring, during which time the army build-up was going on.

As I now recall, Rome fell on June 6, 1944, and there was wild rejoicing in Naples with the crowds milling in the streets and expressing as much joy as could be expected, considering the conditions at that time and place. On our part we noted that "surely this will take Italy out of the war" and with the armies landing in Normandy and the dramatic developments in Europe coming over the BBC radio broadcasts nightly there was some hope that the war might be over in September as some of the experts had predicted.

In view of the break-out from Anzio, and the German retreat northward, we closed up shop in Naples, leaving Major Glenn Riddell in charge of the Regional Office of Military Government to keep watch on supplies coming in and working with the new Italian officials we had been able to recruit. There was a big job yet to be done in the amassing of olive oil and the distribution of food products -- everything from sweet potatoes to pea soup -- which were coming from the United States.

But new problems lay ahead in the wake of the advance of the American Fifth and British Eighth Armies and we prepared to move northward seeking solutions.

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HUNGER IN THE ETERNAL CITY (July 11 to August 15, 1944)

At 11:30 AM on the morning of July 11, 1944 with an American Second Lieutenant by the name of Bergerson (who years later I met as high official of a Grain Company in the United States) I headed for Rome up the old Appian Way.

By now the armies were beyond Rome, approaching the Arno River in Florence. During the journey this time I saw that a good part of the country south of Rome was beginning to rebuild with a certain amount of hope and quiet and even a little enthusiasm for the future on the part of the Italian civilians. It was amazing how just a little improvement sparked the renewed energy and hope of a population so devastated by war over the years. In Rome I sat down to try to make notes describing what I had observed along the way.

"The other afternoon we were in Cassino, which while small in comparison to the mighty battles fought, and yet to be fought, will probably be remembered as the scene of some of the most desperate and heroic fighting of this war. The town has not been merely destroyed, stone from stone, but the stones have been literally ground to powder by the force of the artillery barrages. In a town which once housed several thousand people in stone buildings, hardly a wall in the whole town stands six feet in height."

Farther up the road we stopped on what a few days before was a battlefield. Burned out and blasted tanks rusted in the rain. Trucks, burned and blasted, littered the roadways and the ditches. Needing some gasoline, we stopped before the lone tent of a single British soldier who kept what they called a "Petrol Point."

As we drew up beside the pile of fuel cans a shot rang out and far over on the Rapido, a mine disposal crew had exploded a mine. We both jumped with the crack of the pistol shot and the explosion of the mine. The English lad shrugged and said, "We call them ghost shots. So quiet around here."

I arrived in Rome at 5:55 PM on July 11th, entering the city through the south wall of the old Roman Aqueduct which had sent water into Rome in Caesar's time. It needed repair but was impressive.

The entrance through the walls had been blasted away some by one of our army units in order that it might accomodate the heavy equipment that was to be paraded through the city. This was about the only war damaged I observed in the ancient capitol. The streets were clean and the people strolled in the sun; there was an occasional automobile and many bicycles along the winding streets leading into the heart of the historic city.

In Rome we were billeted in plush Albergo Flora (although the furniture, draperies, and paintings had been stored and replaced with GI blankets and equipment). We had new and almost luxurious offices, high upon the tenth floor of a modern building. I had

visions of settling down to something of the life and routine of a Washington bureaucrat, but my recall of those early "routine days in Rome" however is quite different.

Our role as military governors of Southern Italy changed with the fall of Rome and the establishment of a free government. We were now advisors to this new government. Rome was full of bureaucrats and the new government was busy separating the Fascists from the non-party functionaries. Italian law was going into force and a vast reshuffling of personnel, financial institutions, taxing authorities, police, commerce and the apparatus were taking shape.

Despite this resurrection of Italian rule, it must be remembered that this new government was strangely dependent on the whims and authority of the Allied High Commission and the Allied Armies. As an example, railroads, transport and communications were still tightly controlled by the military. The food supply to Rome, in theory, was a responsibility of the Italian government, but nothing could move without military permission and assistance. When the Germans were in Rome and the Mussolini government was in power the city functioned about as usual, except for a certain amount of austerity in food and consumer goods. But with the fall of Rome, normality was swept away. An entirely new set of rules and circumstances developed. In short order, Rome felt the pinch of low food supply.

Under the German-Mussolini-Italian system, normal transport plus literally thousands of bicycle riders kept Rome supplied with food and a limited quantity of fuel. Vatican City - which under Mussolini's regime had a concordat permitting its trucks and transport services to purchase food in certain provinces in Northern and Eastern Italy -- was the prime place of refuge for the hungry and those who wanted to save their property, household goods, and machinery. Both Germany and the Allies respected the Vatican area as a separate state.

Rome was the first world capital to be liberated from German-Italian control and US and British were anxious that this capital reflect the finest traditions of British and American conduct and administration. Soldiers were cautioned and ordered to be on best behavior; great respect was to be given to all local religious and cultural institutions. Government was to be conducted in the best tradition of Democracy. Though a King was at this time the nominal head of government, he was a figurehead. In spite of attempts at orderly transition, there was disruption of transportation and business brought on by the changeover in government plus the inevitable dislocations caused by armies, and our problems were the same as those we experienced in North Africa, Sicily, and Southern Italy. Availability of food was the critical problem and the black market with all the other ills which accompany it was increasingly flagrant.

Despite the fact that most correspondents were anxious to "put the best face" on the new Rome the desperate situation began to leak out in press dispatches and those reports brought almost instant reaction from Washington. President Roosevelt dispatched Brigadier William O'Dwyer (later Mayor of New York City) to Rome to look at and take

over the economic section of the Allied High Commission. He had orders, he afterwards told me, "to feed and clothe Rome, even if the rest of Italy starved."

General O'Dwyer was a fast-talking, table-pounding, New York Irishman and a politician who viewed most things in political terms and acted for political effect. He represented a country where goods from the field found their way to the dinner table with little conscious effort. He seemed to think that by pounding the table and giving orders Rome would be fed.

My Chief of the Agricultural, Forestry and Fisheries Division Lieutenant Colonel William A. Hartman would come back to the hotel livid, shaking his head at the "Damn fool demands of O'Dwyer." Hartman left the office for several days and it was I who had to tussle with O'Dwyer and convince him somehow of a few facts of life in Rome. After one exceedingly stormy session with the General, I came back to the office and noted in my little book, "I'm having a helluva time with General O'Dwyer who seems to want to haul potatoes on my back from Southern Italy to feed Rome."

As a Brigadier General, dispatched to Italy by the President of the United States, and head of the economic section of the Allied High Commission for Italy, composed of British, American, and in theory Russian officers, he was, on paper, all powerful. Yet with Rome still strictly under Army control, and Italians merely shuffling papers among each other. General O'Dwyer, with really nothing tangible to take hold of, was very frustrated.

The man who had been O'Dwyer's political rival, back in the United States, now Colonel Charles Poletti, was the Military Governor of Rome and as such had great independence and authority, with a sort of an Italian carabinieri responding to his orders. We on the agricultural side had most firm instructions to try to maximize food production and to collect as much from farmers as possible and see that it was distributed as equally as possible to all of the population notwithstanding General O'Dwyer's order "to feed Rome even if the rest of Italy starved."

O'Dwyer wanted all of the food corralled and placed under his control ... an impossibility on many counts. The very real fact was that the fighting forces controlled all transport and communications, so nothing moved anywhere without an allocation of the necessary transport by the army transport service. An army corporal, in charge of a train under proper military orders, could defy any order that a General or Colonel in the Military Government or Allied Commission set-up might try to give. There was rivalry of sorts between O'Dwyer and his former side-kick Poletti, former Mayor of New York City and it was soon apparent that O'Dwyer was aspiring to that office or higher after his stint in the Army.

All during our painful and trudging move from Sicily up the Peninsula to Rome and beyond, there had been a continuous pressure and the strongest policy against the so-called black market in food products. Valiant efforts were made to stop this traffic with little avail. Perhaps that was as it should have been. Many people in Naples in the winter

of 1943-44 would have starved save for the black market and the scrounging of thousands of people in the countryside for food for themselves and to sell to the illegal markets.

With all normal transport and distribution systems stopped with the Allied takeover of Rome, the black market was the only source of food for some people. It was simply not possible to bring in enough food with the transport available to feed the city of Rome much less build up the necessary reserve stocks so as to keep an even flow of food through normal channels.

Colonel Poletti, the Military Governor I first encountered fourteen months before in Sicily ran the show, even though there was an Italian Mayor of sorts. Poletti, in a move to stamp out the black market, had posted US Military police and Italian carabinieri on every roadway around Rome with orders to stop and search every vehicle, bicycle, and footman entering the city and to confiscate all food weighing more than two kilos (about four and one half pounds). If police discovered evidence of black market, they were to seize the cargo, confiscate the vehicle, and arrest the driver.

Until that time some 30,000 persons on bicycles, in ox-carts, or on foot daily left the city to scrounge food, potatoes, newly harvested wheat, previously stored olive oil, chestnuts; anything edible. They usually held out enough for their own family and brought in all they could carry for the black market. This system actually fed the people of Rome. The elaborate sidewalk markets, open stalls and municipal markets, once the centers of Rome's food supply were bare. This illegal system of distribution was stopped cold by Poletti's order. It almost starved Rome. O'Dwyer and Poletti were vying, I suspect, for future political favor. The war between O'Dwyer and Poletti was almost as bad as the pulling and tugging between the Italians and the US Army.

South of Rome, and in the far South which had been taken over in mid 1943 giving time for preparations for planting in the spring of 1944, there were bumper crops of almost everything. With a good potato harvest, fine grape crops, vegetables and more than an average wheat crop there was food to spare. But the question was -- how to get it to the municipal market and the dinner tables of Rome? On Colonel Hartman's return, he asked me to continue to handle O'Dwyer. I finally convinced the yelling Irishman that the only way food was going to get into Rome in any volume was to rescind Poletti's orders. He accepted my argument that some way we had to wrangle train and truck transport (and some communications) from the army so that a normal commercial operation could function. Already I had my share of battles with the military, and I was reluctant to take on another one. So it was that O'Dwyer went after the military -- hammer and tong.

As a result of O'Dwyer's efforts we were, in time, allotted two trains daily out of Southern Italy. They steamed straight through, under military control, to the Rome Municipal market. Buying and selling was done by Italians in a strictly commercial manner. This meant that a Rome firm would have to contact a buyer in the south for whatever supplies he wanted and in what volume and at what cost. When loaded in cars the military was responsible for seeing that the train and the goods reached the Rome market.

With a new government in Rome, this part of Italy was counted as free Italy, and yet all kinds of problems developed. For instance, the army would not release the telephone lines for civilian traffic without a censor or a military man standing by at both ends of the line. When an Italian firm wanted to talk to its agent in Southern Italy about potatoes, citrus, olive oil, or wheat, the talking had to be done by an Allied officer at both ends.

This order, of course, complicated matters and slowed down traffic. At times the lines were held for hours by the military, and civilian traffic had to wait. Finally, however, the trains began to arrive and the municipal markets were filled with dark Lecce wine, stalk cabbage, potatoes, wheat, poultry, and other edibles. Everything was rationed, but Rome ate pretty well that fall and the next spring -- thanks, perhaps, to the blustering of Brigadier General O'Dwyer.

In due course, General O'Dwyer left with a flourish, and in a much later and quieter period a young civilian economist, Dr. Harlan Cleveland, came in as head of the Economic Section of the Allied Commission. This was part of Washington's plan to "civilianize" the Allied Commission, a plan which foundered for months both in Italy and later in Germany. The reason was that both the British and American military commands resented civilians taking over.

Our food problems in Rome did not go away by breaking the bottle neck on transportation and distribution. Under Mussolini's regime a Concordat with the Vatican provided that the Vatican could disregard the ration and collection policies of the Central Government in several provinces east of Rome to the coast. But it was the policy of the Allied Commission and the new Italian Government that all food was to be rationed and shared equally.

As the U.S. and British armies moved toward the Arno, quite a surplus of grain, poultry, livestock, and corn were found. Shortly after the armies passed over the Abruzzi area, a very rich agricultural section almost untouched by war, Vatican trucks proceeded to the sector and began buying produce and food supplies. The buyers and drivers were promptly arrested by the army and their cargoes and trucks were confiscated.

This brought a swarm of English-speaking priests and bishops from Vatican City to our door in protest demanding an explanation. We had to tell them that Vatican City was getting its share of Italian food based on its population. Our orders were to continue to control Italian resources and divide them on the basis of the population with no favors to any groups. This, we told the priests, was the policy of the New Italian Government. Afterward, I learned that when the protest was made to the Italian Government bureaucrats, they simply passed the buck back to us.

In the course of our discussions, we told the Vatican representatives of the wonderful work which the local priests and nuns had done in helping to divide the food resources among all the people as we moved up the peninsula. We asked for their continued cooperation. We reminded the Vatican representatives that the United States had a special

representative at Vatican City, Mr. Myron C. Taylor, and he was the man to contact in case the Pontiff's enclave required food above the Italian ration.

After considerable argument and not a little nervousness on the part of yours truly, deeply conscious of the political and persuasive powers of church high officials, my office arranged to release the trucks and drivers, but the U.S. Army kept the food and sent the problem higher up for resolution. In the meantime, my Chief, Colonel Hartman, had requested and received an audience with Pope Pius XII. He took with him our little blue book manual which set up the Commune Committee System in the south and which placed responsibility for food collection and distribution at the lowest possible level.

As a further step, Colonel Hartman, in an unusual move toward the Vatican, asked the Pope for a directive to all priests and nuns in the north instructing them to cooperate with the Commune Committee System -- thus making these committees just a bit more official in the military areas. Hartman argued that this was local democracy in action. The Pope replied that the church must refrain from politics and he could not issue such a directive. He did, however, bless the ... (page 57 of the original manuscript is missing)

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RENAISSANCE CITY (September 15th 1944 to January 1, 1945)

In mid September 1944 rumors were flying about what was to become of the Food, Agricultural, and Forestry Division of the Allied Commission. Several of the specialists on the staff already had been assigned to active army units moving with the troops up the main body of Italy, hopefully to "occupy the Po Valley". I had asked for a transfer to the Balkan theatre but nothing had happened. Colonel Hartman was asking for reassignment home and possibly a role in the Pacific theatre.

At this time I was still, by formal assignment, head of the Food and Agricultural Division of the Allied Commission, but was tentatively on field assignment with the Fifteenth Army Group, then commanded by the distinguished Canadian, General Alexander. This took me on frequent forays across the girth of Italy behind the Fifth and Eighth Army lines. My notes of September 20th indicate that I was on such a trip visiting central Italy, Perugia, Florence, Pisa, Lucca and Livorno on the East side; and over on to Rimini and a host of other towns and villages.

After this foray I returned to Rome on September 27th for a high policy conference in which some detailed plans were laid and our agricultural advice was sought in connection with the planned assault on the Po Valley, set for sometime in the spring. The Po Valley is laced with a series of irrigation canals and the subject was whether these canals were deep enough to make tank traps against us once the Germans blew the bridges; also what kind of equipment, if any, would be needed to get our track vehicles across them.

During the summer I had contacted some of the North Italian engineers and agriculturalists who had come south at the time of the Allied invasion. As a result I had a pretty fair picture of just what was in store once our armies hit the Po Valley flood plain. As it turned out, the army engineers devised a sort of a Bailey Bridge which was bolted on top of an old and worn out tank. These tanks were run into the irrigation ditches, and the bridge lashed to the top unfolded, and the other vehicles simply drove over this buried tank on the newly and quickly erected bridge.

Another item which we worked hard on was a psychological warfare project which urged farmers to shock their grain but not thresh it. This was really more effective than we had hoped. It had its bad points, however, due to the fact that our armies did not actually get into the Po Valley until late Spring in 1945. The wheat that had been left in shocks in the fields was badly sprouted and rotten, thus we lost much of what was a good crop.

While in this so-called high-policy conference orders came that I was to be formally assigned to the mobile forces of the 15th Army Group, and attached to Fifth Army headquarters for housing and rations. I was to report to Fifth Army Headquarters in Florence in early October.

Wanting some idea of what was behind us and the condition in which we were leaving South Italy and Sicily, I took off again on a hurried survey to the East Coast and then to

Sicily for a look. The Italian harvest was well under way, and in many instances in Sicily was already over. Except for torn buildings, temporary bridges and other relics of battle, things were moving again in Sicily, hopes were rising, and even the Sicilian Mafia was having its troubles making the black market the bonanza it had been just one year before.

Returning to Rome with a rather encouraging report on how things were going in the South, I quickly began tying up loose ends to shove off to my new assignment, now scheduled for October 6th.

In the late afternoon of that day, with Pompo, a new Italian driver familiar with the Lombardy dialects of North Italy, we took off, hoping to reach Siena for an overnight stop and then arrive in Florence on the seventh. On the way an incident all too typical of the time took place in the provincial town of Viterbo where we stopped to warm our rations at a sort of family restaurant in a blasted-out villa. We parked our jeep out front where we thought we could see it at all times. Perhaps it was the spam cooked in savory olive oil and Viterbo wine or maybe carelessness; anyway, we did not watch closely enough, and when we went out to the jeep my entire assortment of luggage, containing my dress uniforms, personal effects, exposed color film, camera and all were gone. We immediately went to the police but with much gesturing and shrugging of the shoulders they doubted they could find the culprit. I posted a heavy reward for the return of the camera and the film, forgetting the uniforms which I would have scant use for in a field tent and we pushed on into the night for Siena arriving there about eleven in the evening.

Siena is one of the old medieval towns, fortress-like and built around a relatively large, oval center palazzo. Great houses or castles were on all sides, some of them converted to modern tourist hotels, others replete with great arches, towering columns and dark alleys of ancient times.

This center oval in the town is the scene of one of the really unique events of Europe during the summer tourist season. The outer perimeter is used as a race track and here bareback riders mounted on mules vie with each other in races around the oval while the sidewalks, crowded with screaming Italians and tourists, look on and cheer the winner. This is just about as wild and as innocent amusement as Portuguese bull fights in the Azores. Men nor animals are rarely hurt, but considerable destruction to shop windows, clothing of bystanders and chairs and benches, result as the animals sometimes get out of hand.

Around noon we took off on the road north and crossed the plains of Tuscany. This is the big landlord and estate country ... great estates operating just as they have been operating for over a hundred years. Families on the land are cared for and under a sort of a patron system hardly existing any place else in the world except possibly in parts of Spain. This is a colorful country and the peasants and workers on the great estates marching with their hoes on shoulders, singing and going to and fro among the grape arbors are right out of a picture book.

From late January until almost the middle of February I was out across the fronts trying to get some seed wheat for the farmers south of Florence to plant in the spring. Italy traditionally got a good variety of seed wheat from Greece and they also had some blends of wheat which were produced in Southern Italy around Bari; the source for most of the seed wheat used north of Rome. However, this wheat was not available simply because it had all been eaten. Farmers in the Tuscany Plain and all around that area were screaming for seed. We finally secured permission to release some Canadian red wheat, which Canada had sent over for food. This wheat grew exceedingly well and while it had a different taste, and in fact was a different kind of wheat from the traditional Italian varieties, it did grow and did produce a good crop.

After our effort to get wheat seed for the Tuscans, I visited Lucca Province on a hurried call and tended another one of the small crises which come along in the business of Military Government. The Lucca area north of Pisa was famous for its olive oil. This Lucca oil is in great demand world-wide for its flavor and use on salads. The Italians normally sold this oil, every quart of it, in the foreign markets and bought Algerian oil or some other cheaper product and blended it with Italian oil. Italians used this blend; but American importers wanted the Lucca oil badly. However, since Lucca was still in the military zone, nothing could move without Military Government approval. I did succeed in jarring loose several tons of this oil and it headed toward Paris, the United States, and the palates of gourmets who identify good olive oil almost as a wine connoisseur identifies good wine.

While on another trip I received a delegation of farmers who wanted potato seed that they normally planted in the spring for an early summer crop that was grown principally around Naples and further south. How to get seed potatoes from the south with the army controlling every single railroad car, every single locomotive, and every single truck that moved was the job.

Immediately, I began a campaign to get a few cars for seed potatoes on specific military trains coming up from the south. War materiel was moving, getting ready for the big drive over the Apennines and into the Po Valley. There was one hitch: these cars had to be shunted out onto the siding, had to be unloaded almost instantly and put back into the military train and headed south again. This turn-around business was exceedingly difficult since farmers had very little transport to move the potato seed out. There was no storage. What we had to do was virtually unload the potatoes on the ground and the farmers had to come in and carry them away on their backs, in baskets on their heads, on mule pack, or, occasionally, by cart. The automobile equipment which normally hauls such things was not available to them.

In late February, I made a trip to the Eighth Army front and again visited Ravenna. The first time I was in that ancient city, which was once the capitol of the Eastern Roman Empire, I was directly behind an advancing British army and in the battle zone while the army fought its way up toward the base of the Po Valley. My mission here was to see what progress farmers had made in getting their land back into production. Since some of the land in this area had to have water pumped out of it, it was imperative that someday,

somehow, the pumps which had been blown up by the retreating Germans could be quickly repaired to pump off the water so that crops could be planted.

The agricultural officers dispatched to the Eighth Army were quite ingenious gearing jeep engines to small Italian pumps. They pumped out patches of land from time to time while the huge canal pumps were being repaired.

Again I visited the famous cathedral out from Ravenna which was once actually on the seashore, but now somewhat inland since the winding river had built up a great amount of land between the city of Ravenna, the cathedral, and the seashore. My purpose was to see the world-famous mosaics which were put up there by Theodosia, the wife of the Roman emperor Constantine. She had been a famous Courtesan, with quite a racy reputation in the Roman Empire before becoming the wife of Constantine. She became interested in the arts and sponsored some of the great artistic accomplishments of the Eastern Empire. These were famous in style and nature. On the afternoon I looked at these mosaics, they seemed almost lifelike, especially the eyes. How an artist can take pieces of marble and glass and create the image of a sheep in mosaic that almost speaks to you is one of the great mysteries. Here I was, a lonely soldier from America, gazing on artistic achievement 1500 years old. It was something awe-inspiring and a great memory to this day.

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LAND OF THE DE MEDICI (January through March 1945)

The war had moved north far enough to attract into Florence that winter a large number of visitors, writers, and entertainers. A road show from the states gave us "Panama Hattie" in full dress rendition; the Blacks, a man and wife team who were the editors of The Ladies Home Journal came up to make an in-depth study of an Italian family; several delegations arrived looking for the art treasures and cataloguing those which were missing, either taken away by the Germans or hidden by the Italians in salt mines or caves to escape bombing or shelling.

In one of my dispatches, I reported the experience of a Brazilian woman newspaper correspondent who visited one of the most advanced combat centers on the front that winter in Italy. Returning, she related to fellow correspondents and friends how she stood on a mound beside a blasted and gutted house and looked down into the valley below on a battle in progress.

One of her listeners asked her, "Well, after you saw this battle from the front row seat, what did you write about for your newspaper back in Brazil?" "A yellow flower," she replied. "I saw it there beside that blasted old house, a yellow jonquil, lonely but standing bravely amid the muck and mud. Giant trucks had plowed through that flower bed, tanks had parked there at night, hundreds of soldiers' feet had trampled around that house. All of the others in the bed of flowers were gone, but this one stood there, its petals bravely pushing out, reaching toward the sun just then breaking in chill splendor through the clouds. That lonely, brave yellow flower seemed to me the only thing that day which I could really understand and describe in all of the avalanche of the mechanics of war around that desolate and blasted home."

The experience of that Brazilian woman correspondent is more or less typical of anyone who attempts to put down on paper the realities of war. Just a few days before the Brazilian correspondent visited the front in the sector mentioned above, this writer stood on that same point, beside that same battered house and saw the opening of the operation the correspondent saw. We saw that same lonely jonquil, then not quite in full bloom, and we too, had the urge to philosophize a little upon it. But if that Brazilian woman correspondent had looked into the basement of that shattered house she would have had something else to write about.

The day we looked into the basement, a group of soldiers were sitting on ration boxes, playing cards at a broken table. They were a small, special unit, normally operating at night and were hiding out and waiting the day out in this old house which was so obviously an observation point that Jerry did not take the trouble to shell it because apparently he assumed that no sane CO would make an observataion post out of it.

The walls of that basement were splattered with blood, torn clothing, and parts of human flesh still stuck to the ceiling. It was beginning to stink but there is no time to worry about stink and dirt in a war and the GIs were calmly going about their task of "keeping under cover" and whiling away time until the next order to move.

Another picture to write about: there was the Italian peasant plowing his hillside farm as the guns of the Germans and the answering fire of our batteries blasted overhead. Kingdoms might fall, shells might scream, the machinery of war might come and go, but the Italian peasant knew it was planting time and come danger or quiet the wheat must be planted and plant it he would.

On February 26, I was again on the Fifth Army front and moving along the single roadway leading up to the coast toward Genoa, where I ran square into a major Fifth Army operation. It went down in history books, I suppose, as the siege of Mt. Belvedere. Mt. Belvedere was on the western wing of the high Apennines, a 1500-foot cliff which was fortified by the Germans. From this point they could look down the valley for miles, and through their field glasses see everything that moved in the village below. It was the anchor to the Kesselring line, and it had to be taken before the way could be cleared for our tanks to swing around and eventually go over the Apennines into the Po Valley.

This battle that I witnessed from just a few hundred yards away was literally a classic. Our planes were bombing the German positions on the hillside. The planes would buzz in and drop their loads, the earth would shake; in the meantime heavy artillery in back of us was lobbing in shells. Our infantry troops and our tanks were moving slowly around and up the flanks of the mountain in an effort to circle it and cut off support for the troops on the mountain.

This battle went on for a good part of a day while I was stalled in the village in the middle of military traffic going and coming under the intense bombardment. Finally there was a break-through and our tanks circled this famous outpost. The Germans, in the meantime, retreated in force, but they left a suicide group on the mountain to hold as long as they could. These were officially taken prisoner and I took some slide pictures of them as they were marched to the rear, and on to prison compounds back of the lines.

In late February and early in March the sun began to shine, the daisies and jonquils bloomed, and the warm sun helped brighten the spirits of civilian and military alike. Activity in the city of Florence was picking up and while I don't suppose anybody froze to death or starved in Florence during that winter, it was very rough. It was a wonderful feeling to have a warm sun and see green sprouting again in the sunshine.

In the meantime I had been permitted to move into an old palace built and occupied in the 14th century by one of the great deMedicis, Lorenzo the II. I do not pretend to know how many rooms this palace had, but it had been used by some of our Generals as headquarters and also as a billet during a good part of the winter in Florence. By now, they had moved on to other places and we in the Military Government were allowed to establish our headquarters there and to have some of the rooms.

My room was a former butler's room. It was about six feet by ten feet with a very high ceiling, unplastered stone walls, and a single door opening into the main palace. A single 16x16 inch window with bars over it served as a sole source of light and air. The place

was cold and chilly, but with a cot and a few blankets it was considerably more comfortable than my previous quarters -- a pup tent.

Our mess, now being prepared by Italians, was excellent and served in style. It was miraculous what a good Italian cook with a little olive oil could do with powdered eggs, spam and toast in a situation like that.

In mid-March I was on my way over to the Eighth Army to see what could be done about threshing some wheat which had been left in the fields -- shocked but unthreshed by the Italian farmers. This was a part of the psychological warfare campaign which we had launched almost a year before in Naples. These farmers were asked to not thresh their wheat, thresh only what they had to have to eat, and not allow the wheat to get into the hands of the Germans. In this particular area they seemed to have done so with some vengeance. There were acres and acres of wheat in shocks, but due to the rains and green grass growing up through the shocks, it was in pretty bad shape. I did my best to get some threshing floors and the few threshing machines that were in the area going in order to save what good wheat was left.

On this trip I visited the little Republic of San Marino. This famous spot in Italy had been a sovereign state of some kind for over 300 years. Back in 1862 it got a nod as a free Republic from President Abraham Lincoln. That letter is proudly displayed by the San Marino people in their city hall.

My visit to San Marino over, I again went up the coast behind the Eighth Army as they were slowly edged westward in the valley. We were advised that Gracie Fields, the famous British entertainer of World War I and World War II, owned an elaborate and beautiful estate up in the valley in that general territory. I was asked to check in on it to see how it had fared in the fighting. Its owner, of course, was in London or entertaining the troops on some front, but her caretaker had done a good job of preserving the property and keeping the estate in production of wheat and other products.

I went to Ravenna and the old cathedral and again gazed at the life-like mosaics of the classic sheep to which I have referred earlier.

Outside and near the old city of Ravenna is a famous patch of woodlands. It is something more than a park, it being famous for the fact that Lord Byron, the English poet who often visited Ravenna, walked in these woods on his evening strolls. The forest is known as Lord Byron's Forest. Over the years it has been preserved as almost a sacred shrine by the Italians and cultural people from all over the world -- a tribute to one of the great poets of history.

On this occasion I ran into trouble, not only between the Italians and the Armies, but also between various factions who wanted to keep almost intact this famous forest with never a sprig to be touched. Fuel was very scarce in Italy during this early winter and the armies rarely had enough fuel even to cook a meal.

The commanders of the British Eighth Army, wanting to make its soldiers a little more comfortable and have fuel available for cooking, decided that the dead trees and some of the older trees in Lord Byron Forest would be harvested and used by the army. This set up a furor. In an effort to resolve this problem we called in an American Major who had been the chief forester for the State of New York and who was very familiar with the kind of trees growing in the Lord Byron Forest. After a great deal of controversy and talk they decided that the old trees and trees that were dying would be cut by Italians under an American forester's supervision. This was done, not necessarily to the satisfaction of everybody, but at least the forest was not leveled as the Italians had feared might be the case.

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THE SWEEP TO THE PO (April 13th to May 9th, 1945)

On April 13th, 1945 the intense activity from one side of Italy to the other burst out as if on a given signal. Planes roared overhead in streams; convoys, tanks -- equipment of all kinds from the far rear to the very front lines, went clanking into action. The Allied armies were beginning the long-awaited drive for the Po Valley and the end of the war in Italy.

On April 21st, I moved out of Florence heading up the center of Italy toward Bologna. Along that road were blown-out bridges, crippled tanks, and destroyed villages. It seemed that everywhere I looked, piles of rubble marked the passing of the God of War.

On the 22nd, I heard that the army had entered the city of Bologna in the Po Valley. As a part of my job I headed that way through rubble-strewn roads, bombed-out bridges, about every kind of destruction that one could imagine. It was the Fifth Army that had the honor of going into Bologna, but as a matter of fact this town had been more or less marked for the Eighth Army to take over and administer.

I entered Bologna in late evening and found the town blacked out, but generally intact. A part of the city had been placed off-limits for bombing. The retreat of the Germans from the area meant that it was not badly damaged by artillery fire.

Bologna has some famous towers, they are brick rather than the white marble of the Pisa Tower, but they are almost as famous. It is also the city which housed the first known hippodrome where medical students could sit and watch surgery going on down in the pit. One of the orders to the military government group was to see that this was not subjected to destruction and to protect it if at all possible. Unfortunately, a plane bombing the railroad yards several yards away from the hippodrome had either dropped his bomb too late or else it had skidded and hit the side of the building damaging it somewhat. However, it did not destroy the essential characteristics of this historic medical monument.

By this time there had been formed in Northern Italy, a so-called National Liberation Front, financed by the Russians. It consisted of all of the people who were secretly opposed to the Mussolini regime but who had been afraid and unable to surface. It was well organized and a real force throughout the Po Valley and cooperated with the allied armies. These rank and file partisans were largely young people, boys and girls. Now that the Germans had left they strutted about in great numbers, literally covered with hand grenades, dynamite and tommy-guns. They shot up their enemies at random and pretty well ran wild.

There was not very much the occupying army could do. Fifth Army had entered the city. General Clark had moved to the city hall to proclaim the city captured and under the rule of the Military Government. The Fifth Army then moved on leaving the Military Government to keep things quiet if possible. Guns fired all night as the partisans and their

enemies fought it out in the street. When daylight came there was always a parade of funerals and a great ceremony of burying the dead that had been killed the night before.

The most gruesome incident of my many experiences in that war came on the day after I arrived in Bologna and had taken up a small office on the second floor in the city hall. A mob of partisans sought out the Questra, or police judge, who had sentenced many of the Bologna citizens to death during the Mussolini era and dragged him through the streets to the square in front of the city hall.

Any doubt as to their intention was immediately dissipated. They flayed him with sticks, pelted him with stones, and dragged him to the side of the building where the mob bashed his head against the brick wall right below my window. Finally, after the mob had exhausted itself, the limp body of the Questra dropped to the ground. The onlookers waited a while and then drifted away. The local police who had been either slow in coming, or had watched from a distance, moved in and removed the body.

The Military Government staff simply had to look on at this grotesque scene, primarily because there were too few of us to do anything against a mob of several hundred frenzied people carrying everything from sticks and canes to tommy guns and hand grenades. Second, our military had not really taken over control of the city, and on top of that they had not yet designated somebody to be the Mayor and set up a municipal organization through which the Military Government could function.

It may sound easy to take over a city of 500,000 or more with a military order, but carrying out that order requires either a vast allied organization of literally hundreds and hundreds of soldiers or, luckily, a local organization of native citizens to form some semblance of a government through which the allied military might operate.

Shortly after this execution in the public square, the families of the many victims who had been condemned to death by this judge, began bringing pictures of fathers and sons who had been shot in this very square against this same brick wall. They pasted their pictures around the blood-spattered spot on the wall where the Questra's head had been beaten to a pulp. Some 300 pictures of young and old men were pasted on the wall. While my stay in Bologna was not too long, something less than one week -- the pictures remained there as long as I was in the city.

Later there was designated a Mayor of the city; a Communist leader by the name of Luguno, who was the Communist representative in the National Liberation Front. He at once began organizing the city to function in the best manner it possibly could under conditions at that time. Mr. Luguno was a Communist and saw that all of his enemies were eliminated. He turned out to be a remarkably able administrator and, as I later discovered, was elected Mayor of Bologna after the war and served as Mayor of that city for more than 20 years.

Luguno's first job was to try to disarm and to get the guerrillas and freedom fighters that had been instrumental in cleaning out the Fascists and in keeping the Germans on the run

in that area, to turn in their arms. This took some doing, for they had the taste of power. With a few grenades strapped around their waists and a tommy gun slung over their shoulder, a overseas cap and the red scarf of Garibaldi around their neck, they were aware that the people ran for cover when they were around.

Luguno, however, attempted immediately to round these fellows up and get them to give up their arms. He used some pretty interesting psychology. He organized a big parade for celebrating the freedom of the city from the Germans and the designation of the new government by the Allied Military. This parade ran through the principle streets and wound up at the city hall. As the parade ended, each of the guerrilla fighters in the parade walked over to the truck and threw his arms and his ammunition into that truck. The parade drew out more than 4,000 Partisans carrying everything from grenades to dynamite. Seven truckloads of this material were carted away.

Since Bologna had been declared an open city by both the Allies and the Germans, things returned to normal as far as electricity and the normal functioning of traffic, hotel elevators, and the goings-on in a city of this size. My billet was a relatively old but well-kept hotel in the heart of Bologna. On the evening of the 29th as I went up the elevator to my room, the elevator boy said "Mussolini Finite", which meant "Mussolini Finished."

I took it more or less as a rumor, but that night on the BBC nightly broadcast came the official word that Mussolini and his mistress had been executed by the Partisans in a Shell filling station on the outskirts of Milan. As a final indignity, the once pompous dictator was hanged, along with his mistress, by the heels in front of this station. Hanging by the heels is the most undignified way of punishment in the Italian cultural system.

It was in Bologna that I found my long-time friend and part-time associate, Lieutenant Colonel Elmer Holmgreen, whom I had last met on Anzio. He was moving with the Fifth Army field forces and temporarily taking over some of the agricultural problems, if one could classify them as that, in the city of Bologna. As it turned out, these were numerous and rather unusual.

With Bologna an open city during the winter and in anticipation of the eventual drive of the Allied Armies into the Po Valley, the people in the countryside had poured into Bologna for safety and for the protection of their livestock. There were literally thousands of farm families in the city and they had brought with them their chickens, pigs, cows, and horses, if they had any. Some of them even brought in their small threshing machinery and stored it there during the winter. We actually found cows on the second floors of apartment buildings. There were two or three dairies in daily operation, each numbering twenty to thirty cows in the basements of various buildings throughout the city. In addition, there were chickens on roof tops, chickens in apartments, and sheep and pigs in little back yards.

The minute the armies swept forward through Bologna and were close to crossing the Po River, all of these people wanted to get out of Bologna and get back to their farms and villages. This presented a serious problem, not only for the people themselves but for the

armies. Every road in every direction was clogged with military traffic; thousands of soldiers, trucks, artillery and all the equipment of a modern army moving almost like a great train across the countryside.

We rather helpless agricultural officers were trying to keep as many as possible from returning just at this time, but there was literally no stopping them. The only thing we could do was to warn them to stay off the highways with their livestock, children, and families because they might be killed in the military traffic. As a result they cut straight across the country, any way they could. It was indeed a remarkable fact that these thousands, (some said as many as 28,000 farm families had crowded into Bologna that winter) moved out of that city with their horses, pigs, chickens, sheep, cows, threshing machines, plows, and whatever they had, back to the countryside and to their villages. They did not present any problem for the military. In so far as I know none of them was hurt in their trek.

Getting farmers out of the city was only half of the problem. During the winter the dairy cows, the sheep, and chickens had produced an enormous pile of plain old manure. Under some sort of city regulation or general agreement this had been hauled in wheelbarrows, or carried in baskets, to a large square almost in the very center of the city. Eventually there was a solid city block, once a rather palatial square, covered two to eight feet deep in horse manure, cow manure, straw, and all the bedding material accumulated during the winter.

Our army medical people saw this as a tremendous sanitary problem and ordered the manure to be moved and burned. It was up to the agricultural staff to implement this order. The army agreed to supply the gasoline to pour on this giant mass of stuff so that it would burn, but burning it in the city was rather dangerous. This meant that it had to be picked up and hauled out of the city and then burned according to the medical orders of that day. The army again came forward and said they would supply the trucks, but the city of Bologna would have to supply the Italian labor to load the trucks.

At this point I began to think what a great waste it was to haul away tons and tons of good manure and burn it. So I interceded once again with the army and got permission for the manure to be hauled out of town and dumped on the side of the fields. The Italian farmers could then pick it up in their carts, baskets, and wheelbarrows and spread it. Thus, was another ticklish situation resolved to the satisfaction of all.

Bologna is the center of a world-renowned bee culture. Honey bees from the Bologna area are shipped throughout the world and are said to have qualities which are superior to honey bees in any other place. They are especially adaptable to cross-breeding with other kinds of lesser-strength bees. Bees were traditionally brought into the city during the winter and fed sugar to be kept alive. It was now the beginning of May. Flowers were blooming in the Apennines; poppies were beginning to bloom in the wheat fields of the Po Valley. These bees were getting very restless and troublesome to the keepers. So one day a rather large delegation of the bee culturalists advised through a translator that their bees were starving and they had to be moved out and into the fields around Bologna so

they could eat. They were also getting very restless and would soon be swarming. We gave them the necessary permit to move their hives.

It was only a day or two later when another bee incident popped up. A couple of rather spic-and-span British officers came in with their brass buttons shining; the very personification of eminently correct staff officers from general headquarters. Immediately, we expected the familiar squawk that something was happening in the rural area, needing the prompt attention of the agricultural staff. I was mistaken this time, however. The young Major, who I learned later was Aide to a British General, saluted and said "The General presents his compliments, sir, and he would like a special favor from you."

The story that unfolded was a bit unusual. The General was a bee enthusiast, and he kept bees in England as a hobby. He had long known of and had long exchanged queen bees and other items of the bee business with the people in the Bologna area. He wondered if we could arrange for him to get a queen bee of a particular kind produced in that area to ship to his home in England. We immediately got in touch with our bee people whom we had helped the day before. They graciously selected a high-quality queen bee and in less than twelve hours this queen was on its way to the General's home and his bee business outside London.

The armies had by now crossed the Po River and were approaching the Southern Alps. I began to fold up my official duties with Bologna and with other members of the military government staff and moved into a mobile field unit to follow closely the advancing Allied army. For this we moved in trucks and lived in the traditional pup tents. From time to time we camped in some pasture or any place that was convenient. An incident occurred one evening, very typical of the times, and typical of the relationship or lack of relationship between the army and the civilian population.

On the evening of May 1, our first big move into the field, we selected a fine timothy and red clover pasture outside of a little village in the Po Valley to pitch our tents, set up our camp and made headquarters there for a few days. Typically as in many other Italian villages, this acreage was a communal hay field for this village. The villagers moved out of the village at evening and with their scythes cut the luscious hay to carry into the village for their milk cattle and occasionally other livestock.

When our big trucks and equipment rolled onto this field, villagers were horrified that we were going to destroy their livestock feed. They came out somewhat angry and tried to tell us in a way as polite as people could that we were destroying their meadows and that they hoped we would either buy their hay or move on to another spot. After considerable discussion, it was decided by our particular boss that we would let them come in and harvest their grass around our camp, so that we would not tramp it down and destroy it.

They came in the late sunset evening with their scythes and began mowing the grass. Being a farm boy and somewhat admiring the razor sharp scythes these fellows were using I volunteered to cut some of the grass myself. I picked up the scythe and in the way

of the farmer I edged the scythe with my thumb to see how sharp it was and then began slowly to swing this razor-sharp scythe through the green and luscious timothy hay and green clover, much to the surprise of our Italian onlookers. At once I developed a kind of communication and friendship. Before the evening was over they were bringing us highly spiffed red wine which they called a sort of Italian champagne. They day was saved and we struck up a friendship which left generally good relations until we moved on a day or two later.

On May 2nd, while we were in this camp, rumors began to fly that Hitler was dead, and that Donetz was taking over in Germany. Simultaneous with the spread of these rumors, Italians in our village told us that the German Armies in North Italy and Western Austria had surrendered. I wrote that day, "Thank God, for that. Running the Brenner Pass would have been no fun!"

The Brenner Pass was a famous passageway; a narrow bottle-neck between Austria and Italy. In order to invade Austria from the south our armies would have had to move up through that narrow heavily armed passage. But since the Germans had surrendered in Northern Italy and the Austrians had surrendered on their side, it began to look like peace was coming to this part of the world.

From about May 3rd until the 8th we were jumping all over most of Northern Italy as one town after another fell. The problem was getting civilian life back into some sort of order; looking after food problems, and the general mop-up after an army has passed on. Some of the so-called slave labor, the Italians who had been in labor camps of Austria and northern Italy, were beginning to stream south. There was also a migration of an enormous number of ladies of pleasure who had either followed the German Army or had been used by the German Army in its occupation. They were streaming back in the Po Valley and further south. In addition to this influx, German prisoners were beginning to be herded back to prison camps in south Italy. Partisans were running wild in many of the cities. One would see them here and there in little groups, with their Garibaldi scarves, a Mussolini-type fascist hat, or a sort of a doughboy hat as their particular symbol. They were always loaded down with hand grenades and tommy guns.

People in nearly every city were out in the streets and acting joyful. At least peace, if not happiness, had at last come their way. The armies, in most instances in the Po Valley, had circled the cities and there had not been much street fighting in the Po Valley towns. As we went from city to city -- Modena, Verona, Reggio, Bologna and other places -- my Italian driver and I were a great curiosity. We were more or less greeted as heroes or liberators and became a little embarrassed at all of the attention. Finally we decided that we would just act like liberators, and so we would drive down the main street waving and saluting as the crowds cheered.

People in Northern Italy, the so-called Lombards, are blond Italians. Many of the blond and buxom Italian gals that threw flowers at us as we drove down the street had a hand grenade in their other hand.

We were constantly on the move in these days, sleeping in the fields, having our rations cooked by friendly old ladies in the villages. The constant concern was the news on the radio every night which told of the developments in Europe. On the evening and night of May 8, I noticed that world events, once the tide turns, move at a tremendous tempo. The radio screamed reports that one million troops had surrendered -- mainly in Holland and Denmark. Another large group had surrendered to Patton and Patch in Southern Germany. Today the final blow: all land, sea, and air forces in Germany surrendered at a minute to midnight. Of the Churchill announcement at 3:00 this afternoon, I wrote shortly thereafter: "He met the situation with the same courage and clear ringing voice that we heard five years ago when he gave his first speech as War Prime Minister. I can hardly realize the long trail of trial and woe through which the world has passed. It would indeed seem that time for rejoicing if it were not for the fact that Japan is staring us in the face."

On May 9th the guns of Europe were silent. This was something the whole world was waiting for. In our notes of that day we said "now comes the most difficult task of all, how to make peace; a peace that will stick hard enough to keep France, Britain, and the United States together, let alone Russia. Russia no doubt desires peace as fervently as any other power but Russia wants peace on her terms. We distrust the Russian way of doing things. Russia distrusts us, we must remember that this is the first time Russia has had a front seat at a peace table and she expects to be heard."

Indeed I do not claim to be a prophet, but those notes written thirty years ago somehow foretold some of the difficulty and some of the long roads we have come with Russia from that day on May 9, 1945 through the summit in May 1972. There is still a long road ahead.

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VICTORY HAS ITS PROBLEMS, TOO (June to July 27th, 1945)

The surrender of the German Army in North Italy dumped 250,000 soldiers, twenty thousand horses, harness and wagons, piles of military equipment, and all the stores and impedimenta of a full blown fighting army into Allied hands. All of this was war booty, taken over by the Allies in a matter of hours. The twenty thousand head of horses, their harness and wagons fell to the agricultural section of military government to handle. To find enough GIs with experience in handling horses was out of the question, so the 1600 odd Germans who had been caring for the animals, scrounging feed, keeping them shod and cared for, were simply taken over with the horses and told to continue caring for them. We scattered the animals in every pasture or corral we could find, and the job of getting feed and water to them was a task to baffle the boldest.

A rather large creek ran through a large field where we had some 12,000 of these animals in one batch. They drank the creek dry in a single night. These horses had all been requisitioned by the German Army, mostly from farmers in Italy and Western Austria. The German Army as a rule was most correct when it requisitioned animals or materials. A complete record was kept and left with the proper Italian authorities. We soon found records on the animals in the offices of the Provincia in each province. By checking these records it was easy to ascertain how many animals had been taken from a given province. By a system of allocation based on the number requisitioned from each province we soon found that we had almost enough horses to replace those taken.

After selecting some of the best ones for mounted police in Milan, Turin, and other cities, the rest were allocated to the provinces which had lost animals. The provincial chief in each province between the Po Valley and Rome was notified that his province was entitled to so many horses. He could either send a special delegation for his quota of horses or he could allow farmers from his province who had lost horses to come and get them. The result was something to behold.

Farmers, men and women, official delegations, even small boys, poured into the area for their animals. Receipt was taken by the Army for each horse allocated. For days I saw hordes of horses grazing by the road, being ridden, led or even driven to their new homes by their new owners. The members of the agricultural staff deserve medals for the manner in which this complex transaction was handled by Captain James Kein, former 4-H Club leader from Pennsylvania, and Major Glenn Riddel of Arkansas, a long-time agricultural extension agent and educator.

Some 20,000 receipts for horses were taken; then arose the question of what to do with the receipts for the horses. They were sold to the Italian government. The government, in turn, sent them to each province and the province collected a specified number of Italian lira from each person who received a horse. Bargaining was out of the question. The price paid was based on so many lira for a small horse (under 800 pounds). This horse episode was just one of the many small or large problems which peace brought. One evening in this period we wrote in part in our little black book: "A rather tired old soldier takes a little breather and looks back on the events of the past few days.

"It is a rather sardonic commentary on the shape of things eternal that Hitler and Mussolini, whose gods were the military might and who invented this total war and terror, should have their armies destroyed by the improved application of the blitz technique. If the reports are true -- both died by the application of their terror principle to their own persons. The reign of terror which these two developed as a principle of government and a national policy has borne fruit which not only destroyed them but will leave scars on the world which the centuries may never heal.

"Such violence breeds violence and violence feasts on its own self destruction. During the past winter we have seen the pits and caves around captured villages in the mountains where Italians, for one reason or the other, sought to oppose their captors and we've seen their bodies: men, women, and children -- rotting in those pits and caves. Whole groups were killed as a reprisal of some sort. The partisans here in Italy -- they mean different things to different people and they are and will be pretty tough customers to deal with in the future. Those fellows fought the Germans and the Republican Fascists with bare hands when the chips were down -- to fail simply meant death and many did die. Since they fought by terror methods -- it is not surprising, then that they became terrorist themselves in kind."

My earlier, rather optimistic expectations that I would be leaving Italy turned out to be accurate, although a bit premature. I had been to Rome attending one of the numerous conferences on the future of Northern Italy and the gossip was that I would either be moving on into Austria or perhaps return to the States and train for Japan. Actually, we were several more days rounding up things on the run in Northern Italy, and on May 11th our military government unit established headquarters at a beautiful lakeside hotel in Salo on Lake Maggiore in Northern Italy's Alpine country.

Our commander, Brigadier General Hume, was a "bear for decorations", especially for himself. He was greatly disappointed that during his assignment to military government he did not get deep enough into the fray to get nicked just a little so that he could be rewarded a silver star or a purple heart. He had somehow garnered a bronze star and nearly all of the rest of the decorations an army officer might gather. He did try to pass some of the honors around to his staff. Several, including myself, were recommended for the Bronze Star -- a matter I am told that still rests in the Pentagon files. I have never sought the details since I could hardly be enthusiastic about a decoration for rescuing cattle, rounding up pigs, and running down wheat and roasting ears. However, General Truscott, who had now taken over the Fifth Army Command, came up one morning and with all of us out in spic-and-shining order -- even pressed uniforms -- awarded our unit the Presidential Citation for Meritorious Service in the Army of the United States; the first and only Military Government Unit to receive such presidential citation.

We had expected things to continue quietly but as it turned out, that was not to be. There were the general's problems in addition to potato, sheep, apples, and border trade to take hold of. The General's problem was simple. Colonel Hume, born and reared on a farm in

Tennessee, knew a good ear of green corn when he saw one. The Po Valley in May was dotted with waving green fields of corn just getting right for eating as roasting ears.

Italians, for some reason, do not eat green corn roasting ears. They are great on polenta made from mature flint corn, a meal patted into cakes and cooked in olive oil. It's a staple of the country diet in North Italy, delicious in taste and nutritious. But green corn roasting ears? No way! To them, only pigs eat that. General Hume, however, decreed that his mess must have roasting ears each day as long as the corn was right for such delicacy. We went out and talked an Italian farmer into letting us raid his corn field each day until the corn became too ripe for good roasting ears. Incidentally, this was delicious, although our Italian cooks, now taking over from GI mess, were a little bewildered about it all. Next, and we do not know whether General Clark, located in a fine villa on the coast, actually ordered it or whether some aide overstepped his bounds, but we were ordered to provide the General's mess so many days a week with a fresh-caught salmon out of Lake Maggori. This was done and duly dispatched by driver and jeep as long as we were at Salo. But potatoes and sheep were altogether another problem.

Our potato and sheep problems did not hit us until later in the summer when the clean-up crews had moved in, the warehouses of military equipment were cleaned out and placed in the new dumps and the work force of Germans, which had been retained by the allies to help carry out the surrender terms, had been sent to prison camps or exchanged for allied prisoners.

My experience in two world wars with German soldiers impressed me with several rather distinctive characteristics of the German Army and German soldiers in particular. The army in battle is ruthless, disciplined to the Nth degree, and courageous. Behind the lines, their conduct with the civilian population -- so long as the population obeys the rules -- is most correct and exemplary. Yet they are ruthless beyond imagination when the rules are broken. In accounting for materials taken for military use, in keeping precise records, everything is properly documented.

During the clean-up after the surrender, I observed miles of truck convoys supervised and manned by German prisoners with possibly an American sergeant over-seeing the whole outfit. The German convoy commander would be told to have so many trucks and so many men at a given place at a given time. One could almost set a watch by their appearance. If they were told to drive the trucks at 30 miles per hour, 30 feet behind each other, one could bet that this would be exactly the case. Directed to have a list of articles in a warehouse by ten o'clock the next morning, one could count on the items being there. This was somewhat different from our experience with our new Italian allies. Trucks promised at seven o'clock by the Italians might arrive anytime from 7:00 to noon, always with a good excuse of some kind.

Even GI truck drivers were inclined to bunch their convoys, race wildly for a few miles, and then drop to a walk for another mile or so. It was also hard for our GIs to have a German military policeman tell him that this or that spot was out of bounds and make it stick. It was tougher yet on some young officers who saw German colonels and generals

billeted in the finest hotel in town while they had to sleep in tents. It was even a little awkward for an AMG team to have to ask a German Major for permission to take rooms and set up business in a hotel in the town on the Austrian border.

During peacetime there was always lively trade between the Provinces of North Italy, formerly part of Austria, and Austria proper -- especially with the Innsbruck and Salzburg areas. Austrian farmers in these areas had usually harvested their wheat in late June and followed that wheat crop with a potato crop, and seed potatoes for this planting coming from Southern Italy.

By the same token Northern Italy, a larger producer of apples and peaches, and Mid-Italy, a heavy producer of grapes, required literally tons of Austrian copper sulphate to keep their trees and grapes free of disease and the famous wines of that area pure and in top quality. Obviously farmers from both sides of the border had needs and would be in real trouble if trade was not restored between the two countries.

Both nations were now under military occupation -- the U.S. 77th Division in Austria and elements of the U.S. Fifth Army in Italy. Border restrictions were tough; nothing, civilians or goods, trains or trucks, crossed the border without a proper military permit from both armies. Their permits were not issued in quantity and they took days and sometimes weeks to procure. Most farm supplies in Austria, as well as Italy, are handled by cooperative associations or societies.

An Italian group showed up at Salo one afternoon to explain their plight. I tried to help them by finding some way of getting their potatoes to Austria and Austrian copper sulphate into Italy. Finally, I sent word through unofficial channels (the grapevine) to the Austrians to meet an Italian delegation at the border for coffee one morning. Taking coffee at spots along the border was a traditional thing with tourists. There are places where two people can sit at a table in an outdoor cafe with the international border between them.

In preparation for such a meeting, I told the Italians to work out a deal whereby 200 tons of seed potatoes delivered to the border would be exchanged for an agreed quantity of copper sulphate delivered to the other side. I agreed to try to get railway cars containing these items bumped across the border. It was all agreed and both sides returned to their localities and began assembling the materials. The copper sulphate was rather quickly gotten together and delivered to the border. The changing Austrian and Italian crews simply pushed each car across the border and all was well.

In the South, however, the Italians had to harvest their seed potatoes, grade them, and get them on cars. They were slower but in time they got their goods to Bolzano, ready for the crossing. The young major in charge of the yards for the U.S. Army Transportation Service noted that the potato cargo had no permit to cross into Austria and he stopped the crewmen cold in shunting the potatoes across. A few days later I was in Bolzano and learned that the potato-filled cars were standing on a siding in the hot sun and the seed would soon be rotting unless something was done fast. I sought out the young major and

asked why the cars had not been shunted across. "Sir," he told me quite flatly, "nothing crosses that border, so far as I am concerned, without a proper permit -- and those potatoes do not have such a permit. They will stay here and rot unless somebody bigger than I gives orders to move them."

At that time I was a Lieutenant Colonel (and clearly without authority) but I said, "Okay, Major ... I'm bigger than you are ... so shove them across."

He said "Yes sir," and the cars moved and the Austrians got the potatoes. It makes a good story, even though improbable to relate, that later in the fall I enjoyed an excellent meal in Salzburg in which one of the choice items was new potatoes cooked in cream.

In North Italy and Austria the opera again became a part of life, the churches continued their rituals, and the villages had their holidays and parades. A German light opera company had been caught in Salzburg by the surrender of the armies in Austria and North Italy and was put to work entertaining bored soldiers on a scrawling visit to Austria.

One night I sat in the audience, comprised mostly of GIs, where this company entertained. Between curtains a slim young German, blonde as a Viking, stepped out in tuxedo and black tie and sang "Lilli Marlene," the famed German song of the trenches. One might have expected catcalls and brick bats, but those GIs cheered that blonde German, yesterday's enemy, to the rafters and called for an encore.

A couple of members of our Military Government unit concerned with the historic preservation of the cultural and historical treasures of Italy and Austria -- one of them a member of the Boston Symphony -- were sent up to Salzburg in the summer of 1945 to assist in the reopening of the famed Salzburg festival. It was not the shining and massive performance of earlier days but that famous event went off on schedule, thanks to a lot of scrounging and improvisation by our people.

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ITALY'S FUTURE

The days from the middle of May 1945 to the end of July were far from routine. I had continuing doubts about the future of Italy and the permanence of the peace which we seemed to be approaching. For a short period in early May and July, I thought European nations might be starting all over again their ancient and time-honored practice of grabbing off territory they coveted from their adversaries.

Great Britain started it with the announcement that she was taking over the Island of Patranella. The German armies had barely surrendered to the American Fifth Army in the villages along the French border when the French Army came in, took over the villages, pulled down the American flag, and raised the tri-color with the blunt explanation that "these border cities and this territory is ours" taken away centuries ago. Seizing these villages, they insisted, would make a stronger defense line.

It was with some humiliation that for a time that summer I had to secure a special French pass in order to enter these villages on official business of the Allied Military Government of Italy. This became a very embarrassing situation until -- as we were told -- on orders from President Truman, that the United States, which was supplying France with all of the gasoline and much of the provisions for the French Army, simply cut off that supply until the French behaved.

On the Adriatic side of Italy, however, it was not so easy. Tito of Yugoslavia eyed the old Austrian Hungarian Empire cities of Trieste and Fiume and a large slice of the provinces in that area; territories which were given to Italy in World War I and in which Yugoslav citizens were a majority. The Italian flag was torn down, allied flags were banned, and Tito seized Trieste, Fiume, and a large portion of Udine province.

When we attempted to enter, Yugoslav soldiers in full battle dress virtually ran us out of the area at the point of a gun. As in the case of France, the Allies, which were friendly with Tito, were supplying him with most of the material and arms he used to kick up such a mess. The United States rushed tanks to the area to protect the Italians who fled the sector in droves. Their homes were being raided, ransacked, and their lives threatened as Tito was determined to make his claim to these areas stick. For a time it looked like we were going to start another war; but our tanks did not fire on the Yugoslav regiments, nor did the Yugoslavs actually open fire on our soldiers. The battle was temporarily won by U.S. tanks being turned around and backed into the ranks of the Yugoslav army, the hot blast of the exhaust giving the necessary encouragement to back off.

Apparently neither side wanted to start shooting again. It was a sort of a show of force on both sides which became more or less a standard procedure when Western allies found themselves confronted with Communist pushes which seemed to take everything to the very brink before finally backing down. However, in the peace treaty which was eventually signed some of the former Yugoslav territory, Trieste and portions of Udine province did go to Yugoslavia. IN the years that have followed there have been little or no difficulties between the large Italian population in this area and the Yugoslavs.

At this time there was also a move to cut off Tyrolean Provinces (formally Austria) and make them independent; another move to cut North Italy off from Rome and make Milan the capitol of the new country. This was all talk, but it caused me to write: "I wonder if Italy can walk alone with her complex problems. The Communists, one of the allies who helped us to win the war, are now kicking up trouble all over the place. Now that King Victor Emmanuel and the House of Savoy, who will be the dominant influence here in the future, has been restored, the royal house is under attack by the Communists and the Liberals. Possibly only the Catholic Church can save the Royalty, or maybe some kind of Republican form of Government. These hard-working, even smiling people -- so glad that it is over -- hardly realize what is in store for them as they go about their hard work of rebuilding."

In mid June, an emissary of Prince Humbert, came to our Military Government headquarters to spend an evening with General Hume and staff. He wanted to know "what are the things which Humbert could do which would be the best for Italy and the Italian people, particularly the future stability of Italy?" Humbert was hoping that the royal house would continue to be part of the Italian government structure.

When it came my time to speak, I rather bluntly said "A major land reform from the tip of Sicily to the Austrian Alps is the first order of business. Begin that job with a return of the major royal lands to ownership of peasants." (The royal house owned most of the sugar land in Italy and was given a heavy subsidy from taxes to support the high-cost production.) "Next," I said, "cut loose the timber lands as well as some or all of the good wheat and rice land owned by the royal family and its many kinsmen." With that, we argued, the other baronal groups -- like my friend Baron Lucifero with 500,000 acres of timber and land in South Italy -- would see the light and make land reform work.

The aide to Humbert took this with rather surprising calmness and invited me to "drop in on Humbert the next time I was in Rome." I did, and on that occasion I spoke just as bluntly as I had that evening beside Lake Maggori. Humbert took the talk without a blink, but in effect said, "Perhaps you are right, but such action would be difficult." He thanked me and said "I wish to award you a medal which is in my power to award, the Crown of Italy."

I advised that as a soldier in the American Army I was not permitted to accept decorations without the explicit consent of my government. I thanked him and went on my way. In one of the outer rooms I met friends and the first Minister of Agriculture under the Badoglio Government, Baron Lucifero. I had made almost the identical suggestion to him in the fall of 1943, shortly after he became minister. He then had said "perhaps you are right, but I must remain with my class." On this last occasion he was the "Kings's Chamberlain" and, as I understand it, went into exile with Humbert to Portugal when the Royal House was voted out of Italy in 1946. Late in 1946, on returning home for discharge I received the Crown of Italy decoration through the War Department. Humbert had kept his word.

The earlier success of my small venture in opening trade between Austria and Italy on the potato deal set off other waves of interest. Northern Italy is a large producer of early apples and peaches; as a boy we called them June apples in our Missouri community. These early peaches and apples were largely distributed around the cities of North Italy and the surplus moved into Switzerland. There was a fine crop in the summer of 1945 and this fruit crop had no place to go except in the limited outlets in nearby Italian cities where money was still scarce and buying power low. Switzerland wanted the peaches and apples but no commercial relations existed yet between the two areas.

This presented a fresh dilemma. We know that to go the military channel route to set up a trade would involve weeks of work and the fruit would be rotted. Again a member of the cooperatives in North Italy concerned with marketing of fruit met with the representative of Swiss farmers on the border and sipped wine. They were to work out an exchange of some Swiss goods for several hundred tons of apples and peaches. In this case some 1500 brown Swiss cows with calves at their sides were to be exchanged for the fruit. Each commodity to be delivered to the border in freight cars and dumped across the border.

In due time this plan was arranged and executed. The Italian coop paid its members in lira for the apples and peaches, the Swiss took the fruit and delivered the cows to the cooperative. The cooperative sold the cows, by then in great demand by Italian farmers, and recovered the lira it paid its members for the fruit. All went well. News of this successful ploy got around and in no time Italian silks were being exchanged for Swiss watches and a lively trade in almost everything that could be moved got going. This was not to last however. The Italian government, not yet in control of North Italy, complained, and the Army clamped down tight on such trading. Still, quite a bit of trade did go on clandestinely for quite awhile.

Two years later, when I returned to Italy to work out a trade deal for Italian oranges for the Military Government in Germany, some of the Italian officials chided the Americans for "opening up illegal trade with Switzerland and Austria two years earlier." I had to admit that I was one of the culprits, whereupon the Italian Minister of Treasury remarked, "Did you not know that duties were supposed to have been paid on each transaction?"

My answer was in no way apologetic. I said frankly, "I considered getting the goods exchanged between people who needed and could use them far more important than customs duties. Let the bookkeepers sort that one out." He agreed, and as I will relate later on that visit to Rome I again participated in opening trade between two European countries, West Germany and Italy, except this time at a very official level.

Things were beginning to quiet down in late July and I went to Austria, and had a talk with Major Williams, former Dean of A & M University, College Station, Texas. But things were very quiet in Austria and I saw little more to do up there than to look on as the Austrians sorted things out. There was talk that I would go home, but no orders came.

In the meantime, my old bugaboo, sheep, reared its head again to create problems.

For centuries people along the Swiss, French, and Austrian borders of Italy crossed back and forth in an informal way and carried on their work in peace -- no matter who was boss in Italy or any of the other countries. In northern Italy sheep were traditionally gathered into large flocks in early summer and, with a shepherd and his family behind them, began the trek in the dry season across the Austrian borders into the high Alps to graze during the summer. There were small hostels in the mountains where the shepherds lived while the flocks grazed across the Southern slope of the high Alps. The shepherds brought the flocks home in early fall, down the mountain passes into Udine Province.

In the summer of 1945, however, allied armies occupied both sides of the border, and as I learned when I tried to stimulate commerce in potatoes and other goods, nothing passed across that border without the most elaborate set of permits. The village people in Italy did not know about these regulations or, if they did, they ignored them. In mid-July, I awoke one morning to find what some estimated as high as 300,000 head of sheep moving toward the Austrian border which the American Army had closed tight. The dry grass and even water on the Italian side was soon gone and here were sheep likely to die of starvation. Some shepherd families had passbooks showing that some member of that family had moved sheep into Austria each summer for centuries. Nevertheless, under the allied rule these passbooks were useless and considerable chaos among sheep and people was rapidly developing.

My first effort at breaking the impass was with the Military. But since the army was now more or less a guest in a now friendly country, the army was reluctant to do anything. Somehow I was shoved off on the CID (Criminal Investigation Division) which had responsibility of screening persons wanting to travel between Italy and Austria. They listened, but said, "We cannot undertake to screen several hundred sheep herders overnight." Besides, the CID wanted nothing to do with the sheep problem -- they had enough to do rounding up war criminals.

"Well then," I asked, "what kind of a stamp would be required on each shepherd's passbook to get them by the border guards -- who would issue it?" "Oh, any responsible police or military government officer with authority to issue or stamp passes." the CID advised.

Back in Naples one of my colleagues at the British-American mess had been a Military Government police officer. Colonel Thompson, a former London stockbroker but now the Military Governor of South Tyrol. I called on him and explained the problem saying that we needed the stamp of an official on these passbooks to get the shepherds and their sheep across the border into Austria for their summer grazing. "Send them in." In no time his office was swamped with shepherds and their passbooks (some of them dating back almost a century). In no time, almost all the sheep were on the way to the high Alps. The stamp had done the trick.

Some years later I visited Colonel Thompson in London where he had again returned to the brokerage business and we had quite a chuckle over his assuming authority for the allied armies on both sides of the border to solve another Italian sheep problem.

With sheep again out of the way, I decided it was about time to take some leave. I had been in the army since June 1943 with never a day of leave. I decided to take a fling at the West Coast of Italy and go on up to Monte Carlo as many of my colleagues had been doing since the surrender. So, with orders properly cut, bag and baggage in a jeep with a French-speaking driver, I was out in the palazzo in front of our hotel when an orderly came running waving a piece of paper. That piece of paper was a telegram asking me to report immediately to SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force) in Frankfurt for consultation.

After the shock wore off a little I turned to the driver and said, "The Riviera deal is off. We're going to Salzburg to catch a military plane to Germany." I left that day and arrived the next in Frankfurt. General Eisenhower was still in command of everything in Germany, but the Allied High Commission was in the process of formation.

At that time General Eisenhower and his staff were in the I.G. Farben Building, about the only building left standing in Frankfurt. The Allied High Commission headquarters was in the town of Hoehst. The American section of the Commission was headed by General Lucius D. Clay with Brigadier General William H. Draper Jr. as his deputy. It was some boost to my ego to learn later that both the Eisenhower headquarters and the Hoehst headquarters had sought my services. Colonel Hermann, an old Farm Credit associate, chief agricultural officer on General Eisenhower's staff, had originated the first telegram and had then gone to the hospital. Lt. Colonel Roy Kimmel, a former acquaintance in USDA with the Allied Commission, had originated the other cable. The question was, to which outfit I was to be assigned. After looking over the general situation, I suggested that if I was really wanted they might request orders for my transfer from Italy to Germany, and settle the matter of specific assignment later, as the situation dictated.

There were rumors in that SHAEF would soon be disbanded and the Allied High Commission would take over in Berlin. The agricultural staff of SHAEF would either go home or be assigned to the Allied Commission. On this note I returned to Italy to await formal transfer orders. Back at Salo and the comfortable billet on Lake Maggiore the routine was not the same. Nearly all the men on the MG staff were being earmarked for other assignments or going home.

The tier of provinces in North Italy were now being turned over to Rome control. This called for a final wrap-up visit to Rome. Arriving in Rome that July day the city was quite different than little more than a year before. Back then, Rome although relatively untouched by war destruction was almost devoid of vehicles and there had been very little goods in the stores. My main impression then was that Rome was filled with people with nothing to do but to wave us welcome. This time the city had taken on new life. Busses and street cars were running, a few motor cars had been taken out of hiding, and the new Italy was brushing up for a modest influx of tourists.

My mission this time was mainly conferences on the food situation in the north and the take-over of responsibilities of the new Minister of Agriculture, Gullo. I had quite a

number of friendly arguments with Gullo following his appointment, but the parting was most friendly, and he was anxious to take hold of Northern Italy where the Communist party was strongest, especially in the industrial cities.

The highlight of my Rome visit was a final fling at Italian opera, this time the summer opera spectacle which has become a main summer attraction in Rome. It is opera under the stars from a stage built in the ruins of the old Roman baths of Caraculla. This is a fantastic spectacle; 15,000 people in seats in a bowl-like garden in front of the baths, a stage as large as a football field, lighted and wired for perfect sound to the most distant seat in the huge amphitheater.

The opera that night was Carmen -- in the full, uncut version. Carmen came on to the stage before the cigar factory on a real live donkey and when the toreadors went off to the stadium they were brought on to the stage in a chariot pulled by four real horses. It was an amazing performance and the acoustics were as near perfect as one could wish for an outdoor performance.

My notes on the opera read: "Here was art and pageantry at its best: Italians are artists -- not soldiers -- they should stick to that." Reflecting upon my work in Italy I wrote, "I must admit that my some 18 months in Italy have been at times most pleasant, often frustrating, but always interesting. Where Italy will be ten years from now is a matter which the Italians can't guess or speculate about. But regardless of what happens there will always be smiles, tenors, dirt, and art and even high intelligence in a people of one of the world's most uncertain temperaments." As a final note on my Rome visit I remarked that "Some damn Italian stole my camera." This camera, one of the cheap Argus 35mm's that came out just before the war, was lent to me by our daughter to whom it had been given as a sort of a going-away-to-school present.

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ON THE WAY TO GERMANY

After the conference in Rome, I did some brief sightseeing in Venice, and within a few hours of my return to Salo, my transfer orders came through. On July 27 I piled valpack, duffle bag, and other baggage into an open jeep and with my ever-present driver took off for Salzburg, Austria where I was to take military transport to Frankfurt the next morning. The drive up the Brenner pass, over to Innsbruck and up the Inns Valley to Salzburg was ever fascinating and beautiful.

Salzburg was alive with visitors, mostly Austrians in from the country and villages to witness the opening ceremony of the Salzburg operas, an event previously set in motion by an MG staff member. Since I didn't know how to get a ticket to opening night of the opera, I settled for a good bed in an army billet in a requisitioned old castle and sneaked out to an Austrian restaurant for some of the incomparable Austrian coffee -- brewed from real coffee beans which had somehow surfaced after years of ersatz.

Next morning I bid my jeep driver "so long" and boarded the old workhorse of the army. C-47, which lumbered off the runway loaded with almost everything from beer to truck parts. I was the lone passenger. Our winding flight through the passes into the Bavarian Alps was, as always, breathtaking in beauty and when we broke out under the clouds in Southern Germany the doll-like picture-book villages below seemed as peaceful as a summer in a country which had never seen war. The appearance was deceiving as we were later to learn, but even then one could not but be impressed with the cleanliness, the carefully laid out villages, and the scrubbed and prosperous look of this part of Germany.

Our landing at Frankfurt Main Airport was rather inconspicuous. I had hoped at least to latch on to a jeep to take me to headquarters in Frankfurt, but as we approached the runway the pilot was ordered to land and hold at the end of the runway, nearly a mile from the main terminal. I was dumped off, bag and baggage, and lugged a valpack and a 50-pound duffelbag full of clothes, iron helmets, leggings, extra shoes, field jackets and woollen underwear the mile through what seemed like a broiling sun.

I learned later that my discomfort resulted from the clearing of all runways for the arrival of General Eisenhower who was returning from Washington in a brand new DC-4 (an amazing plane for the time) which had made the trip non-stop in 16 hours by taking on extra tanks of fuel, something of a record.

My assignment to the "German Theatre," as the military people phrased it, came in a period of transition from the overall Allied Command, SHAEF, under General Dwight Eisenhower, to Military Government control of all Germany under a four-power Allied Commission -- US, Great Britain, France, and Russia. In the field instance, General Eisenhower was the boss on the Western side with General Zukov on the Russian side.

The agricultural staff under General Eisenhower had been under the direction of Colonel Omer Hermann, an old Farm Credit colleague with a mixed staff of Americans, British,

and French. There had been little of the actual Military Government operations similar to my experience coming up from North Africa, to Sicily, Italy, and Austria. In Frankfurt there was a small group under Colonel Hermann working on ration levels, surveying potential supplies and in general getting ready for the job of feeding the civilian population. Down in Hoechst, a factory town west of Frankfurt, in the old I.G. Farben complex, was another group representing the American section of the Allied Commission. It was to be located in Berlin, headed by General Lucius Clay, and responsible for policy in the American zone operations. My orders to the theatre did not specify to which of these groups I was to be assigned.

Since SHAEF was breaking up, Colonel Hermann, was in the hospital and a small staff under Lieutenant Colonel Ben Thibadeau, another old agricultural acquaintance, was more or less set up in an office at Frankfurt, I decided to attach myself to this group. My final assignment after SHAEF breakup would be with the Hoechst group headed by another former agricultural colleague, Lieutenant Colonel Roy Kimmel.

I found a niche in the office and began to look around for something to do. They had not as yet named a real head of the Allied Commission staff in agriculture. I learned in due course the head man of the whole agricultural and food, forestry, and fisheries section would be Brigadier General Hugh B. Hester, a career army man and for much of the time during World War II in charge of the quartermaster depot in Philadelphia. He would be in Berlin with General Lucius Clay and Brigadier General William Draper. Overall policy decisions would be made by the various segments of the Allied Commission in Berlin; General Clay for the Americans, General Robinson for the British, General Koenig for the French, and General Sokolosky for the Russians.

Before the establishment of the Berlin headquarters the Commission had been composed of the four Commanding Generals of the Allied Armies: Eisenhower, Montgomery, Koenig, and Zukov. Since Thibadeau, Kimmel, and others were working mainly on the rationing system to be inaugurated to replace the German system, and computing the possible resources and the maximum ration level these resources would support.

I took on the job, more or less informally, of finding out the status of the wheat, barley, sugar, potato, oil seed and rye crops, much of which was still in the field in the American zone. Before his illness Colonel Hermann had made strong representations to headquarters to get prisoners of war with agricultural experience released so that they might furnish some of the manpower to garner the crops. The idea was accepted in principle but getting and selecting the prisoners, now headed back from Russia, Poland, France, the United States, Great Britain and many of the commonwealth countries, was something the army bureaucracy could hardly cope with on short order. Much of the harvest job fell to the women and children and old people still in the rural villages and on the little farms.

Colonel Hermann, once over his short illness, returned to the states and mustered out of the army. Lieutenant Colonel Thibadeau, the other main-stay carried over from SHAEF, took on a new civilian assignment in Paris. It soon developed that I was to be head of the

Food, Agricultural, Fisheries, and Forestry operations division of the Frankfurt office with responsibility for delivering the various agricultural production items through the first processing.

The assignment was somewhat fuzzy. It was further complicated by lack of any clear authority to act. The whole economy of the American zone in West Germany, that which had not been destroyed by the bombing and the fighting, had come to a virtual standstill. Nothing moved or was undertaken by Germans themselves except by permission of the military. The military controlled fuel, transportation, food supplies, money -- the works. This, plus people struggling back to some sort of existence in their destroyed and bombed-out homes, made the outlook pretty bleak.

As a greenhorn from Italy, I decided to try to duplicate what my chief, Lieutenant Colonel Hartman in Italy had done -- take a problem to the very top. I sought and received an appointment -- one might call it an audience -- with General Eisenhower's chief of staff, the late Lieutenant General Walter Bedell "Beetle" Smith. General Smith had the reputation of being rough but fair. After a few remarks on who I was and where I had come from, I broached the subject of action on opening factories, setting up machinery, loosening up transportation, labor, materials, (binder twine, horseshoes, etc.) and releasing prisoners so that the harvest could be gotten in promptly. I reported that I had flown over Southern Germany coming in and it appeared from a rather low altitude that fields all had been planted and were ripe with a good harvest, especially wheat, rye, and barley.

General Smith listened, but in the end said simply: "Don't get too worked up and concerned about these Germans, the policy is to make it hard on these SOB's to get going again."

I left with the remark that unless every ounce of food in the US zone was collected -- or unless food was brought in from somewhere -- a lot of Germans would starve in the winter. That ended the conversation, but we were to meet and argue more on many occasions in the future. The food policy for Germany, at the time was laid down in the famous Joint Chief of Staffs memorandum, JCS 1067. It said, in effect, that in the post-war period, Germany and the former enemies of the United States and European Allies would stand at the end of the line so far as food supplies were concerned. At a time of world-wide food shortage that meant that "if anyone starved, former enemies would starve first."

The agricultural situation in the American Zone presented particular problems. It was greatly fragmented and it was a typically European peasant situation. In many parts of Europe the peasant had to cling to his little fragment of inherited land as a means of survival. He was cut out of most of the welfare, work compensation, educational, and other government services which were enjoyed by the urban population. He fed himself first and sold what he could to take care of the minimal needs of his family. In Southern Germany, fall rains inevitably damaged much of the wheat, rye, and barley crops, and the struggle was always to get the grain in shocks (often cut by hand scythe) as quickly as

possible and into the barn or other shelter for storage through the winter. Threshing was done during the winter months with small threshers in the barn, which sheltered the sheaves of wheat. The grain moved to markets in small amounts and in this way there was little need for the large storage and transport facilities common to a combine or even an ordinary binder harvesting system.

While our American Zone statistically showed a surplus of food grains in the average year (that is, grains moved out of the area into the Ruhr) this was deceiving. Under the market system a great deal of grain come into Southern Germany from the area around Leipzig and replaced the grain which had moved up from the south into the Ruhr. With the Leipzig area under Russian control, very little of this grain would get into Southern Germany. That meant that if we did not collect and market the grain available in the south, trouble was ahead. This was the broad picture. How to do something about it in the turmoil and confusion of the moment was something else.

One afternoon I sat in my battered office and looked out the window at the much more battered and deserted Frankfurt and I saw two German civilian trucks across the street; a scene I had witnessed over and over during the past month.

These two trucks were apparently trucks which had been set aside by the Military to be used by civilians in hauling back prisoners of war, nurses, displaced persons and general strays to the vicinity of their original home. About half the persons on the trucks were former German soldiers coming home from a prison camp. This evening the scene was a little more depressing than usual because a slight rain was falling and apparently the passengers had been riding for most of the day, crowded about forty or fifty to a truck, in a cold drizzle.

The soldiers are first off the trucks and they stare rather blankly, as only a German superman properly subdued can stare, at the surrounding destruction which is Frankfurt. As I watched, they shouldered their packs and trudged off down the street looking neither right nor left but at the ground. The nurses apparently had warned someone that they were coming, for nurses from a local hospital were out to meet them. They soon went off in the direction of a military hospital, each carrying a large bundle.

The civilians reacted differently. Some of them must go on to other small towns around Frankfurt. Others must look for their former homes -- few of which remain. Some picked up their bundles and haltingly pushed their way through traffic ... others hesitated and tried to thumb a ride in a military truck. As darkness fell and the rain got heavier there were some still sitting on their suitcases by the side of a bombed-out building.

Earlier in the afternoon a different group passed our window. They were walking, each carrying a pack of some kind, or pushing or pulling a cart usually piled high with suitcases and bundles with fifteen or twenty persons following each cart. These people had come up the river on a tow boat and the landing was nearly two miles away. The stream of people passed for at least an hour, weary and sweating and saying nothing ... the depressing thing was the absolute silence of the migration. We saw similar groups by

the day and hour all over Italy in the war period but Italians, even in the greatest diversity, must chatter among themselves about something and nearly all of them would get up a smile on occasion -- but in these throngs even the kids were morose and silent.

In defeat these people had lost the swagger and the brusque energy so characteristic of the Germans most of us know -- they were taking defeat without much bitterness, but certainly with little sorrow for what they did to their former main enemies -- the Poles and the Russians -- whom they were trying to regard as their real enemies rather than the United States and Great Britain.

When we arrived in Frankfurt a month past here were approximately 200,000 people in the city which once held 750,000. In the past thirty days possibly 50,000 had returned to the ruins which were once home. Most of these people were hungry, short of clothing, and without shelter and without coal or wood. The winter ahead looked pretty dark. However, with characteristic German enterprise they immediately began to clear away the rubble which was once a dwelling, salvage the bricks and the timber and threw together a shelter of some kind. Streets which were piled twenty feet deep in rubble a month ago were now cleared out and Army trucks and Frankfurt street cars operated through them.

Many of our politically-minded folks were a little disappointed that the rank and file of civilians take so little interest in politics. But an empty stomach and winter winds which local residents know are ahead put politics in the background.

At that time I wrote: "Thus far the American occupation forces have not issued any American food. The American zone, counting perfect distribution and taking total food production of every kind, will supply only about 1200 calories of food per day. That is 800 calories less than health authorities declare that it takes to keep a person alive even if he does no work. But if German civilians get more than 1200 calories it will have to come from America. The great zone in Pomerania and East Prussia from which surplus food moved into this area is pretty well wrecked -- the Germans have either been driven out or have run out of their own accord.

"Because of the struggle and disorder there, Poland has been unable to get migrants into the zone to look after food crops and Russia has been too busy elsewhere -- so no food will come from the East -- people will be hungry. Some will probably starve. Starvation is not the dramatic thing one so often reads and imagines -- of people in mobs crying for food and falling over in the streets. The starving ... those who are dying never say anything and one rarely sees them. They first become listless and weak, they react quickly to cold and chills, they sit staring in their rooms or lie listlessly in their beds ... one day they just die. The doctor usually diagnoses malnutrition and complications resulting therefrom. Old women and children usually die first because they are weak and unable to get out and scrounge for the extra food it takes to live. It is pretty hard for an American who has lacked enough food to become ravenously hungry perhaps only once or twice in a lifetime to understand what real starvation is."

I now recall this particular period from late July to mid-August 1945 in Germany. It is difficult to realize now, some 30 years later, the kind of vengeance, horror, absolute disregard for the civilian population, even the ultimate terror used to the very limit, that supposedly civilized peoples and nations set in motion in World War II; yet that destruction and death which was meted out on Germany was only a starter for what we have observed on our TV screens from South Vietnam since about 1965.

Our rationalization, I suppose, is that Hitler started it with the all-out bombing of London, and what happened to Germany in the aftermath was merely repayment in kind. But how can that rationalization justify the destruction we rained on villages and towns and civilians in South Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos?

I looked out my office window that dreary August in Frankfurt in 1945 and saw a city once proud of its public buildings and theatres and opera houses, railway stations, and monuments actually leveled to the ground. On my first trip from the untouched and stately I.G. Farben building on the outskirts of Frankfurt, I picked my way through a tiny foot path across the rubble of buildings blasted into the streets; a path that led from the edge of the city into the heart around the railway station. Not even a bicycle could make its way through this once wide thoroughfare.

Bulldozers were everywhere pushing and clanking, trying to push the bricks and stones out of the way so that a little traffic could move. Here and there a body would come up in the rubble and in late summer heat one could smell the sweet, rancid odors of decaying human bodies under the blasted homes and buildings. After one major raid by the Allied bombers 40,000 persons were hauled in trucks to a bulldozed open trench and buried in a mass grave.

In addition to the destruction, every kind of business that might have the least possible military potential was closed down tight. Among other stories of Hitler's dastardly regime, had his SS men making the fatal knock on doors at midnight. Now I was to learn sadly, by my own observations, that our CID was systematically doing the same thing in the aftermath of victory. This was in the name of destruction of the Nazi infrastructure. People were whisked away in the night and never heard from for months as our so-called Intelligence Squads sought out Nazi leaders and party members and took them away for questioning, screening, and, in most instances, to political prisoner internment camps. This happened to the highest and most lowly functionaries in government, cooperatives, businesses, lodges, churches, and other organizations which served under Hitler. Later I learned that this same thing was happening to Kassel, Bremen, Dusseldorf, Munich, Mannheim, Cologne, Regensburg and all of the other major German cities, not to mention Berlin which was a separate and distinct case.

What to do and how to go about carrying out the Geneva convention principle of the occupying army "to protect and to guard the general welfare of the civilian population, under the Commanding General of the victorious army" was something to ponder. These were truly eventful and questioning days that summer and fall of 1945.

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THE LOOTING BEGINS

Happenings between August 6, 1945 and the 15th came "with terrifying speed." The Bretton-Woods Agreement in Washington was signed and the Potsdam Agreement was consummated and signed in the third week of August. During this fateful month the Hiroshima bomb was exploded and Japan threw in the sponge. The atomic bomb overshadowed everything else in the German people's mind. They knew something of the horrors of bombing of cities and the civilian population. The winter ahead looked extremely bleak for them.

My entry August 19th read: "This 4-power occupation thing sounds okay at the top, but it is a terrible strain on the little guys who try to carry it out. The situation here resembles ever so much wolves around a freshly-killed ox. The attitudes of the French, Russians, and the Poles give little hope of anything like peace ever coming out of this mess. We are doing some looting ourselves, but the scale on which Germany is being looted could never have been dreamed of even in a nightmare."

As a sidelight on what I later learned was official policy on looting, I recall my roommate in the I.G. Farben billets. These billets were east of the I.G. Farben building -- which was saved from destruction on orders from the military so that it could be used for headquarters after the war. The Farben corporation had built a series of two-story apartment buildings in which many or most of their employees in the offices resided. These also were saved from destruction on high military orders.

With the war over and the occupation underway the families occupying these buildings were kicked out and the housing was taken over by the military. Military Government personnel and US civilians in Germany on official and other missions were also housed in these buildings. I suppose they were about the only buildings in Frankfurt at the time that could boast central steam radiator heat, white sheets, hot and cold water and good mattresses.

My so-called rank entitled me to share one of these with any other person of rank who came from the states on one mission or other. My roommate in the last week of August was a gentleman from the RCA Corporation, research and scientific development division. He was in Western Germany looking for one of the famed and rare electronic microscopes which Germany had developed. Only a dozen or so of these had been made prior to the war. They had immense magnifying qualities and were said to have been used in testing and creating the materials which went into Hitler's fortifications which could not be pierced by anything except a special artillery shell, and then almost only by accident. (The American Army, incidentally, breached Hitler's line not by blasting out the bunkers and fortifications, but simply by whipping around them in tanks and armored vehicles leaving those inside to either give up or eventually die by flame throwers.)

This chap from RCA was seeking the whereabouts of the lenses of one of these scopes and was having trouble finding them. He finally learned, through a German he talked to, that one of them had been in a laboratory at Kessell during the war. The British were in

control of Kessel. As agreed by the four-power Potsdam declaration, each Army Commander proceeded to seize all war materials, air fields, factories, equipment, and supplies which had anything to do with carrying on the war. That included just about everything. This chap summarized quite correctly that the microscope in question must be in one of the British dumps of seized military materials, and he took direct action.

By a simple ruse, without saying what he wanted to inspect in the dump, he showed the military pass, which all of the so-called scientific corps carried, to the British soldier on duty at the dump and was passed into it. He found the one and only microscope thus far unaccounted for, took it out of its frame, tucked it inside his Eisenhower jacket which all of those scientific investigators wore and proceeded to Frankfurt. The night of his arrival back at the Farben apartments we had a bottle of German champagne (army-supplied) and celebrated his success.

I, in turn, bought a small Deckar camera, 1.9mm lens, Compure shutter etc., which he had bought from a soldier who had liberated it from a German. The sum in German marks was equal to \$75 if I turned them into dollars at the army post office. I still have the camera: it is a good instrument. After we were allowed to speak and associate with Germans later in the occupation, a former leather worker made a neat little leather case for it. With today's automatic picture-taking devices I never use it but it is quite a memento of a certain period in a very long and interesting life.

Cameras and cigarettes were to become the chief form of currency in any of the later transactions between Germans and Allied soldiers. At this period, fraternization in any form was forbidden under penalty of court martial; and even Military Government was not allowed to contact, seek advice from, or employ Germans in any capacity. This was brought home to our little section rather forcefully in August 1945 when our food and agricultural staff, desperate for statistics and someone who knew something about the production, supply, and rationing system under which Germany operated during the Hitler regime, sought out Germans to help.

Our section found a very distinguished German nutritionist whose books were used in nutrition courses in universities in the United States. We needed his assistance in developing the minimum nutrition standards which we would have to impose on Germany. Three or four other Germans, connected with the rationing system in Frankfurt, were sought out and asked to come in and help us in the development of some sort of system. The Morgenthau boys, the name we gave our US Treasury men who swung a heavy axe in Italy and were now in Germany trying to dictate occupation policy, had decided that they wanted about the only building in Frankfurt which housed the ration cards and records of all the people in the American zone. They rather peremptorily walked in, took over the building, and dumped the ration records into the street. As a result we were left with no records or anything upon which to base our judgment of what we were going to be up against in the coming winter.

The four Germans we had asked to help us had hardly warmed their chairs when some newspaper correspondent noticed them coming into our building and flashed a headline

to the United States that the "Americans were already turning occupation over to the Germans." Within hours an order came from Berlin that every one of those Germans must be out of the office before sundown of that day. I do not know who issued the order, but in the army, orders are orders no matter who issues them. The order was obeyed. It was several months later -- in fact not until September 1946 after the speech of Secretary of State Byrnes at Stuttgart -- that the occupation policy was changed along more constructive lines, and we were able to take advantage of those Germans who had ability and willingness to work hard and long for the reconstruction of their country.

A Footnote: The incident involving the RCA man and the lens of the German electronic microscope popped up two years later when I was out of the Army and in the editorial chair of an Arkansas newspaper. An AP story came across my desk telling of a super electronic microscope which had been developed by the RCA Corporation. It was touted as the finest and most powerful in the world.

Allied police had been that all German patents and patent rights had been abrogated by their surrender and patents and scientific developments once held exclusively by Germany were in the public domain. Each victorious country recruited groups of scientists to sweep into Germany and ferret out every industrial and scientific secret imaginable. If something was thought of value, the plans were taken home for use and development.

As one case in point, there was an aluminum casting plant in the British zone coveted by all of the countries, including the United States. Special valves and couplings, truck hitches, and continuous-process butter churns, similar to the Dairy Queen ice-cream makers seen everywhere today, were gathered up and carted off. One of the most valuable finds perhaps, was a special system of the transmission of electricity over long distances with minimum energy loss. This was discovered by some Navy intelligence men.

As we have all learned in the long post-war period most of the patent rights have been restored. One of the intriguing developments reported in this area was the case of the Buna rubber formula, originally developed by I.G. Farben in Germany before the war. Through an exchange of patents with one of the U.S. oil companies, the U.S. thought it had acquired the German secrets of synthetic rubber. Our war experience showed that somehow our synthetics did not measure up to the German rubber. The scientific sleuths discovered during their post-war work digging through the Farben secrets that the Germans had left out one tiny link in the chain of the chemical process which they traded to the U.S. oil company.

Members of our agricultural staff were in time to discover some rather interesting and intriguing developments in plant science, especially about the production of higher-yielding plants by breaking up certain chromosomes through radiation. Some of this got to the United States and is widely applied in areas of grain production and horticultural research today.

So it went in those first few days and weeks after the war was settled. The small agricultural staff, still not fully organized or with specific duties and power, was faced with the big question of how much food we would have for the people of our zone, and how much would have to be shipped away to other hungry areas; also how might we be sure of getting under some sort of control that which did exist.

In this uncertain period I decided to go out, as I had done in Italy, and look the situation over, first going to the villages and the fields, then to the cities to see how much, if any, of the new crop was getting into the grocery stores and shops. Here again, problems arose. Not only were the boundaries of each military zone -- U.S., British, French, and Russian rigidly controlled but at this point even the various states in each zone were staked-out territory under this or that Army and its Commanding General.

General Patton and his Third Army controlled Bavaria; McNarny and his 7th Army controlled the Frankfurt area; another Army Commander controlled the Stuttgart area. In order for a Military Government officer on the agricultural staff to get into these zones, proper military orders and permission from the Commanding General of each zone had to be in hand. To go from Frankfurt in the 7th Army zone to Bavaria in the 3rd Army zone under Patton was like going from one foreign country to another.

In Patton's area, one's uniform had to be just so; he had to wear side arms, helmet, step smartly and bark like a Drill Sergeant. In other zones it was not so bad, but it complicated things no end trying to get anything done. When this principle of fragmented authority was elevated to the zone level, especially the Russian zone, trying to go anywhere or get anything done was almost impossible. However, in late August, I did make a trip into the countryside aware of the necessity to know what was happening there, and the result was quite interesting.

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A MAN NAMED HANS

After two or three days of travel in the rural areas, I wrote for the benefit of my readers back home: "In German countryside is quite a contrast to the bombed-out cities, where one sees the lines of people before food shops, the shuffling workers drifting to their homes at evening, and the dour parade of prisoners of war seeking out what once was their homes.

"The German villages compared to the cities have been largely untouched by war. Village life, save for the American military units and the horde of bombed-out people who are now crowding the villages, goes on about as it has for the last one hundred years. The German countryside like Austria and some extent Italy and many of these European countries is well kept. Weeds are cut away from the roadways, fields are fallow as gardens, crops are either neatly stacked or stored in the fields and in the village houses and barns. The people look better fed than in the cities and are generally better clothed."

We were in the Rhineland country where farming is based on the culture of grapes through potatoes and most of the harder cereals are also grown.

The fields are dotted with the cart and press contraptions where the men and women cutting grapes from the vines carry huge baskets of grapes to this press arrangement and the juice is pressed right on the spot and then transferred to a huge barrel on another cart and taken off to the village for storage and curing.

Women predominate in the vineyards now by a ratio of about fifteen to one -- most of the men folk are either among some five million killed in Germany's war or they are still prisoners among the several million in Russia, France, and other prison camps. If Germany eats this winter it will be largely the result of the German village women and children who are seen in every field and on every road harvesting, hauling, and processing the crops.

Among those we visited was a farmer named Hans. He owns perhaps thirty-five tracts of land which he and his family have bought and inherited over the years. The tracts range from two acres to about thirty. So great is the land hunger in Germany that when a family estate is settled up, the land is broken up into parcels rather than being sold and the various heirs receiving the equivalent in money. This breakup of land into small tracts through the liquidation of family estates brought on the famous Erbhof law of Germany which provides that the eldest son inherits the land and it is not allowed to be broken into small bits.

From an economic standpoint, this was probably good, but the Nazis turned it into a potent tool for their schemes -- they provided that only Aryans could inherit land and that meant virtual confiscation of all land which was not under some Aryan ownership.

The story of Hans' family and the village in which he lives is rather interesting. Hans was a Saxon and back 500 years ago when Charlemagne was down in Spain carrying on a

Holy War, Hans' ancestors in Saxony revolted and kicked up quite a local war. Charlemagne's war in Spain did not go so well and he was mad at folks causing trouble at his back door. So he picked up two or three whole villages where the rebellion arose and moved them down into South Germany and resettled them very much as the Russians and Poles and Czechs were running German families out of their zones at the end of the war and piling them into Western Germany.

On our trip we had occasion to inspect a famous university and an agricultural experiment station which has been permitted to open under Military Government control.

We talked with men who had been working for thirty years, for instance, on a wheat which will stand 15 days of rain in the shock and will not sprout or spoil; with another man who had been working for years and with some success on a bacterium which forms nitrogen nodules in the soil very much as nitrogen is formed on the nodules of a legume plant. This bacteria sown in a wheat field, for instance, would produce the nitrogen necessary for the wheat crop. Another scientist was making a very tasteful sausage out of cheese whey and synthetic yeast and another fellow was making yeast out of the sulphite water slush from a paper pulp plant. These men were highly intelligent, most of them had been cleared of their Nazi connections and as long as their work was stimulating, enlightening and intelligent -- but when we switched off to politics and the hope of reforming a German government on Democratic lines -- they talked like 6th grade children on the subject.

We got a pretty fair picture of what was beginning to happen all over the U.S. zone. Most of the known Nazi officials, from dog catcher to mayor had been fired or jailed and others, supposedly non-party members, were being put in to carry out the orders of the Commanding General or his subordinates in each area from the provincial capitol down to the dorp (commune). Meanwhile the food and agricultural men for Military Government, who had been in training and waiting in London for the Allied takeover, were beginning to reach their new assignments at various levels in Germany. Generally, they were assigned to the Commanding General's staff and were subject directly to his orders. This presented some problem for the Central Military Government agricultural office in Frankfurt since everything had to move through military channels, and no instructions or advice could be sent or delivered direct from Frankfurt to the agricultural officer in a given area.

There was, at this time, no central policy, either on operations or long-range planning. Each military area made its own rules and about all the central office could do was to seek information and pile up statistics. At this time the Commanding General of each area conducted civilian affairs pretty much as he saw fit. There was no overriding policy save to "throw out all state and local personnel having had any connection with the Nazi regime." The amount of responsibility given to Germans who were selected to handle public affairs also varied from one district to another. In some places the military did just about everything from hauling in food crops to issuing hunting and car licenses. In others, the Germans did it under strict regulations.

General Patton, in Bavaria, took a different tack. He called in a very powerful, capable, former Bavarian public official and put him in charge and told him to run the German civilian side of the whole operation in Bavaria. The gentleman was very competent and went about his job with typical German energy and thoroughness. When protests arose in the U.S. that a German was now a virtual dictator in Bavaria under Patton, the General was called on the carpet. In typical Patton language he said, "One could not run the economy of an area or a country with a bunch of soldiers who know nothing about government and could not even speak the language; that one could not take a shoemaker and put him in charge of a state and get anything done -- that one had to have somebody who knew the ropes and could operate." Patton was soon bounced from his command, and rumor had it that it was because of this incident. In any event, the German official was relieved of his post.

While I was away several things had begun to shape up. General Eisenhower had closed Frankfurt headquarters and moved with his staff to Berlin. General Hugh Hester and a small staff were on the job in Berlin as Agriculture and Forestry Chief of the U.S. side of the Allied Command. On September 3rd our offices in Frankfurt were closed out and we set up with the Allied Commission staff at the Frankfurt suburb community of Hoechst, an industrial town almost wholly made up of the I.G. Farben works. We were in a former office building of the Farben complex.

At this time there was still some question as to how things would operate and who would do what and how -- not only in the small agricultural staff but in the other specialized staffs as well. One can hardly approach agriculture as merely putting seed in the ground and keeping the weeds down. Agriculture consumes great quantities of industrial products; iron and steel for plows, horseshoes and transport, lots of warehousing, processing facilities, fertilizer, coal, oil, electricity, water and feeds, milk cans, churns and what not. All of these items were under the control of other sections of Military Government, each with a king on his own throne, holding the reins of power tight and shutting down everything that moved. If there was a guiding philosophy, it was the Morgenthau theory, to turn Germany into a cow pasture.

After moving to our new offices -- sumptuous and comfortable, with telephones, typewriters and a clerk or two -- I noted, "With all of this it is still very difficult to get everything done through military channels and down to the Germans where things have to happen. I wonder when the powers-that-be will wake up to the fact that one cannot run the economics of a country through military channels. This zone idea, when it comes to military responsibility for a given area is okay, but it is hell for anyone else."

The Potsdam agreement had affirmed the military zones as originally outlined and had decreed that in spite of this Germany as a whole should be occupied and treated as one economic unit. This looked fine on paper, but it obscured the real facts of the Geneva convention that "the Commanding General of an occupying area was responsible for the safety and well-being of the civilian population in the area of his command."

Each General over the four zones and every Army Commander responsible for a province or a smaller area with civilians under his control, took this literally and acted accordingly. General McNary, now in command of the American forces in the American zone, seeing food shipped out of the U.S. zone into the British zone and some of it into the French zone (more or less natural transactions under normal conditions) promptly forbid the movement of any food of any kind out of the American zone. The Ruhr area (now the British zone) normally received food shipped out of what was now the U.S. zone, and Southern Germany, replaced this food from shipments out of what was now the Russian zone. When food stopped coming into the Ruhr, the British faced a desperate situation. They promptly forbid the movement of agricultural inputs (fertilizer, machinery, chemicals, and other production items) from leaving their zone -- and thus the merry-go-round started. Almost in one day Germany became, in effect, four separate countries economically, politically, and organizationally. Each country began to impose on the Germans its particular brand of democracy and the particular system which each country followed at home. This was to have far-reaching consequences as the occupying powers proceeded in their task of dismantling the war potential of Germany.

The zone system idea originated during the fighting in a meeting of the foreign ministers of the Big Four in London. It was discussed and tentatively approved at the meeting of Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt at Yalta during 1944 and formally recognized at the Potsdam Conference in 1945. At the Yalta conference, there was much discussion and debate on the disposition of troops once the war ended; whether they would stay in the place they were when the fighting stopped or whether they would withdraw to these predetermined zones.

Russian armies had swept across Poland into East Germany and finally, during the closing days of the war, into Berlin. American armies had reached Prague in Czechoslovakia, but had withdrawn to the predetermined American zone in South Germany. British forces had occupied the Ruhr. There had been a big argument on how much of the former German territory would be given to Poland in compensation for the Polish territory taken over by Russian forces. The Western borders of Poland were tentatively agreed to be the so-called Curzon line east of the Oder Neisse. Russian armies had swept across Poland and were at the end of the fighting far West of the Curzon line and the Oder Neisse. This is a very rich agricultural area and was one of the principal bread baskets of the former German Reich. More than eight million Germans were in the area and had lived and farmed this fruitful area for centuries.

The Yalta agreement had specified that the borders of post-war Germany would be decided at the peace conference and the various zones set up were mainly to secure the peace and safety of the population until the final peace settlement. Stalin had insisted that his area must be ceded to Poland in the establishment of German and Polish borders after the war. Mr. Churchill had urged passionately that Western zones of Germany could not absorb the some eight million Germans in that territory and the new Germany could not support an additional eight million Germans without the food which the lands West of the Oder Neisse produced.

Roosevelt, ill and being from a country which had always had problems of surplus rather than deficit, took little part in the discussions. The talks at Yalta ended in a stalemate and though the various zones as they existed at the time were formally recognized at Potsdam with the provision that Germany would be administered as an economic unit, the problem still exists today.

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A TIME OF CHANGE: September 17th to September 30th, 1945

From September 13th to 16th we went through a reshuffling process in our offices. Some of the officers left for other assignments, others went home, and some went to Berlin.

There was still no clear idea of who was boss and who called the shots from day to day.

This mattered little to our group since we had so many things to do and so little to do it with, nobody had time to inquire about the organizational set-up. Germans, shocked by the rather spartan orders laid down in the beginning of the occupation and hearing continuous reports of the Morgenthau Plan, flocked to our offices on every little detail.

We had neither the means nor the authority to do much of anything. Once in awhile we braved possible future wrath and did things on our own hoping that we would not get caught.

As I sat in my office late one evening a couple of nattily dressed gentlemen, pork pie hats with feathers in them, tweed jackets, riding breeches, leather leggings, each carrying a riding crop, came in the open door. They spoke German and I could not believe they were German -- so far off from type. It turned out they were Hungarians and they had come for a purpose.

These two gentlemen were the stable masters for the famed Lippizaner horses, the pride and possession of the rulers of the Austro-Hungarian Empire before World War I.

When the old empire was dissolved following that earlier war, these royal stables were more or less divided out among various segments of the Empire. A batch of the horses were kept in Austria and are one of the show attractions of Austria to this day. Other stables were in Hungary and what is now part of Czechoslovakia. In World War II, as the Russian armies were sweeping over Eastern Europe, these Hungarian stable masters selected some fifty or sixty of their finest animals and headed down the road toward what was to become the American zone in South Germany -- Bavaria, in fact. They arrived in Bavaria right after the collapse of Germany and had been foraging, both men and beasts, on the Bavarian countryside.

Quite a number of other animals, from Czechoslovakia, Poland and even Italy somehow were in that area at the time of the collapse. General Patton, responsible for the Bavarian area, clamped down on the occupation rules -- no food stuffs, no feed, nothing moved without a military permit. It happened that General Patton had on his staff a former race horse owner who was anxious that some of these horses be gathered up and brought to the United States. There was serious question as to whether the animals were really war booty -- that is, in possession of Germans at the time of collapse -- or whether they were like these Hungarian horses, merely animals that had fled to the area. As a result of this situation there was a lot of see-sawing, but in my book -- no matter to whom the horses belonged, if Patton wanted some of the horses (which as it turned out he did) he would find some excuse to seize any or all of them. The mission of the two callers in Hoehst that evening was simple. They wanted a military permit to get hay and pasture for their animals. They had been refused all along the line in Bavaria and they came to headquarters to get it.

Under the particular regulations at that point in the U.S. zone, I did not have authority to issue a permit for horse feed. These were most valuable animals. The stable masters in my office showed me the stud books of some of them running back nearly 300 years. The best advice I could give was to head back to Hungary as quickly as they could with these horses; that they would be seized as war booty, or otherwise taken over by the U.S. military, and their chances of survival in Hungary would be about as good as in the United States zone.

Obviously this did not please them, but they did as I suggested. The next day they headed down the back roadways toward Hungary foraging and scrounging feed and shelter from friendly farmers along the way. Some of the other animals in the American zone were indeed taken over by the Military and sent to the last remount depot in the U.S.A. There was considerable to-do about the animals both in Europe and the U.S. after the war. Some of them were sent back to Europe, others were turned over to the U.S. Department of Agriculture and later sold at public auction. No doubt some of their offspring are rambling around U.S. pastures today.

I was to have a similar problem with Karacul sheep. Old shepherds in charge of several hundred of the finest of the Hungarian Karacul herded their charges over mountain trails and roads and ended up in Bavaria. None except some German farmers were interested in these. They kept their charges in Bavaria during the winter of 1945-46. In the spring of 1946 some of the offspring were left with local farmers to pay for their keep and the rest trudged back to Hungary.

In the days ahead I had other horse problems, but nothing to compare to the 40,000 army horses dumped in the lap of Military Government on the surrender of North Italy. The collapse in Germany found most of her army outside the country in Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Norway. All of these countries had contributed to the German army horse pool through the requisitioning from the farms in each of these countries.

After the surrender, claimants against Germany for requisitioned stock came forward. In many instances some of the animals were returned. This was especially true in Poland where a large number of horses had been taken in the course of fighting back and forth across that country during the years of war. Most of these were carried out without much fanfare or disruption to anyone except the few German farmers who had some of these animals on their farms.

In Norway, where there was much difficulty in getting transport for the army horses and where a goodly number of horse-drawn military units had been stationed, the horses were taken over as war booty by Norway. Because of lack of feed and the burden it placed on the agricultural sector they were slaughtered for meat. Horse meat is widely consumed by some of the population in most of these areas. It was ironic that a couple of years later during a dire food crisis in Western Germany, some hospital equipment in West Germany was exchanged for several thousand tons of horse meat from Norway.

As a sidelight, the Eisenhower horse and the General Bedell Smith cow became a subject of much conversation around the agricultural staff. We also had what was called Churchill's horse problems. During the build-up for the invasion of Germany in England, General Eisenhower had a fine saddle horse which he rode for exercise. When the troops took off from England for the invasion of the Continent, the Eisenhower horse went along with the General's headquarter retinue -- sometimes by boat, other times by truck, and finally in a railway car. The railway car and horse eventually ended up in Berlin when the General moved his last headquarters to that city. All went well for awhile, food and provisions for the Western zones of Berlin were allowed to come in from the Russian-controlled German territory around Berlin. But in early October of 1945, the Russians suddenly and without warning cut off all food and animal supplies to the Western part of the city. Trouble was ahead. Foraging feed in the U.S. zone and getting it into Berlin for Ike's horse became quite a game as well as a conversation piece. In a category similar to this single horse problem was General Smith's cow.

General Walter Bedell "Beetle" Smith was afflicted with severe stomach ulcers and doctors had decreed that he must have a steady diet of raw milk daily -- no pasteurization or tampering with it. Accordingly, a cow was procured in England and milk from that cow was delivered to General Smith's mess daily. The cow also followed General Smith and like the Eisenhower horse ended up in Berlin. These were small incidents but little items which Food and Agriculture had to handle. They caused some grouching, but all in all when it was considered what these men were doing and the observation that Abraham Lincoln made when some of his associates complained about General Grant's drinking. Lincoln is said to have inquired what brand of whisky Grant liked and remarked that "as long as he was winning battles, Grant should have all the whiskey of the right kind he wanted."

Churchill's horse problem was rather simple. A fine racing stallion from the Churchill stables had been caught in Poland at the outbreak of the war. On the collapse of Germany orders went out to "find the Churchill horse." He was found in the American zone and the British were promptly notified. In a few hours the horse was on his way to his home stable in England.

On September 13th, I decided to go to Berlin for talks with Generals Hugh Hester and William Draper and others about policies for the American zone. Each country was going about their job of occupying and looting and dismantling Germany with little clear guidelines of what should or should not be undertaken.

Traffic between Frankfurt and the American sector in Berlin was still pretty much of a venture. The roadway through the Russian zone was open but hazardous. Bridges were blown, roads torn up, and there were many detours around villages and broken parts of the highway. If one happened to miss a detour or turned down the wrong road there was trouble with the Russians. There were wild stories about jeeps and officers losing their way and never being heard from again, but I think this was mostly talk. That strays did get into difficulties though is unquestioned.

The rail line for anything except troops or military goods had not been opened, and passenger traffic by train was more of a hazard because one had to go through the Russian check-points and one might be subject to delay for a few minutes or for several hours. An old C47, workhorse of the air transport command, left Frankfurt each morning for Berlin and another left Berlin for Frankfurt at the same hour. I used the plane. It was nothing plush: bucket seats, parachutes required on one's back ready for jumping, and piles of equipment filled the fuselage.

A young Second Lieutenant, rather nervous on his first trip up, had the controls and I was the lone passenger. All went well except that clouds had closed in as we neared Berlin and after flying for what seemed like hours we found ourselves out over East Germany close to the Polish border. After a frantic turn around and a lot of chatter on the intercom we headed back to Berlin and Tempelhof airport deep in the heart of that bombed-out city. As we came in under the clouds over what was one of the world's great cities, the scene below was ever so much like a forest of brick chimneys standing stark and naked amid piles upon piles of brick.

The city seemed to have been pounded to dust stone by stone and brick by brick. As a modest air travel buff in the States before the war I had read accounts of a marvelous Tempelhof airport. It proved to be just about what the newspaper stories had reported. It was not badly damaged by the bombing and was then one of the most modern and efficient airports in the world.

Once billeted in Berlin and checked-in with various sections of our staff in the Allied Commission, I took a day off to look around. I visited the ruins of the famed Hitler Riech Chancellery; the bunker and burned-out Reichstag Building; Hindenburg Gate and many of the places we had read about before getting into the war. I was interested in the Neimuller Church in the American sector of West Berlin. Pastor Neimuller had been one of the few influential figures who had challenged the Hitler myth and succeeded in escaping the gallows. Hanging on the front of this church was a modern bronze statue of the Crucifixion, untouched by all of the destruction around except for a single bullet hole on the cheek just under the right eye. I wrote of the town: "The heart of Berlin is total destruction -- the city is like a corpse trying to walk, a skeleton trying to be gay. People are hungry and will stop at nothing to get food. Sixty-nine percent of the population on this day are women -- most of them widows whose husbands are gone, or girls who have grown up to womanhood and haven't seen their father."

I did not accomplish much on the Berlin trip. I met General Hugh Hester, the chief of the agricultural section; General William Draper, the economics director; and General Lucius Clay, with whom I almost immediately got into an argument about food problems. I found him tough, a stickler for following orders of his superiors, no matter how distasteful. We were messed up in the Morgenthau policy at the time. He was a patient listener and I got answers straight from the shoulder. In the many critical situations and troublesome days ahead, I came to admire Clay's rigid code and straight-forward talk. I always knew where he stood and that was unusual in an army bureaucracy.

My plane did not get off the morning of the 16th so I took advantage of the delay and opened up my ever-present portable typewriter to report in part as follows:

"In recent days we have traveled down through that part of Germany occupied by the Russians, the British, and a portion of the French zone and we have covered all of the territory between the Northern boundary of the American zone to Munich in lower Bavaria. The story is about the same everywhere, except different Allied faces are seen in the various zones. German villages are generally unhurt and undamaged by war. German cities are uniformly blasted to the ground. Farmers are going about their business of farming very much as they have gone about it in the last 400 years in most parts of Germany -- the fall wheat is sown, the fall plowing is done, the potatoes are pitted and all crops are under shelter.

"In recent weeks there has been a marked change in the German population in our zone. The average German is still pretty bewildered and almost despairingly uncertain of his future or that of Germany, but he is working and planning and making and doing things with unbelievable ingenuity.

"Because of the need for lumber in the Armed Forces, the need for transport for other uses and the lack of coal, very little has been done yet in a large way on rebuilding homes and shelter. Yet as one drives through towns literally leveled to the ground, streaks of light emerge from the basements and cellars and a little investigation reveals that every cellar in Germany is occupied by from one to five families."

The eternal will to survive was strong and the beginning of a new Germany dated from the hardships of that grim winter.

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HITLER'S HIGHWAYS

If there is any monument which the Nazi Regime will leave in Germany aside from the record of bestiality, infamy, persecution, and gangsterism, that merits even more than a passing glance, it is the great system of autobahns which lace Germany from one end to the other. These roads are banked on curves like a racetrack, they wind over the country at the best gradients, they are superbly built, with overhead crossings and underpasses, and there is a wide parkway between the two lines of traffic which will carry two cars abreast each way. Our highways in America suffer by comparison to them. Connecting all of the larger centers -- they skirt around all towns and even bypass the cities unless the traveler wants to turn into the town. Some say they were built primarily for military purposes; but for commercial purposes, at any rate, they are one good thing that came out of the Hitler era.

Designed to make possible the rapid movements of troops into any part of Germany in a matter of hours ... they failed in that concept when it came to the battle test. On the contrary, they were really the undoing of the German army for once any American army got a toe-hold on an autobahn, our troops, highly mobile, literally ran over, around and through the Nazi Army. So what might have been designed as an element of great physical strength in the German military set-up was in fact a great weakness.

The narrow winding roads to the Italian Appenines were much more of a hindrance to the movement of American troops than any of the designed defenses in the German autobahn system.

German buildings were built largely of stone and concrete construction with wood interiors. The raging infernos created by fire bombs gutted the buildings and burned and twisted the steel until it was no longer safe for repairing -- high explosives blew them into great snagged groups which looked ever so much like a dying forest. Strange, too, is the fact that the last thing to fall on all bombed buildings are the chimneys. They were rarely down, even when all of the rest of the building was gone. Some explosive expert can probably explain why -- but there they stood, gaunt reminders of warm homes and cheery fires of a day past.

Upon returning to Frankfurt on the 17th I spent the next several days in the office trying to sort things out, attempting to develop some staff relationship with Berlin, as well as with the growing agricultural staff in various military zones. This was a period for a great deal of soul searching and trying to understand just what we were up to in the dismantling, as well as the restoration and reconstruction of Germany not only as an economic unit, but as some would have it, a different German society. This was a very big order and the one order I seemed to have received from my superiors was to democratize German agriculture. Under Hitler it had been organized from the very top to the lowest farm. Planning was done at the top in the most meticulous way and orders were sent down through what was called the Reichsnachstand, the food and agricultural organization.

At the other end of the system was a method of gathering the crops, accounting for it to the last bushel, and then having this crop moved in desired and planned directions at specific prices. The facts were that the food and the products moved by orders and plans rather than through an economic system in which price moved the product from one area to the other.

It was all equalized by a rather ingenious system in which the industrialists of the Ruhr put into a common fund a very large amount of money in form of a subsidy. The farmer in Bavaria who produced 100 bushels of wheat which would be sold eventually in the Ruhr, was given the normal price that he would receive for this grain if it moved out of Bavaria into the Ruhr. This would mean that he would get what the product sold for in the Ruhr less the freight and handling cost from his farm. Under this German system he got the going price at the Bavarian level. He also received a certificate which entitled him to draw on the pool in Berlin for the amount of the freight and handling charges for the product in the Ruhr. The result being that the Ruhr consumer got the wheat for about the price it sold for on the Bavarian farm, while the Bavarian farmer, through this pool system, got the full amount for his product plus the freight and handling charges.

The system, no matter how complicated and unyielding it may sound, actually worked for the Germans. However, with the breaking up of Germany into zones and then the system of each General closing the borders of his zone for almost any movement of any kind except under military orders the whole system had been stalled.

This military zoning caused other very serious complications, and I was inclined to think that somebody had simply taken a pencil and drawn lines according to his own whims. Although the zone system was laid out under a large master plan, the details of it, and the little quirks in the lines, were simply the results of those human judgments which always accompany big decisions.

In the city of Mannheim the line between the French and the American zone had almost split the town and community in two. Why? When the lines were drawn the French for some reason were anxious that they have certain parts of Mannheim and the community around it in their zone. On the other hand the Americans spied a large system of warehouses in the Eastern part of Mannheim which we wanted. So someone just took a pencil and drew a line.

This decision -- and division -- did not seem to amount to much until we tried to establish the economic system. It is true the Americans got the warehouses and also a goodly number of retail outlets and a farm machinery assembly factory where machines had been put together and sold throughout Germany, Europe, and the world. But now all factories were shut down.

I felt that as one of the moves to get agriculture going again and to start food production we should somehow utilize whatever finished machinery we could find in the various factories. I found in the Mannheim assembly plant quite a large number of tractors, partially assembled. When I began to try to get these tractors finished, I discovered that

the motors were made in a part of the French zone. I also found that the generators and the magnetos were made in the British zone. Obviously there was no possibility of getting the tractors going unless those parts could be moved from the various zones into the Mannheim factory.

On my own initiative in the Food and Agriculture staff at Frankfurt, I suggested that we ought to have a conference in the French zone to deal with this particular thing. Our colleagues in the British and French zones were notified and the French were gracious in suggesting that they would be the host for this meeting. As a result, quite a group from the three zones assembled at a palatial residence which had been turned into a military club by the French.

Our group had no authority to give orders but we did make an agreement at this point that some order should be given by the proper authorities in Berlin to allow the tractor parts to move into Mannheim and thus complete the assembly of new and needed tractors. It was also understood that tractors would be parceled out among the three Zones -- that the tractors were not the exclusive property of the American zone.

This worked out pretty well, a proper recommendation was made, and the industrial officers in all three zones at the Allied Commission headquarters in Berlin did make the proper clearance permitting the movement of this machinery. However, after the parts had been assembled on the tractors, there was one little complication. At this particular time the Russians were part of the four-way operation in Berlin and the general occupation of Germany. They heard of this tractor deal and immediately demanded their portion of the finished German tractors. However we never did get around to dividing up the spoils because there was far too small a number at best. Incidentally there were good tractor factories in The Silesia section of the Russian occupied zone.

On this occasion I found my French colleagues the most gracious hosts. Things were laid on, as the British say of such an occasion, in a grand manner. There were seven courses of food with a different wine for each course, plus all the trimmings of a genuine French dinner. This caused me to note in my journal that the "French are peers at being good hosts, but in a way our dinner tonight was something like Belshazzar's feast. I don't know what the watchman on the walls would see at this time, but during our feast a German boy was nabbed by the police for stealing crackers out of the kitchen cabinet. He said he was hungry."

The contrast -- the haves and have-nots -- the conqueror and the conquered -- was highlighted by that one little incident. I was to see it repeated in variation in the days to come.

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PROMOTION BRINGS A TITLE October 1 to November 26, 1945

On returning to Frankfurt on September 30th, I had news that I was to be the new Deputy Director of the Food, Agriculture, Forestry and Fishery Division, of the American Military Government in Germany. Under the system I would have a counterpart in the British Zone; Mr. Guy Hughes, a distinguished British agricultural scientist and a long-time employee of the Imperial Chemical Company. In the French Zone I was to have a counterpart, a General Leylenon. This shook me quite a little and I noted in my journal: "I am Deputy Director of Food, Agriculture, Forestry, and Fishery, a responsibility I do not want, because I do not want to see people starve -- and they will starve unless there is a very definite change of policy in this area."

General Leylenon, I noted in my journal, seemed to be a somewhat embittered person. I said "I fear I am getting hardened to many of the human sympathies which one in my position should possess, I fear also that as a soldier, my respect for rank in the army is falling. I disagree with U.S. policy in Germany and I believe it is being guided as a pressure campaign; a campaign as vicious as anything that some of the dictators perpetrated. I fear a few decisions involving the whole history of Europe are being made on a military order basis, with little or no knowledge of the facts. I would hate to be a resident of Europe for the next few years."

Comment: "That assessment looks and sounds just a little harsh, but it is based upon first-hand knowledge of suffering following a war. I said many times, and I say again now, that all of us have great sympathy, certainly, for the soldier who fights to his death. But we think very little of the millions of helpless citizens in the towns and cities that undergo the bombings and who, unlike the soldier, have no way of fighting back."

I felt at that time maybe the severity and destruction of modern bombing would somehow cause world leaders to do something about such death and destruction; relegate it to extinction as we have tried to do with the use of poison gas and other lethal weapons directed against citizens. But this was not to be. Decades after the close of World War II, we have witnessed in South Vietnam an even greater destruction and a greater weight of bombing of every kind. Every element of terror that man could conceive has been rained down upon the helpless women and children and old men of the villages of that unfortunate part of the world.

On the subject of democratizing agriculture, which was a part of our order, I noted after my trip through the French zone and a portion of the American zone (this time visiting villages and trying to assess the food supply in the little shops and stores) that people seemed to be far more interested in where they were going to get food and fuel than they were about any kind of freedom or democracy.

We were having zone problems. For centuries there have been a cluster of important potash mines in this area, and the line was drawn between East and West Germany in such a manner that the important potash mines in what was originally Germany itself fell into the Western Zone. This made everybody apparently happy since these potash mines

were important sources of foreign exchange. For hundreds of years Germany had mined these deposits and sent potash throughout the world. The United States had not at this time developed its important potash deposits in New Mexico. American farmers more or less depended upon potash from Germany to supply their fertilizer needs.

As a result it was anticipated that somewhere along the line these mines would again be activated and potash would flow freely not only to the German farmers who use only limited amounts of it, but throughout the world, thus bringing Germany much-needed foreign exchange. Russians were to get similar mines or the potash back. Everybody thought the matter was settled when the line was drawn to include the mines in the Western zone. However, they overlooked a sort of a peninsula or a joggle in the line across which ran the only railroad from the mining area into what was now Western Germany. This peninsula was in possession of the Russians. This railroad ran square across it. Almost immediately the Russians posted guards at either side of this peninsula and no rail traffic passed across it. This effectively closed off these mines from any traffic with the West, since there were no trucks in Germany at that time to even try to truck the potash out of the area.

My little staff, without much authority, decided to take a fling at the windmill and try to move some potash, but our trains were stopped cold. We then took it up through military channels to the Allied Commission in Berlin. We got the transport people of the Allied Commission on which sat a Russian, a Frenchman, a Britisher, and an American, and these gentlemen apparently got together over a tea table and decided that there would be an adjustment in the zone lines which would make it possible for this railroad to operate and to haul the potash out of the mine.

In time a piece of paper came down from our transport man in the Allied Commission saying that this matter had been adjusted and that the potash traffic would move freely. We were all elated in Frankfurt that our little group could move the mighty Allied Commission into instant action and get an irritating problem solved, but it was not long until it became apparent that the Russians still had a man at the border, and every time this guard was changed the orders were apparently changed too and practically no traffic was moving through the zone that the transport people had declared had been corrected. (As a footnote to this incident -- I served my time as a Military Government officer in Germany and went home in the summer of 1946. After enjoying civilian life for about one year, I was again called back to Germany as a civilian to take on certain responsibilities in the food and agriculture sector of what was then called the Bi Zone of Germany. Lo and behold, I found the roadway and the railroad to the potash mine on the border between East and West Germany still closed tight.)

From October 7th to about the 23rd of October 1945 I became more and more skeptical of what I could do and more and more disturbed at the way things were going in our particular zone. Germany depended rather widely on rape seed and sunflower seed and items of this kind for its vegetable oil. The other oil items, which they mostly imported, were soybeans from China and cotton seed from the United States and other cotton-

producing areas. This constituted their substitute for lard and butter, both of which were in very short supply.

My major effort then was to see that as much of these rape seeds, sunflower seeds, and oil seeds were processed as quickly as possible, in order that we might have some ration of fats and oils. At that time the fat ration had been cut down to about twelve ounces per person, per month. This seed was normally processed in a small plant in our zone and refined in a larger plant in a complex of the German, Dutch and British-owned facilities of the Lever Brothers. Lever Brothers were oil processors and soap manufacturers, with many plants over Europe and a very large plant in the British Zone in Germany.

The Americans had been more aggressive in their de-Nazification program than either the British or the French. The result was that there was no one in our zone clean enough politically to open up and operate the small processing plant in our area. I immediately contacted the people in the British zone to see if the rape seed might be processed in plants in their zone. The British were pretty sticky, since U.S. military orders had prevented any food products from the American zone from entering the British zone. They rather politely, but firmly advised us that if we were foolish enough to close up all of the plants, they didn't see why they should take the trouble to fool with our fats and oil products. This whole issue was finally resolved, but only after a great deal of argument and a great deal of pulling and hauling both in Frankfurt and Berlin.

On October 23rd, I wrote that things were more hectic than routine: "Now the grim reality of winter and starvation is finally waking up the military mind, which still bewilders me to no end."

I noted that General Hester had come down from Berlin and we talked over things. He had confirmed the rumor that had come down to Frankfurt that as the new Deputy Chief of the Food, Agriculture, Forestry and Fishery section, I would be located in Berlin. This did not set very well with me because it meant my little staff would be far inside the Russian Zone and completely out of day-to-day touch with what was going on in the American Zone. We would have to rely on the Agriculture, Forestry and Fishery staffs in the various military areas. These areas now were: Bavaria, formerly under General Patton, but now under a civilian military government set-up; Rhine Westphalia with headquarters in Stuttgart, with a civilian; my good friend Dr. James K. Pollock of Michigan University the military government chief, James Newcome was in charge; Frankfurt, which was at first under a General McNary, but later under a civilian.

I advised General Hester that I was pretty much bewildered at the way things were going and greatly feared that we could have real trouble in the coming months. I told him the only thing that I could do was to promise him that I would do the very best I could. When I had done that, I would simply have to let nature take its course. I was not going to worry about the "bigger picture;" a main concern to the top brass, much more than the day-to-day business of trying to reconstruct something out of the shambles the war had made.

During the last week in October I went back to Berlin. After a short series of conferences, I was invited to take General Draper's plane for a tour of the major cities in the American Zone in Germany. General Hester headed our little party and we were going to do a sort of a Herbert Hoover type of a look-see at general conditions.

When Mr. Hoover came to Germany in 1946 on a world food mission, he carried with him a special staff. When they landed at a given city, they spread out in all directions and looked into nearly every facet of the community. In a short few hours Mr. Hoover could get a pretty good picture of what was happening. We had planned to do the same thing on this particular trip. Some of us were going to look at the bakeries; others were going to look at the kids and the orphanages, and the hospitals; others were going to look at the raw supplies in the mills (or wherever there might be some food); others were going to check on the progress of the potato and the sugar-beet harvest; others on meat supply; and so forth. It was quite an expedition. We visited Wiesbaden, Munich, Stuttgart, the main area headquarters of military governments, and a number of lesser towns on this particular trip.

On returning to Frankfurt I wrote a note on what we had seen. But as I read the note, parts of which are reprinted below, I am impressed with the fact that this official tour must have been more of a tourist trip rather than an actual fact-finding situation. At any rate, it described the situation and my attitude on that particular day thirty or more years ago:

"An official air tour of the American Zone in Germany in the company of a General takes one out of the bouncing jeeps, road blocks, cold trains, and all of the red tape that goes with travel in a military zone, into the realm of the more pleasant and exciting things of army routine.

"Not many hours before this note is being written, our party left Templehof in Berlin -- the first airport built with the idea of a great flow of passenger traffic, and with all the accoutrements of running a really big air transport business added to it. But Templehof today, though its design and general layout has been duplicated in large fields all over the world, is a mere pancake in a snagged desert of broken buildings and is so small that nearly any fair-sized city in the United States would scorn it as inadequate for modern-day traffic.

"Our plane was the sturdy and dependable DC3 or C-47 as they are called in army parlance -- she still wears her coat of odd war paint and carries the Stars of a General on her fuselage. Her 21 seats have been ripped out. She once carried 30 paratroopers under full gear, but now she has been refurnished with eight reclining and comfortable seats, a carpeted floor, a lounge and various other conveniences which a General would want in traveling in style and comfort. Our pilot, just a year ago, was pushing bombers off the flats down in Foggia, Italy, in the daily runs from there over Austria, Central Germany and North Italy. He is not much impressed with this log wagon run, but he is keen, capable, and enthusiastic.

"Soon the fog-filled valleys around Munich tell us that we are arriving in a little over two hours in this plane against a common 48 hours by train and two full days of travel in a car.

"Again the General's staff work wonders on such routine things as clearance, getting transport to town and billets in town not to mention the clearing of traffic as a General's car sweeps through Munich's winding streets.

"Munich is bomb-blasted; the heart of the old city is shattered and most of the houses and buildings hold three or four families where one family once lived. There is no coal for household use and the wood is scarce. In every city block there is a "warmstube," which in common English is a "warming room" heated day and night; a refuge where people can dodge out from their chilled houses, especially old people, and get good and warm. There is a cup of thin but hot soup and a cup of ersatz (drink made from barley and chestnuts) coffee for each. The "warmstubes" are ever so much like the pot-bellied stove on winter's days in the country villages where many of us grew up. They are not only a haven of comfort, but a debating society and lecture hall.

"Walking down from the main railroad station through the gates in the old city wall one comes to the Rathaus or State Capitol building. The stone statues of the Bavarian kings worked into its cornices and facades are chipped with shell splinters. Further down the street one comes up on the Munich beer parlor, where the budding Hitler of years ago started his ill-timed but finally successful rise to power. It's a GI Red Cross Club now and steaming coffee and hot doughnuts take the place of the beer and pretzels of another day.

"One drives 50 miles south of Munich to the high Alps and the land of the ski enthusiasts -- to Garmish, the international resort where once the Olympic ski trials were held.

"Just up from Garmish is Oberammergau, the little Bavarian village where the Passion Play was held for years and where Anton Lang, who played the Christus in that production still holds forth at his wooden gift-carving shop. But prospects for revival of the Passion Play in that village now are a little dim, since nearly all of the cast were Nazi party members and as such are not permitted to take part in public performances as professional entertainers. It's a rumor, if not a fact, that about the only member of the last cast to play the Passion Play who will today pass our de-Nazification edicts is the chap who played Judas Iscariot.

"Ten miles out on the autobahn from Munich one sees a road sign pointing to Dachau -- a village off the main highway and in whose nearby forest the famed concentration camp was located. It is still there, of course, much of it renovated and cleaned up.

"As one enters the enclosure one is greeted by a giant black and white sign reading 'Here 238,000 men and women were murdered.' If one has the stomach to follow through the whole highly-organized system of studied starvation, then shooting and cremating and bottling and selling the ashes of the victims, there it is for all to see. The large pit with slats over it where victims were shot and rolled on to the slats so the blood would drip

into the pit -- there are the trays on which two bodies at a time could be carried to the crematory and there are the clay, urnlike flower pots which held the ashes.

"All of these things and the untold and unimaginable tortures are facts which stare one in the face -- facts which shock the logical when they contemplate the quiet, well-behaved and courteous Germans seen a few hours before in offices, stores, hotels and on street cars in Munich.

"The contrast between the planned murders at Dachau and the fact of the burghers and hausfraus in energetic pursuit of peaceful occupations, is one of the imponderables of Germany which none of us can really understand or explain. Surely these people must have known about Dachau and the other camps -- surely they could have cried out against it."

My notes also reflect my fascination with the great cultural heritages of the principal cities we visited. Seemingly, these cities once held about everything that was fine in culture -- art, music, and even industry. I find it exceedingly difficult to reconcile such things with places like Dachau. This is something the world will hardly forget soon. To me, it says something about so-called civilization. Germans were highly intelligent, diligent, hard-working, and with a vast resource of talent in art, in sculpture, in music and most everything else that is supposed to make life beautiful and peaceful. Yet we are confronted with a nation that started a war and indeed carried it to the limit with a philosophy of ultimate terror and destruction of the human being and almost everything that a decent human being should or might stand for!

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QUADRI-PARTI PROBLEMS (How the Russians Behave) November 26th to Christmas 1945

On return from my extended tour of the American zone, I had orders from Berlin that the Food and Agriculture, Forestry and Fisheries staff in Frankfurt should prepare to move to Berlin. Records and office supplies were to go up by truck, and some of the staff would fly up while others would go up by jeep. I chose to drive the autobahn in a jeep. My driver was a Pole who spoke German, but who had a rather Polish-sounding name that showed up pretty well in spelling on his identity card. This, I thought, might help us get through the Russian zone.

We were late in getting away and found ourselves just a little before sundown at the torn-up city of Kassel, in the British zone. Rather than try to make it to Berlin during the night over detours and hazardous roads, we decided to stop and seek out a billeting office which handled overnight travelers in that bombed-out city.

Kassel, according to the story, was destroyed in one night. This city was a great industrial complex dealing with nearly all types of war material manufacture, but for some reason the bombers passed it by for quite a long time. The people of Kassel became tired of sirens screaming and air-raid warning as the bombers flew over to Hannover, Bremen, and some of the other great towns in Western Germany. As a result they did not rush to their shelters on the night the raiders hit. I was told that more than 40,000 people were killed within less than one hour's time. I did observe as we drove through this rubble-strewn town the next morning hundreds and hundreds of piles of brick on which flowers had been planted or were being planted at the graves of those who died in the raid.

Since there was not a single hotel or rooming house or other building suitable for a night's lodging in Kassel, the billeting office which took care of Americans passing through the town sent us to an underground bunker which was something of an underground hotel. It was three stories deep, built solidly out of concrete, air-vented with fans and all sorts of circulating equipment to keep it comfortable, and to provide actual living for several hundred people underground for an indefinite period. This had been taken over as a billet for the British and American soldiers that were stationed around there and others passing through from time to time. It was quite an experience to go into a hotel underground.

The next morning I took off for Berlin and upon arrival found the city cold, gray, and dour looking. We were quickly hustled through the formalities of assignment to the Berlin headquarters of the Allied Commission of Military Government in Germany. This changed to some extent the complexity of our duties although not very much.

I was the official deputy for Food, Agriculture, Forestry and Fisheries under General Hugh Hester, who was the top man under General Lucius Clay responsible for policy. It turned out that my main responsibility was to carry out operations in the American zone. General Hester would sit with, or have his representative sit with, some of the Quadri-Parti agricultural meetings which were held in the days ahead at the four-powers

headquarters in Berlin. In theory General Clay with the Russian, British, and French area commanders were the top policy-making body. Under them were the specialized quadri-parti groups, agriculture, industry, law, education and so forth.

The American Zone of West Berlin was a former bluestocking district of the city, and the American headquarters in Berlin was the old Luftwaffe building.

Surrounding this headquarters were very handsome and luxurious houses and apartments, mostly occupied by Generals in the Air Force. I was assigned a billet in the area; a three-story house, very well furnished, which formerly belonged to a Lieutenant General in the Luftwaffe who had been killed.

There was much confusion between November 19th to the 26th as there had been in our headquarters in Frankfurt, but sincerity of purpose seemed to be strong among the officers in charge. I commented in my notes that it might be that they would yet make something out of the mess.

I spent Thanksgiving Day with General Hester and the staff at his home. The Thanksgiving meal was a super treat for a guy who had been away from genuine good food for many, many months. I spent the days that followed getting acquainted with how things were to operate in the zone, and my ego was especially well burnished when I was advised by General Hester of two things; that a Lieutenant Colonel is not as high a rank as he would like to have for his deputy, and therefore he was going to recommend me for a full Colonel. Second, I was to accompany him to all of General Clay's staff meetings, sit on his left, and comment on the practical aspects of food problems as I saw fit; that he would be spokesman only for policy.

I found that when we went as agricultural officers with General Clay to high commission meetings where the four-power generals were all talking, I would usually be the only deputy and the only Lieutenant Colonel present. I am willing to concede that this gave considerable boost to my ego. I could argue with the Generals and others on the basis of the knowledge that I had, rather than the rank.

The American sector was still operating under the so-called Morgenthau plan. I knew that General Clay and a great many of the officers felt that this was silly and, of course, completely unworkable. But orders were orders and we had to approach the execution of the Potsdam Agreement in the context of Morgenthau's idea. We did not go as far as the Morgenthau plan envisioned, but we did say and did specify that the industrial capacity and the standard of living for Germany would be so dismantled that it could provide a standard of living for Germany only equal to the lowest in Europe. Poland seemed to have the lowest standard. In carrying out this astounding policy, which now seems completely crazy and remote, a series of meetings and arguments and conferences between the four powers went on and on through the fall of 1945 to spring of 1946.

Our agricultural group was the most active because the Russians demanded prompt execution of the Potsdam agreement. What was now the American Zone in Germany was

not sufficient to supply the population. Large quantities of food and fiber, cotton, cotton seed, oil, wool, and meats of all kinds had been imported from outside the Reich, principally Eastern Europe, the United States, Latin America, and Africa. These imports were paid for by export of industrial goods. Therefore it came to cutting down the industrial capacity to a minimum for export to supply needed imports. This all involved judgment on just how much the new Germany could produce on its own land resources. The more she could produce the more industrial capacity could be removed. A four-power group of the agricultural staffs of each of the occupying powers was given the task to come up with the figures.

In December 1946 I wrote in my little journal that the Russians seemed to know exactly what they wanted to do and what they wanted out of Germany. The Western Allies were torn between something like humanitarian aspects of the occupation and also the desire to build an see things go but facing the provisions of the Potsdam Agreement to tear things down.

How do you develop a formula which would reduce Germany to a standard of living equal to the lowest in Europe? It was agreed that the discussions would begin with agriculture. The German population would have to eat. So they have to figure the potential food production in Germany and equate that with the amount of industrial production that would be allowed so that Germany might export enough industrial goods to buy food to keep the country going at a minimum ration level. Thus began one of the most fascinating and fantastic games that I have ever witnessed. It was a game among statisticians who juggled figures to come out with a plan to suit their idea.

The Russians knew that the higher the agricultural production, the more food they could prove Germany would have, say by 1948 the target year. Therefore more industrial plants could be taken out and shipped to Russia or other countries. They built up a mass of statistics which showed that Germany could actually be exporting food in 1948. This meant, then, that they would need only an industrial complex large enough to support the economy of Germany with a self-sufficient food supply.

The Russians were smarter than the Americans, the British, or the French. They used the German statisticians and the German records that had been found in Berlin on food production. They had far more and better statistics than the Americans or the British or the French. Their arguments in terms of statistics were very, very strong. From the very beginning in the United States Zone we had a great deal of trouble finding solid German statistics. The reasons were at least two: 1) that we only had about two persons on our staff who were capable of reading German and deciphering the statistics. 2) We were forbidden as yet to utilize German civilians in our work. We went our Warrant Officer, Carl Ross, up to a political prison camp near Kassel to interview the former Under-Minister of Agriculture in Germany. Moritz was a Jew and one of the ablest individuals in Germany as far as the agricultural economy was concerned. Ross came back with a great deal of information but no statistics. However, we finally assembled enough statistics to confront the Russians with very serious questions.

The Russian figures showed that German industrial capacity could be reduced by from fifteen to twenty-five percent and agricultural production might be increased by even more by 1948. That meant that Germany would be surviving under the Potsdam formula. Pressed by Garrett and some of our statisticians to show how the cattle production -- then at an all-time low -- could be nearly doubled in three years, the Russian reared back and said, "We'll see that more cows have twin calves."

In the meantime nearly everything of an industrial nature was being dismantled in Eastern Germany and considerable marking of plants to be removed or destroyed was taking place in Western Germany. The agricultural argument went on endlessly all winter and into the next spring when finally a figure was agreed upon, but not accepted fully by the four representatives on the Agricultural Commission.

Under the system, when the four-power technical commissions agreed upon a plan it was sent up to the next level for review. But it became very obvious, in the review on the American side, that the agricultural scheme agreed upon by the four agricultural commissioners was impossible and could not be realistically carried out. General Hester sent out a rush call for Dr. Carl Brandt, a former German economist then with the Hoover Food Institute at Stanford University, to come to look at what was to be presented to the Allied High Commission.

Brandt, an exceedingly able person, a German who had long been familiar with German agriculture, produced a massive memorandum riddling the work of the quadri-partite group. The whole matter stalled and in one sense each country began taking out of its zone the industrial capacity they thought they would need or could use in their own countries.

Russia had a particularly good system in handling her dismantling program. Russia would open key factories and make big propaganda, which was pretty damaging to the West where the factories were kept closed. They said they were rebuilding Germany. Once the factory had resumed production and the technical people able to operate the plant were in place, Russian agents would swoop down some night, close the factory, select the technical personnel they wanted to retain and immediately begin dismantling the whole outfit to ship to Russia.

As much as two years later, traveling in Poland and parts of the Ukraine of Russia, I saw whole train loads of factories and industrial equipment standing on the rail tracks because Russia was unable to absorb and handle such a vast aggregation of equipment so quickly. Some years later, under a change of policy by Russia in Eastern Germany some of these factories were returned.

After literally months of negotiation and argument among the four powers, the only law passed by the Allied Commission treating Germany as a single economic unit had to do with cooperatives. Germany had a remarkable system of agricultural cooperatives, based on the Raffaisen plan, which began with a series of small rural savings associations and

then spread out into marketing, processing, distribution and transportation cooperatives of gigantic size. The commission decided to restore this system throughout Germany.

The Russians jumped at the idea -- the word "cooperative" looms large in their vocabulary. The fundamentals were quickly agreed to by the four agricultural commissioners, but when it came to free and open election of officers for the various societies, that was another matter.

The Americans, British, and French insisted upon an open election whereby there would be two or more candidates and the election carried out in "true democratic process." Russians subscribed to the system as set out in the law, but their interpretation on the "democratic process" was different. Russia insisted that only one slate of candidates be set up for election. The law was finally drafted, and sent up for ratification. The Allied Commission proclaimed the law and it became the law for all of Germany. However, the law was never really put into effect. Each country went ahead handling their cooperatives as they saw it advantageous to do so. During these long and almost continuous sessions of the Agricultural Commission in the fall and winter of 1945, we learned much about how the Russians operated. They had exceedingly able and, indeed rather affable representatives on various committees. They were well qualified technically and were sharp negotiators. Apparently they were given a line from Moscow on what to say at the opening of each meeting. Sometimes they repeated the same charges against the west for days on end. That set speech always preceded any business. It was so, in later days, that I would simply open the meeting if it was my day to preside (the chairman rotated weekly) by saying, "We will now hear Mr. Cheuinkoff make his speech." He would grin and launch into his tirade, after which we would get down to business.

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CARRYING OUT A HARSH POLICY December 1 to January 1 1946

When Germany surrendered, all airfields, artillery ranges, cantonments, plants which produce war material and potential military hardware were seized as war booty and taken over by the victorious armies. Most industrial plants were closed -- especially if they made steel products, chemicals, aluminum, synthetic gasoline, fertilizers, automobiles (or parts thereof). The plants which had produced tanks, chemicals, fire arms, and military hardware were ordered destroyed or dismantled. Certain plants in all zones were marked for complete destruction and the various generals in command went at the job with enthusiasm.

The major plant to be destroyed in the American zone was a very large I.G. Farben complex located in the woods some fifteen miles from Munich. This was a sturdy, highly organized completely equipped plant resembling ever so much a branch of a General Motors truck plant in Pontiac, Michigan. U.S. Army demolition experts set about planting dynamite in the proper places to blow the whole thing to rubble with one mighty blast. The day came for destruction. There was a radio hook-up and the commanding General with proper words pressed the button which blew the whole thing sky-high. A few broken walls and jagged and twisted steel beams were all that was left.

In the French zone the Military Commander was a little more quiet about destroying the famous Mauser rifle factory. The French first removed the lathes and equipment which France might conveniently use. Next, some rifle barrels and the wood for stocks and steel for the finely-turned guns were stockpiled outside the destruction area. Certain of the buildings were reserved for other purposes and, in the end, a mighty blast destroyed the main power plant and some of the basic structure of the enterprise.

This holding out of the rifle barrels, stocks, and other parts of rifles turned out to be something of a bonanza for the French. After things quieted down the old gunsmiths, who had made the Mauser sporting rifle the envy of the world, were allowed to open little home shops and with French permission, make rifles (for sale mostly to military personnel in the Western zones). I was a recipient of one of those fine rifles, given to me by my staff after leaving Germany.

The Mauser factory which was first established in the 13th century to make armour for the Teutonic Knights is again in production -- thanks to the major turn-around in Allied Military Government policy which came with Secretary of State Byrnes' Stuttgart speech.

One major facility marked for destruction by the British was an elaborate industrial research complex on a large estate east of Hannover where the basic research and development for the buzz bomb which rained on London was located. Interest in the rockets and buzz bombs had been centered in Peenemunde where the rockets were tested and this complex near Hannover was not discovered until the British occupation. British intelligence and daring raids had pretty well put Peenemunde out of business at the end of the rode, but Volkenrode, as this research center was called, consisted of a vast complex of laboratories, machine shops, and assembly plants, plus private rooms in a sprawling

hotel for 1500 scientists. It had dining halls, recreation facilities, and an underground artillery range. To cap it all, there was a gigantic wind tunnel for testing air flow around rockets and airplane wings. The wind tunnel was said to be the largest in existence at that time.

This complex, like the I.G. Farben plant in the American zone, was marked for complete demolition. Part of the wind tunnel had been destroyed when the whole operation was halted through the influence of a single man, a British agricultural scientist on the staff of General Robinson, who saw in the facility and its many excellent accommodations the possibility of making this a great agricultural research center. He personally carried the fight to save this facility through all the red tape to the throne of England and by act of the King the complex was saved. Since the installation and the entire area -- including the surrounding farm -- was declared military booty, the next question was how to get hold of it and do something with it.

In late December 1945 and early 1946 food problems were beginning to loom large, particularly in the British zone. Food supplies which normally came from what was now the Eastern or Russian zone were summarily cut off early in October of 1945 as were all food imports from the Russian zone into the Western sectors of Berlin. In the meantime, the British, French, and American Military Government Food and Agricultural offices decided to make Volkenrode an international agricultural research center hopefully under the broad direction of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations. It would be staffed by international agricultural scientists and, for the present, the State of Hannover would fund the operation.

There were numerous German scientists connected with Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin who had fled to the west. Others from universities and institutes had fled the Russian zone and were looking for work since nearly all installations, schools, and research centers had been closed by the military. A number of these people were quickly rounded up and set to work transforming this great facility to peaceful uses.

Some agricultural research had been done at Volkenrode. The Germans had a theory that ultrasonic sound might be developed to a point where it could immobilize a company or a group of men. In the course of flying planes over wheat fields, generating this intense sound, they found that it killed the chinch bugs and other pests which had preyed upon farm crops. This idea had been recently picked up and some testing has begun in the United States. The main weakness of this system, however, is the cost of developing and carrying aloft the immense amount of power it takes to develop a sound intense and broad enough to do an effective job. It says something about the British character when one considers that here were people who had every right to want to destroy and grind this facility of earth, yet it was a Britisher who saved a facility designed to destroy mankind and turned it into one to help mankind survive.

Volkenrode is now a highly-respected agricultural research center where various research is conducted, from studies of leaf humus to what takes place in the stomach of a sheep -- this latter seeking more efficiency in terms of feed intake.

One feature was added to the center which is not commonly related to physical and biological research in agriculture in Europe. It was a new Institute of Agricultural Economics which for years after the war was headed by one Dr. Hanau, a learned economist whom Gynne Garnett sought out after the rules against using Germans in our work were relaxed in 1946.

In the U.S. zone we had problems. In a small town near Regensburg was the world's first synthetic nitrogen plant. This plant was marked for destruction. It had produced nitrates for explosives during the war. Its destruction was stopped by our top Zone Commanders after they understood that it would produce nitrogen fertilizer -- one dollar's worth of which would produce food valued at seven dollars.

When the Russians, in October 1945, summarily blockaded all movement of food and agricultural products out of their zone into the Western sectors of Berlin, it threw our agricultural staff as well as the top people in our occupation group into something of a panic. Here were three or four million people nearly two hundred miles into the heart of the Russian zone whose food supply was completely cut off except for the small amounts grown in the limits of the Western side of the city.

In the face of this action on the part of the Russians, there was nothing to do but ship food in from the American, British, and French zones. Wheat flour and other normally processed products could be taken from army stock in each of the zones but meat had to be moved into the city for feeding hospital patients, and to supply minimum rations for certain working groups. This meant that cattle and hogs had to be requisitioned from the three Western zones. As it turned out most of the cattle were located in the American zone. The problems encountered in this operation is a story all its own.

First, there was the Russian red tape at the borders. Time after time a trainload of live cattle freshly taken away from protesting farmers in Bavaria was held on the tracks at the border for hours -- sometimes even days -- while the escorting officers of the train haggled with the Russian guards who never understood nor could read English and who knew little about their own orders except to stop everything. At times nothing moved until somebody in East Berlin gave the word.

In addition to this transportation problem, it had become increasingly difficult to get the cooperation of the German Agricultural officials in Land-Hesse and Bavaria to help in requisitioning cattle and to take a German IOU or military currency for the animals taken. The system was for the military to order the minister to deliver so many cattle to a given place at a specified time and turn them over to the military. It was surely politically unpopular for the minister to requisition cattle as most of the time the animals were working in the fields. Farmers not only wanted to retain their cattle for future breeding and restoration of their herds but in Bavaria cattle were extensively used to replace horses and tractors in heavy work.

As a result, there was a near revolt of farmers in that area and Minister Schlagel, whom our political people wanted to keep in office because he had a long record of opposition to the Nazis, came up to Frankfurt to protest the hard and fast grain and cattle delivery quotas which our statisticians had allocated to Bavaria. After a rather stormy meeting in which Schlagel passionately delivered his side of the case and our statisticians and economists presented their figures, Schlagel said, "I simply cannot deliver what you ask - put me in jail and let the army gather in the grain and requisition the cattle." I replied, "Well, Mr. Minister, we may just do that very thing." After awhile a compromise was reached on the amount of grain and the number of cattle that he thought he might reasonably deliver to our depots for delivery to Berlin.

Years later, after the three zones had been consolidated into what was to become the Federal Republic of Germany, I conducted a tour of Europe for Secretary of Agriculture Charles Brannan. I, with John McCloy, U.S. Representative on the Allied Commission, visited Bavaria and noted the great progress in the reconstruction of that area and the excellent husbandry practiced by the hard-working Bavarian farmers. Minister Schlagel was still ruling the roost as Minister of Agriculture. There were many entertaining and festive events planned by the Bavarians for our tour. In one of them, a relatively large farm which boasted its own brewery and a sort of restaurant in connection with it (there were at the time some 1600 of these private breweries in Germany) Minister Schlagel offered a toast to his guests and referred to the fact that I had threatened to put him in jail. All was forgiven, he said, because Herr Andrews had helped to create more Hauptschule (practical schools for the young, in contrast to academic schools) than Germany had built in forty years before the war. Singer sewing machines were added, a wide variety of woodworking and metal-working shops were built, kitchens and dining facilities and so on. These were made possible by the use of the military currency generated by our food, fertilizer and seed shipments into Germany during the occupation period. They are extant today in great numbers and in much use. They are at least one example of a constructive attitude taken toward a beaten foe at a time when it counted most.

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THE RUSSIANS GET TOUGH

The Russians knew how to make our work difficult. Quite frequently, when they wanted to harrass their western allies, they would order the guards to hold up a train for an extended inspection; require the unloading of trucks to see if contraband or German personnel were moving through; block barge canals and in general harrass and delay efforts to keep a steady flow of food and supplies to the Western sectors of Berlin.

Some of our trains had to move into the Russian sector, and there were frequent raids on them by Russian military squads as the trains stood side-tracked waiting to be shunted across. The cars were cracked open and often truck-loads of food and supplies were carted off. The Commander of the American zone in Berlin, General Hawley, made often and repeated protests to his Russian opposite number on the Berlin quadri-parti control commission about the stealing.

At first the matter was denied in strongest terms, but when the raids continued and American protests grew more sharp the Russian General merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "Why don't you just shoot them?" Whether an order went out or just the grapevine report of this conervation, late one evening a trigger-happy Major came upon seven persons breaking into and unloading a car destined for the American zone. He shot six of them. This was the end of the stealing for the winter. However, harrassment at the Helmstedt border had continued right up to 1972.

Of course, as history will report, the border was completely closed during the famed Berlin airlift. But in the intervening years border incidents have been routine, always resulting in hurried meetings of the Allied Commission in Berlin, loud diplomatic talk, and end finally with things moving again -- until another appropriate time for harrassment. (Perhaps the 1972 East-West agreement may eliminate this problem, but many of us will have to be shown.)

During most of the fall of 1945 and well into December the staffs of the military governments in the four zones were busy trying to arrive at some level of food supply which would maintain the civilian population at a minimum ration level.

Our staff in the American zone came up with what some of us regarded as very dubious figures which indicated that the supplies in our zone would maintain a ration of 1200 calories per capita per day. This proved somewhat optimistic, but our final calculations were based on this figure.

The French zone, normally about self-sufficient, was a little more fortunate. During the invasion of France the United States and Canada had poured into France thousands of tons of bread grains and the French could draw upon this supply in a pinch. There were some 200,000 bushels of wheat, formerly in France but under U.S. Army control, stored in the Mannheim area which we of the agricultural staff eyed most enviously. We were told that this was an iron reserve and only to be used when Germans were falling in the streets from hunger.

There was also a loud argument about tens of thousands of German civilians for military installations and army depots, doing most of the heavy work for the army. Under a previous ruling by General Eisenhower these civilians were to be fed higher rations out of the German economy and not out of military food stores. This put a severe strain on the slim civilian food supply, and the order was protested somewhat vigorously by our staff.

Major Horace Davis, an economist and a nutritionist from Louisiana State University on our staff, undertook to challenge and change this concept. He and others worked up a memorandum in the form of a cable to the Chief of Staff of the Army in Washington, D.C. asking that this ruling be changed; that, at least, the extra rations above the 1200 calorie level be supplied from army stocks. This memorandum was duly read in Headquarters and forwarded to the Chief of Staff in Washington, D.C. signed by Eisenhower (perhaps, in the army practice, General Eisenhower never saw the cable).

The corollary to this is the fact that General Eisenhower was called back to Washington and after some consultations there he returned to Frankfurt and turned over his command to General McNary. He then flew back to Washington and became the new Chief of Staff. A few days later our office in Frankfurt received a cable signed by Eisenhower, Chief of Staff, approving the policy switch on feeding German civilians working for the U.S. Army. The way things work out! Competent staff officers with authority to act in the name of the Commanding General had seen to it that General Eisenhower had approved his own cable request.

In late November a distinguished British nutritionist on the staff of the British contingent had come upon some far-reaching studies by German food scientists at Heidelberg which had been undertaken prior to the war. The German government had collapsed in World War I largely because food supplies ran out, and in the following years scientists undertook the most elaborate studies on how much food intake would be required to keep a population on its feet and working -- ranging from a coal miner to a store clerk. These studies determined that the minimum over-all requirement for a population to remain on its feet was 1800 calories per day; but a miner working beneath the surface on an eight-hour day shift at heavy labor would require a minimum of 6000 calories, much of which should be animal or other fats, 1500 calories would just about keep a person alive if he stayed in bed most of the time. It was settled that a minimum of 1500 calories would somehow be supplied to the civilian population -- old people, babies, jobless and workers in light tasks; that the miners would receive special rations in order that the production of coal might be increased, not only for local and German heating, but for export to surrounding countries which formerly depended upon the Ruhr area for coal.

This decision was to have dire and near tragic consequences when applied. A person able to walk or ride a bicycle could scrounge, steal, or enter the black market and supplement this fixed ration and get by in a way. However, those in hospitals and in political prison camps, when held to the 1500 calorie per capita per day input, simply starved or died of "complications resulting from malnutrition" as the doctors described it.

In a large underground bunker in Berlin about 6000 political prisoners were housed. Attempts by some agencies to supply the Geneva convention rules on feeding such persons were unavailing. Only the equivalent of 1500 calories per day per capita in food was delivered to this bunker. Under the system, the military delivered the food to the bunker entrance where it was taken over by the inmates and distributed and managed.

This went on for several weeks with little attention to the operations; but one day a Major General responsible for the health programs in the American Army decided to inspect this bunker and other camps where political prisoners were held. What he found and took pictures of was almost a replica of the scenes of Buchenwald: starving people, with bloated bellies, swollen ankles and withered limbs -- many of them lying in their bunks waiting for death.

When the doctor presented these photographs at General Clay's staff meeting, we were shocked and astounded at what had happened right under our noses -- all due to strict observance of a policy without any regard to what might happen in special situations such as this. Orders went out immediately to increase the ration input into the bunker to 4000 calories per day of special foods and increased attention was given to medical services.

There never was a report on how many had died or how many survived after the new food policy went into effect. I suppose the pictures are today somewhere in army files -- locked up.

Now, thirty years later, if we will actually look at ourselves and at our own souls, we'll have to concede that in every war we have fought -- for good or bad cause -- we have, to a very large extent, resorted to the acceptance of a sort of voluntary dictatorship in the name of winning the war; the very antithesis of the slogan of "Fight for Democracy."

The problem of getting what food supply that existed into consumption centers continued to be a major problem. The victorious armies were reshuffling their bases, sending millions of troops home, and disposing of military equipment. Because of this, the main rail traffic was largely a military operation and very little if any was available for civilian supply. The army was always tolerant and cooperative when approached for transport of civilian movement of food, but the army's way of doing things was on a "crash basis."

As an example, it was easy to get the allocation of an entire freight train to haul potatoes out of Bavaria and into the Ruhr or Berlin. But on thousands of small Bavarian farms potatoes came out of their pits in small amounts and were drawn by horse carts to a boxcar spotted for all the farmers in the area. The army would not wait or divert enough transport to handle things in that way. So we had problems all along the line -- wit crops from wheat and barley to sugar and pigs.

Earlier in the fall, when General Eisenhower was touring the American zone, he stopped at the blasted city of Mannheim and looked into the cellars and rubble-built shelters in which people were living. When his medical officers told him that six hundred out of

every thousand children born in Mannheim would die before they were three months old he was shocked and was said to have remarked, "My God, has it come to this?"

One of the problems, he was told by Germans, was the lack of sugar for the mothers who nursed their children in their early stages of development. Orders came down to "do something about the sugar ration to so-called lactating mothers." There was simply no sugar around at the time except the little which was systematically stolen from army stocks and sold on the black market.

This incident occurred in early November 1945 and the German sugar-beet crop was in the fields ready for harvest, but no processing facilities were open to process the beets. Early in the occupation, the famous de-Nazification law Number 8 had been issued and although there were three rather large sugar mills in the American zone and a couple in a French zone owned by a German corporation, the heads of these mills had been identified with the Nazi party and had been kicked out of office. The mills had closed down and there was no one with authority to open them. How to get them going again was the problem.

I do not know whether General Clay ever knew, but with a little cooperation from the French and with some rather informal action by the American agricultural staff and the Germans, the President of these corporate sugar mills was made the caretaker (janitor) of them and the former caretaker was named, quite informally, the President of the Corporation. He ordered the mills opened and the mills began to turn. The sugar was processed and later in the winter the authorities in the American zone were able to allocate 250 grams of sugar per month to "lactating mothers" and some additional supplies for children in hospitals.

This rather basic solution however, was obviously not adaptable to some of the gigantic problems still ahead.

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CHANGING GUIDELINES January into Spring 1946

As we approached Christmas and the New Year of 1946 certain guidelines began to appear -- though they were to change later. We knew a little better what the score was to be. One should remember that at this time the press, especially in the United States, was especially critical of the American occupation of Germany -- reporting that Germans were drinking beer made of grains shipped as food supply, etc.

General Lucius Clay, under pressure from the United States, had banned the use of all kinds of food grains -- rye, barley, wheat, corn, oats, and rice -- for making beer. He had closed down all breweries except two or three taken over by the military to provide beer for the American occupation forces. This was probably the hardest blow of all against the civilian population, and was a subject of great debate and concern, not only among Germans, but among the allies who felt that this was taking about the last shred of respectability away from the German people. However, the order was not rescinded until late in 1946 when limited quantities of barley were allocated to produce a very weak beer.

On the evening of December 18, my 51st birthday, I met General Clay at a cocktail party and got into the usual argument with the General over occupation policy; saying in effect that unless trade and traffic was opened up with the Scandinavian countries so normal sales and distribution of food in exchange for industrial products could resume, economic conditions in Europe would deteriorate further and set off a chain reaction that would create even further distress and a depression throughout Europe. The General, blunt as always, said: "Colonel, you are as wrong as hell."

On December 24th a Chicago Times correspondent dropped into my office for material for a Christmas story for his paper. "I have orders," he said, "to file 800 words to my paper tonight for a Christmas story on how we are babying these damn Germans."

I told him that I supposed "they were damn Germans" but that so far as babying them was concerned I would give him the facts if he would listen. Then for the next hour I took maps, statistics, production figures of past years, and the current situation in Germany as a whole to show that we could not possibly be babying the civilian population. I cited actual reports where a whole shop full of workers in the rail line fell at their lathes and stations in a sort of a mass collapse; showed him the statistics on the high rise of deaths from complications of undernourishment; and finally I pointed out the windows to a lineup of fifty or more people standing in a howling wind behind an army mess waiting for the scraps of food from the evening meal to be thrown out.

He sat awhile, grim and thoughtful, then picking up his pad and pencil, he said, "Hell, Colonel, you have ruined my story" and walked away.

Some months later I met this correspondent again at a press gathering and he told me that he had filed a "different" story than had been planned, but his paper did not use it. However, some of it got out, and I learned that I was quoted in Newsweek magazine as

saying "the situation in Germany was going to get desperate before the winter was out and that I did not think the American people, no matter how bitter we were about the war, would want to see several million Germans starve."

Because of this, I was taken to task pretty sharply by some members of Congress who were still vindictive and revengeful; and I expected some repercussions from the top. But if General Clay ever knew of the interview, he said nothing about it.

At breakfast on Christmas day we ate with a young Lieutenant who was in the Bulge last Christmas day; and the fellow we walked to the office with was in Hurtgen Forest -- with, as he stated, "not even a hint of hope" that he would not die before the day ended in that icy ordeal of flesh against steel.

This writer remembered, too, the little shack of a building at the foot of the Appenines last Christmas day where a Christmas service was held to the clanking of tanks and the shivering of the ground as gray monsters of the 1st Armored Division dashed 95 miles in three hours across Italy to stem the "little bulge" operation that started in Italy but fizzled in the first few miles of advance.

To most of the American, British, Russian, and French lads we saw around Berlin that day, life this time last year had been a very simple matter of trying to stay alive.

Today, with peace of a kind in Europe -- with millions of soldiers of every land and nation going home -- even for those who stay behind and spend Christmas in this land of a former enemy, the problems which seem important now were not so simple.

A soldier behind a gun, in war time has a fairly definite and relatively simple objective and the matter can be settled in rather sharp relief and quickly. Not so with peace and the problems ahead for the soldier and civilian alike.

On the side of our problem in Germany in 1945 and 1946, as the looming food crisis became more and more evident, Mr. Truman turned to former President Hoover who had made an outstanding contribution to the reconstruction of Europe and feeding people after World War I. Mr. Hoover had been completely ignored by the Roosevelt administration during the war. Mr. Truman asked Mr. Hoover to head a mission around the world to survey the food situation and report with recommendations on what to do about Germany. This delighted Mr. Hoover, who was anxious to help in any way possible. He assembled some of his old World War I staff, picked some new people -- principally Dr. Dennis Fitzgerald, an outstanding agricultural economist, then with the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations, who coordinated the information gathered by Mr. Hoover's group.

When the Hoover party arrived in a country in a DC-4 (with another DC-4 with extra engines and spare parts in case of a breakdown) there was first a general conference with heads of government for an official view. The party then split up. One group would seek out data on food supplies and local resources; another would visit hospitals and

orphanages; another would talk to people on the street. In a matter of hours, Mr. Hoover would have a rather complete and overall appreciation of the situation.

His party came out of the Scandinavian countries into Berlin in mid-January. In Scandinavia, tons of fish were being transformed into cow feed and fish meal because the normal markets for fish had not been allowed yet to open in Germany. Distribution problems in France and other countries prevented utilization of what surplus food was available there. Mr. Hoover was obviously shocked at the situation in Germany and the journalists in his party -- Mr. Henry Luce of the Time-Life Publications, a former Berlin correspondent of the New York Times, two or three other top reporters -- filed stories back to the States, which for the first time, began to reflect the true situation.

The German area was still operating under the famed JCS/1067 and the Morgenthau Plan. The UNRRA Organization was looking after food needs for most of the world, including the Eastern European nations and Russia. These countries had been badly treated by Germany during their occupation of these territories. The people, while hungry and ill housed, were out for revenge more than anything else.

Mr. Hoover and his party toured Eastern Europe as well as Western Europe and found far more food available in Eastern Europe than the UNRRA requirements reflected. Accordingly, we in the occupied areas had a little better argument for better treatment at our end of the line. Except in the Pentagon, no one in Washington seemed to sense what was ahead for Europe and Germany. Later, in the fall of 1946, I was asked to head a Pentagon mission into Eastern Europe and try to put some of the pieces together which Mr. Hoover and his party had discovered.

Mr. Truman again came to our rescue with an entire change of policy toward beaten and destroyed Germany. He sent his Secretary of State, then the Honorable James Byrnes of South Carolina, to Stuttgart with a major speech which, in effect, abolished the Morgenthau Plan and modified to the extent then possible JCS/1067. One year later 1067 was completely abolished and the United States pledged to help Germans reconstruct their demolished country.

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THE COMING CRISIS January 1946 to March 1

The New Years week dawned cold and clear, for once, and apparently with some hope at last among the Germans in Berlin. They were stirring more, talking more, and were beginning to plan and work toward some kind of reconstruction. As an example, the rubble of the blasted city which could not be used in rebuilding was to be hauled to the site of the destroyed Tiergarten, to make hills and future attractive mounds on which trees and shrubs would be planted.

General Hester flew to Washington on January 12 to confer with Pentagon officials about food and agriculture problems of Western Germany. It was becoming increasingly more difficult to extract from the German farmers whatever food grains they had. Raids on large farms were frequent, black market and stealing was rampant, and the overestimates of our optimists, regarding the German food supply were coming home to roost. There was still no real policy on just what we would do in the coming crisis.

The British were draining the barrel at home to supply their zone, where the deficit in food was in the millions of tons. Even the French were screaming that they were in trouble, especially in their zone in Berlin -- yet there existed several hundred thousand tons of U.S. and Canadian grain in France upon which to draw.

During the mid and latter part of January, I visited the four Laender in the American zone to talk to the state government officials on how they saw the coming situation. Most were pessimistic and while at this stage there was not much real person-to-person communication with German officials at our level of the military bureaucracy, I soon found that people who had lived on and with the soil -- people who understood farming and the problem of producing crops -- could soon brush away the cloak of officialdom and formality and become people.

As I talked to Stolz, the new agricultural minister of Wurttemberg-Baden, about marketing cattle and hogs, I mentioned that on our Missouri farm we had filled up our cattle with water just before weighing in at the market. The Minister's face lighted up as if he had found a friend who understood farmers and their problems and practices.

I continued around the circuit of German state officials in our zone, Hess, Bavaria, Wurttemberg, Baden and Rhine, Westphalia -- seeking their cooperation in garnering in what food supply existed on the farms.

As a representative of the all-powerful military occupation, I had considerable power to direct and coerce cooperation from the state officials; but I soon found that threats and even jailing of these gentlemen, as we had found in Sicily two years earlier, simply did not get the grain, cattle, and potatoes into consumption channels.

The officials themselves had problems. Southern Germany is made up of a few very large estates and literally thousands of small farms, averaging about six acres. Wheat, rye, barley and oats were usually harvested in late Fall, left in shocks for drying out and then

hauled into barns and sheds where it was threshed by small machines, a little bit at a time, and carted to market as the farmer needed the money. Under the Nazi regime there was forced delivery, a quota system, and a subsidy which allowed the farmers a good price for their grain. They were willing to part with it in order to buy other things they needed. But now the Deutsch Mark was all but worthless. There was little to buy and the demand for food was so heavy that they could barter their small lots and wheat for almost anything they desired. After many sessions with the state officials I noted with some discouragement, "Here I am out here forcing farmers to slaughter their scarce livestock and turn over their grain for money that is worthless, all in the name of making Germany a new Democratic nation."

A few former German organizations, like Rotary Clubs, local farm cooperatives, churches and other civilian organizations, were allowed to revive and carry on their various activities under strict Military Government supervision. One of the major organizations in the American, British, and French zones (though not allowed to operate as a unit over all zones) was the Barenverbund, headed by a stalwart farmer and a strong leader named Hermes.

Hermes had been one of the plotters against Hitler and after the plot failed, he was jailed and awaiting execution by the firing squad when Berlin fell and he escaped. He had come back to the Western sector and had revived his farmers' organization in the American zone and was at the time pleading and arguing for better prices for the food products German farmers were called upon to deliver. His rather quiet but effective action all but created a boycott of the whole effort to amass grain and food from the farms.

To counteract this, we sent for Herr Hermes and asked that he come to our American zone office in Frankfurt. There were some pretty strong words with the usual warning that disobedience and defiance of Military Government meant trouble for him. He stood up and said rather quietly, "Herr Andrews, I was in jail and waiting for the firing squad, I am now on borrowed time. Maybe it was a miracle that saved me. I have been in many tight places and I am nearing 70 years old -- there is little that you or Military Government can do to me that has not already been done. I am seeking only justice for my farm people. You are asking the impossible. There is simply not the amount of grain in Germany that you say there is and it is impossible to get all of the products which, statistically, might seem to exist."

After much more talk, I asked him to estimate the probable amount of grain that might be secured under present conditions and he named a figure. "Would you be willing to mobilize your farmers in an effort to see that this amount is delivered?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "I'll do that." As we shook hands on the agreement he added that he regretted that we had not had such a conversation earlier.

Hermes did go out and deliver the grain as he said he would. I had considerable trouble with some of our statisticians and army people who felt that they were being cheated. Maybe we were -- but it was a question of either getting a little more than half a loaf or

nothing, because it would have been manifestly impossible to put all of the 20,000 or so small farmers in jail and confiscate their property.

After this rather adventuresome and trying week in the American zone in which, for the first time, we came to grips with the real problem of getting cooperation of the people, I sat down at my typewriter and wrote in part:

"It is rather difficult for one who has been in the seat many of us have been in during the past two years in Military Government to keep the proper perspective and balance between the rather human tendency of one to sympathize with distress and show mercy to the helpless and the rather hard necessity of handling in a fair and non-vindictive manner a populace which only yesterday was at war with America and the world.

"One tends to 'go overboard' on sympathy and desire to help those who are in trouble or take the other extreme of becoming callous and cynical to the point where mercy, common humanity, and common human responsiveness to another human being in trouble is lacking."

Later, upon observing the reaction of soldiers toward the German population, I wrote "It is apparent that soldiers who fought the Germans as soldiers on the battle front are more lenient and less vindictive in their attitude toward the civilian population than those who came up from the rear areas after the war was over, or even those who have lately come from the United States.

"We are not quite sure just why this is unless it springs from a sort of undefinable understanding which comes between human beings as a result of looking death squarely in the face even though the death may come from opposite sides of the line.

"A German in deep trouble, a broken family, a destroyed business, a starving child, a dying old man or woman, look about the same the world over -- no matter the nationality or the status -- enemy or friend."

At that time I was a little bewildered to read in the press from the States that Americans were flirting with the Nazis -- that we were not tough enough, that we are not "kicking the Nazis out" and the Russians were the only ones who "knew how to handle Germans." Well a whole lot could be said about that misinformation -- as a matter of fact the Americans were much tougher on the Nazi crowd, or anyone who happened to mixed up in the party, than any of our other allies. Further -- we doubt whether public opinion would support a United States policy of starving the population in the American zone -- nor would it support shooting them -- nor would world public opinion have supported that thesis. With that fact in mind then, it was only good business for the Americans to get Germans in shape to help themselves as quickly as possible because without some restoration of the German economy, America and the allies would have had a relief client on their hands for the next fifty years.

At about this time, in Germany, we were shown two documentary films which I doubt were ever shown in the United States -- but to us they were the most sobering pieces of film reporting we had ever witnessed, convincing us beyond all doubt of the power of film to distort truth -- both at home and in Germany or any other place in the world.

If you remember the news reels shown in theatres in the United States of Hitler and the rise of Nazism in Germany they always gave a serious comic buffoonery twist when Hitler was shown. Those films which appeared in our theatres apparently were cut to the public opinion of the times that Hitler was a sort of Charlie Chaplin-esque paper-hanger who was a rabble-rousing crack-pot which gullible Germans were following.

Well, maybe so, but the official news reels taken by Germans and showed to Germans in German theatres during that time showed Hitler as a far abler man than any news reel which came to America ever showed.

The whole scheme from Munich to the Berlin Chancellery reflected by those pictures showed a nation handled by a group of leaders bent on war and with war as a single aim and the destruction of Central Europe as a planned program on a time-table basis. This particular documentary film was later shown at the Nuremburg trials and if ever a group of criminals were convicted by their own record, with their own pictures in the plot, those fellows and the dead Hitler and others of the Nazi gang stood convicted by their own record.

The point we make is that here was a designed plan, written out in a book *Mein Kampf* and pictured in the minutest detail daily to the German people and the world all during that period and we in America were regarding all of this as the mere ravings of some harmless paper-hanger and an army corporal.

Now the other film -- the United States as Germans -- as the movie-goers in Germany saw us in 1933 to 1941.

The German propagandists very cleverly cut out portions of such regular commercial motion pictures as *Escape from a Georgia Chain Gang*, *Dead End Kids*, and *Grapes of Wrath*, showing these scenes as documentaries. They spliced in newsreel shots of Father Divine, jitterbug contests in the U.S., racial clashes, numerous strikes and riot newsreels which to us in America is pure run-of-the-mill; but when tied into newsreels and documentary film depicting "true life in the United States" they present a weird and distorted picture of Americans.

Such films served to reorient one on the whole subject of what we were there for. That exceedingly able and efficient scientist who was in our office a few moments ago was a part of that machine which grew up here in Germany according to plan and all but destroyed the world. That well-to-do farmer who used to be the head of a cooperation association and whose farm now is the very epitome of good management, hard work and a high standard of rural life, at least accepted the fruits of the Nazi system while human beings rotted in Dachau and Buchenwald twenty miles from his home.

The neat waitress who served tables at the officer's mess was one of the Young Frauleins who marched with the Hitler Jugend and cheered the Wehrmacht and the SS troops as they marched away to destroy Poland, rape the low countries and all but bleed Russia to death in the early days of the planned war.

How far can one blame the individual for becoming a part of the whole design -- to what extent was mercy for the individual human being to be applied to a nation finally broken and shattered? This was but one of the many perplexing problems which challenged the humanity as well as the common sense of many of us there in Germany at that time, trying to carry out the will of America to "destroy Nazism."

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THE REFUGEE PROBLEM

By the first of February, 1946, the American Military Government began to have an organization with some concept of what we were trying to do. But, we were still faced with the Morgenthau plan. The only surplus supply of bread grains and food in the world was to be found in the United States and Canada, plus a little from Australia which largely went to Britain. This meant that not only would the American zone be pleading for some of this wheat, but so would the other zones without supplies. The JCS/1067 rule applied to the British and French zones, when it came to securing allocation of food grains from the United States and Canada through the World Food Board. This board was composed of representatives of Canada and the United States. Some of the receiving nations sat continually in Washington and sought allocations of the scarce food supplies world-wide.

The British were having real trouble in their zone and we were trying from time to time to get the French, who had more ample supplies of food and grain than the British, to divvy up some of their supplies for the British sector of Berlin. We did finally have a break-through on this thorny question and it was finally settled among the allies on the west side of Berlin.

Also at this time, a long series of informal contacts revealed that Czechoslovakia had a considerable quantity of potatoes to sell and Poland had a large quantity of potatoes available if we could find some way to pay for them and get them into Berlin. Finally a deal was made whereby Czechoslovakia would ship a train-load of potatoes into Berlin in exchange for a hypothetically equal value of salt from the American zone. This relieved the strain on our stocks in Berlin very considerably and it was not too long until a similar deal was made with Poland. This was before there was too much tension between the east and the west over political questions.

I did not go along with most of our de-Nazification program as it was carried out down to the very lowest functionary in government and business. A modern state or nation simply has to have a certain group of able people who actually do the routine day-to-day tasks of keeping things together and carrying out whatever policy there might be. No matter how hard an occupation army or an outsider tries, there is simply no way of handling the affairs and the requirements of 40 or 50 million people without the help of their own technical and organizational people.

The de-Nazification program in the American zone had literally placed us in a vacuum. The British were a little bit more realistic. The French were frankly cynical of the whole business. They placed themselves in the best hotels and buildings, selected the finest wines and food, told the Germans to go about their business while they gave orders but paid very little attention to anything else. They gave the French zone Germans a massive dose of culture, music, art and all sorts of social activity. The Germans seemed to love it, and the French had a good time doing it.

The extent of going clear to the bottom of the de-Nazification program in the American zone is well illustrated by a case which came before our review board. No person who had been a member of the party or associated closely with the Nazi movement was allowed to have a supervisory role in any business, government, or other enterprise. If these people felt that they were wrongly treated, that they were not genuine Nazi fule rather than a follower of the Nazi ideology, they could come before the review board and plead their case. Sometimes their status was changed from party member or follower to one who merely had to live by the Nazi regime.

The case in which I was directly involved was the removal in Bavaria of the superintendent of a livestock slaughter floor. This individual had been performing a useful function in his community, supervising a small business and a few employees. But when he was marked as a party member, he was suddenly kicked out of his job, much to the distress of himself and the people in his community. When this came to my attention, I advised him to take his case to the review board at Frankfurt, with the proper papers and representation.

There were literally no meat-packing plants (as we understand them in the United States) in Bavaria. In Bavaria, there were only killing floors -- sometimes open-air, sometimes a shed-like building with a cement floor, plenty of warm and cold water to wash down the carcasses of the animals for the skinning process, and some tables on which the animals were cut up.

When the manager on this floor came to the review board, I was called in by the military tribunal of about four generals and others who heard his plea for a different status. To me, it was completely ridiculous. When I was called upon to comment on the case I simply said "if this body wanted to take up anybody's time to try a 'pig sticker' and remove him from his shop, I thought we were getting pretty low in having anything to do in the occupation of Germany."

This was said in somewhat a facetious tone, but was taken seriously. The Generals then questioned me further and I explained to them that this man was a simple person who managed a slaughter floor where the local people brought their animals in for slaughter and processing and where the local retail butcher and others came in and bought their meat and carried it back to their stores and shops. After due deliberation this gentleman was cleared of the charge against him and was allowed to go back to supervise the slaughter floor.

There were numerous other instances of this kind but not all of them turned out as happily as this particular one, for one reason or another.

Meantime the reports had gone out that the American zone was literally a haven for all people who had believed they were being persecuted and who felt they needed better treatment. Displaced persons out of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and other parts of Germany kept arriving, hungry and destitute, expecting the Americans somehow to set up camps and refugee centers to take care of them.

By this time I was beginning to wonder if we had not over-sold the idea that the American zone was a haven, and wonder if we were being made the fall guys for the entire refugee problem of Central Europe. The matter of the refugees was a serious one and one which concerned U.S. high policy. The Jewish people had suffered greatly and deserved all the compassion and warm treatment that could be provided. Thousands upon thousands of these people came in from Poland and Czechoslovakia. They were placed, eventually, in refugee camps and in theory a good part of the food had to come out of the German economy for these camps. This presented some exceedingly difficult problems.

During the early part of the refugee movement when these people had traveled for days -- maybe by foot and sometimes in unheated box cars, with no food -- the problem of feeding them was not too difficult. Army supplies were simply made available and they were fed good standard army rations in the camps; although some of them scrounged for other food which they preferred. But as things settled down and the refugees had a chance to become better organized, the refugee problems became more political. The shameful, degrading treatment the Germans had given to these people in Poland and Czechoslovakia created lasting bitterness. The whole refugee problem was blown into a highly-emotional political issue. Great emphasis was placed upon trying to wipe out some of the tragedy that these people had suffered under Hitler. It was understandable that they felt intensely wronged and were not slow in demanding almost anything they could imagine out of the allies -- as well as their pound of flesh out of the German economy.

We would be required to surround a German village and notify the people in it that they must be out of their homes with only the things that they could carry with them in thirty minutes. During that time trucks would come by, take the local Germans away, and disperse them into other parts of Germany. The whole village would then be replaced with the Jewish refugees and others that were flowing into the American zone, where whole villages were entirely inhabited by refugees. One, a few miles from Frankfurt, became notorious as the days went on as a center of the black market. There anyone could buy anything from pure gold to an automobile. Its illegal activities were almost an international operation.

On one occasion, when a bunch of U.S. Congressmen came over to inspect things, they were given Post Exchange cards which allowed them to buy anything at they wanted at the local Post Exchange. They would load up their suitcases with cigarettes, and, on at least one occasion, a very prominent congressman asked me: "Tell me where this black market village is?" and he headed straight for it. There he traded cigarettes for things that he wanted. He could get anything from diamonds to scotch whiskey.

In the first month after my arrival in Germany and in my first session with General Walter Bedell Smith, General Eisenhower's Chief of Staff, the problem of feeding and housing the refugees came up. General Smith had summoned me to his office and I was advised to get ready to supply the Jewish refugee camps with fresh kosher meat slaughtered under the traditional Jewish rites. I bristled at the suggestion and asked, "who

in the hell gave that order?" After a pretty sharp reprimand for challenging an order from top command he pulled a letter from his desk and read portions of it. It was a letter on White House stationery to General Eisenhower reading like an order from a Colonel to a Corporal saying that the Jewish refugees were being mistreated and neglected and the closest attention should be given to their needs and demands.

Note: It was learned later that this letter had been drafted by the late Senator Gillette of Iowa who was the head and chief spokesman for a Jewish relief organization in the United States and was cleared through the White House channels -- direct to General Eisenhower. [Ed.: Stanley Andrews' manuscript has a penciled-in notation stating that this should be verified. Colonel Andrews may have relied upon hearsay in this statement]

That settled the argument and I was set about -- with ample assistance from the army and with some grudging cooperation from Germans -- to supply that meat. It required requisitioning cattle from the farms, sometimes taking an oxen from a plow, setting up special days at slaughter floors where a Jewish Rabbi would oversee the slaughtering. Masses of army trucks distributed this meat to the designated camps. There were some 1600 different refugee camps in the American zone, not all of them orthodox Jews, thank goodness.

The provision for fresh-killed kosher meat under proper ritual supervision quieted the refugee food complaint for a time. However, as the days and months rolled on, I found more and more problems with these helpless and miserable people who had first run away in the Hitler Regime and were now refugees from their own country. Many of them were to remain long after the military government operation in Western Germany was over. Not only were there Jews but thousands of non-Jews who had no place to go. The latter were not able to migrate to Israel as the Jewish people were. They were also afraid, or did not desire to return to their homeland for various reasons, mostly political. This movement of people, and the preventing of the movement of people between border states for various excuses, is still a problem and to some extent a tragedy more than thirty years later.

On Washington's birthday, February 22, 1946, I noted that history and politics not only created some strange things, but took considerable radical turns; that the very severity of the food problem may "wake up the world and the nations to the real German problem -- that reserves are running dangerously low, and if commerce does not begin to move, this situation will blow up." Just a few days later there were food runs on the grocery stores in Bavaria and the shelves were wiped clean of anything that looked like food. There was also trouble with clandestine brewing of beer, and the hiding of wine.

General Hester was coming back from Washington and it was my hope that he would bring some news about possible food shipments which might relieve our situation. The continuous arguments among the western allies themselves and with the Russians were creating real tension. There was more and more angry talk being thrown across the tables, and it was becoming more and more difficult to get any really united action on the part of our allies.

General Hester reported on his return that the Military Government staffs at the technical level would gradually be civilizationized as had been planned in Italy, but was never accomplished. He gave me hope that I would be going home sometime before April 1946. General Hester reported that we were still prevented under the JCS/1067 and the Morgenthau plan policy from getting very much assistance out of Washington on our food problem. He did say that a large group of civilian experts from the Department of Agriculture and the Land Grant Colleges and people of high positions from all over the United States would be coming to Germany soon to replace the military personnel in charge of the technical division.

This civilian group would include not only the food and agricultural experts, but people in steel, chemicals and industrial manufacturing. These latter would be helpful in trying to untangle the great combines which military government decrees had ordered broken up. The I.G. Farben combine had been taken over by the military and was in the process of being dismantled and dismembered. The Krupp ironworks, great coal and steel combine, was to be dismantled and separated. This was going on all along the line and American experts were called in to do that job. Many of them were quite bewildered, and some of them were frank in their reports stating that this was heresy and could not be done; that it would destroy completely any semblance of a German system of manufacture that could compete in world markets. But, Orders Were Orders, and we were still operating under the theory that Germany was to be dismantled as much as possible. These people went about making plans to do the job, although they felt it was a silly business. However, after Byrnes' speech in Stuttgart, the very same people were asked to put some of these combines back together.

Civilians in Agriculture were to help us in long-range planning and in figuring out how to best increase the food production so as to make possible self-sufficiency, or as near self-sufficiency as possible. They were some of the most able men in Agriculture and in Land Grant colleges. They came over with a great deal of enthusiasm and a great deal of know-how. We had hoped they would get things going for us -- but we all forgot that these men were high-level administrators and decision-makers.

In their offices in America they had been surrounded with legislatures and congressmen who provided the money to run their particular bureaus, or sections of government, or colleges. There they had adding machines, secretaries, and assistants; they had batteries of telephones and access to libraries; all sorts of ways and means to pull together the information which they could analyze and from which they could plan decisions with some validity. However, when they came to Berlin there was a bare office, some bare tables, maybe a typewriter, no clerical help, no adding machines, libraries or telephones; yet these gentlemen were expected to come out of this vacuum with some sort of concrete answers.

Up to that point, I was not permitted to bring in German statisticians and clerks and other people who could help untangle this web of information. To expect American GIs who could not speak German or run a typewriter to be very much help was simply an exercise

in misunderstanding what the situation was. These civilian experts, newly arrived were completely disgusted. Some, in spite of this, worked night and day with a pencil and a yellow pad -- trying to arrive at a concrete program for Western Germany in food production.

A rather ironic twist in this -- all these people were high-level bureaucrats and administrators who made what was their top pay for a bureaucrat -- usually ten thousand dollars a year or above. Under the army system, a man's right to housing and other fringe benefits was determined by his rank. His rank to some extent was represented by his salary. These gentlemen earning ten thousand or more per year in their civilian occupation thus had a simulated rank of Major General in the army, with certain very important prerogatives -- namely a house with servants, a gardener, a car, a chauffeur, and sometimes a footman. So it followed that these contract-civilians had the right to demand everything to which a Major General was entitled. Some of them took it modestly and others abused the privilege and caused no end of trouble for themselves and for many of us in the occupation army area. [Ed.: The remainder of this chapter is struck-out in Colonel Andrews' original manuscript. Since no names are mentioned, and all parties involved are likely deceased at this time, the section is retained.] One gentleman in particular irritated me, a dean of agriculture from a very important western university whose Form 57 read like a record out of an encyclopedia in terms of his accomplishments as administrator, as director of research and as a student.

I had met this gentleman previously in the United States. When his Form 57 came across my desk, I thought now here is a fellow who can really help us get down to business in projecting this food situation. He will know what we might do in terms of new production, and in general be ready to take over when we military people clear out of the way. It turned out, however, that he was totally lost in the atmosphere of Berlin. He had no telephone, no staff to do his grubbing work, no secretaries to look up the spelling of words or find his data. Since he was used to being an administrator, giving orders, and not doing things himself, this seemed a great handicap.

Since his rank gave him entry to almost everything -- yet with little authority to do anything -- he bounced from here to there mainly disrupting what little that was going on in his particular field of knowledge.

Many of my associates wondered what that guy was doing in Berlin. He became frustrated and wanted to get action somewhere. So, we put him in a jeep with a driver and made him what was called "a roving field man and observer." His business was to go about the rural villages and the communities in the American zone to see how the people were getting along with their food supply and see what was happening in the countryside in terms of planting new crops. Unfortunately, under the rules at that time, we were all required to board and bed at an army installation somewhere in the zone rather than living on the so-called German economy. This gentleman would go into an installation and demand a General's accommodations. At Regensburg he went to the Military Headquarters and demanded a Major General's standard of housing, mess and all of the prerequisites that go with that rank. When this was not immediately available he kicked

up an awful storm about it and caused no end of friction and bad feeling among army people there.

After two or three such instances and with the opening of his University in the states I suggested that possibly we could get along without him and he could go home.

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THE CRISIS MOUNTS February 15th to April 1st, 1946

In the latter part of February and into the middle of March the food crisis became routine and I was occupied in almost frantic efforts to get some food into the mills and shops before trouble was inevitable.

I did not believe U.S. Military Government officials were responsible for the situation. The blame was clearly at the door of those in Washington who laid down policy and who had done the planning -- if one could say there had been any planning. By the 18th day of March we had been forced to cut rations again, and to prohibit all beer, except for the American troops, under penalty of military justice. What little wheat we found in the various areas was moving slowly for the lack of transport. The situation looked bleak indeed and I left for a visit to the British zone to see what the situation was there.

My trip through the highly industrialized British zone, Dusseldorf, Kassel, Cologne, Bremen, Hamburg, Bonn and the cluster of smaller towns around these great iron, steel and shipping centers, revealed the massive destruction that U.S. and British bombers had rained on this area. The irony of all this, as studies by a distinguished group of Americans revealed after the war, was the fact that industrial production continued almost at the normal rate despite all of the efforts to "destroy Germany's ability to make war." There were vast underground factories and, with battalions of construction workers available, the industrial plants were usually back in production within hours or days after a destructive raid.

So far as food stocks were concerned, I found about the same conditions everywhere in the British zone that we were experiencing in the American zone.

Bremen was the port of entry for U.S. personnel and supplies for the American zone, a corridor the British zone had been providing with the port of Bremen as outlet. Bremen was one of the great ports on the North Sea and was a Hansa League city in the early 16th and 17th centuries. The harbor and docks were smashed flat as a prairie. Bremen had been the home port of the German submarine fleet and bombers had continually hit in the area day and night.

As I surveyed the docks and observed the first ships of U.S. grain arriving from the United States, I ran across a young man casually surveying the dock area as if planning some future rebuilding. As I approached, he spoke in English and in a short conversation I learned that he was a member of the Krupp family. Krupp holdings had been taken over by the Military Government and were in the process of being dismantled. He had been a student in engineering at Texas A & M College and was out looking over the destroyed dock system of Bremen. He foresaw the time when a unified truck system would augment the ancient rail system and was visualizing the rebuilding of the docks to accommodate a major truck transport system. Hitler's autobahns had opened up new vistas of transportation for goods as well as people.

Whether this young man found a niche in the Krupp empire when it was turned back to the Krupp family, and whether he had any part in the rebuilding of Bremen docks with a connecting road system, I do not know. His vision, however, of a gigantic complex of transport based on trucking has come about.

Hamburg, another great Hansa League city was almost completely obliterated so far as the inner city was concerned. But everywhere bricks were being salvaged, and men and women were working in droves, rebuilding that city. From Hamburg I went to Hannover, visited the nearby research facility at Volkenrode, then dropped by jeep at Hannover and boarded the British Berlin Express from Hamburg to Berlin for an Allied High Commission staff meeting the next day. That meeting, as I recall, was routine -- that is, we agricultural people sat and listened while the Generals debated what was then more important matters -- namely how to dismantle the industrial might and war potential of Germany. There were vast differences of opinion on just what the Potsdam agreement specified on this score. The French were inclined to take only those plants and industries out which they could use at home. The British were reluctant to completely destroy the integrated industries of coal, steel, and manufacturing which characterized their zone. The Americans were more rigidly applying the policies outlined, and the Russians were for taking everything out that they could get their hands on.

The U.S. did not move out much equipment, but did seize certain patents and were adamant about breaking up the great chemical combines, like I.G. Farben, into small independent units. These cases were to bat around in international courts for years and while all of this was going on, the cold war came, policies changed. Germany again was respectable in international markets, and some of these separate units of chemical, iron, and steel manufacturers became larger than the original combine. Such are the whims of history and war.

Germany and Japan today are good examples of what countries literally flattened and destroyed by war can do when their people decide to rebuild and survive. It is something to think about that two of the powers which Americans helped to defeat are now challenging, economically, the very power which defeated them.

In line with policy, most of the civilian machinery which the Germans had used in producing and controlling food supplies was abolished. It was not quite a free market, but it certainly was chaotic and confusing. Germany, under Hitler, had set up an integrated system of planning, production, distribution, and rationing which started with minute planning of every item of land, seed, and inputs down to the village level and the individual farmer. This had been pretty well dismantled, first by general orders, next by the arrest and jailing of many of the officials responsible for operating the system, and finally because anything or any system which Hitler had used to achieve his aims was repugnant to the occupying power. There was a further illusion that a "free democratic system was best for everybody."

Late in March 1946 a meeting of all of the chiefs of the various sections of military government in the American zone was called for a discussion of our problems and

policies. Everybody was there -- agriculture, transport, industry, government, law, decartelization, trade, timber, raw materials, the works. The meeting was chaired by a Mr. Fred Deveraux, deputy to General William Draper of the Economic Section of Military Government in Berlin. Deveraux was a civilian, a former vice-president of AT&T and one of the crack administrators of that great international organization. Each division chief made his pitch either on his problems or his solution to problems. I was the last of the list, and, since I was pretty fed up with the whole business, I decided to give that crowd the works. I began by describing, in some detail, just what the Reichnastrand was and how it worked, ending up by saying that the whole thing might sound pretty reprehensible but that it worked for the Nazis and that what we were doing had not worked and would not work. The thing to do, I said, was to simply take under control part of the distribution system which the Germans had used under Hitler and put Germans in charge of using it in our zone.

This thunderclap got varied response from my colleagues, but after the meeting Deveraux called me in and said "you made more sense in your talk than any I have heard yet. Keep on talking like that. With that much horse sense you ought to run for President." Whether that was all in jest or serious, it did boost my ego, which is usually high but was pretty low at that time.

Without any official orders, what eventually evolved in the food area was just what I had advocated. We let the Germans do it, and the system was followed with very considerable reduction in the food-distribution problem. This system was in effect until well after the currency reform which returned Germany back to conditions in which economic forces and money moved good.

Just how chaotic a completely controlled economy can be when it is suddenly shut down and allowed to revive only in pieces is well illustrated by a situation which developed in the Ruhr coal mines. Under Allied policy the mines of the Ruhr and the smaller mines in Alsace-Lorraine were put into production on a forced basis very early in the occupation. Mines have to have pit props, posts which hold up the roofs of the tunnels as the miners work the coal veins beneath. These pit props traditionally came from Bavaria, the southern section of Germany. But no matter how much huffing and puffing the Allies did, the pit props were simply not coming out of Bavaria as they should, and a critical situation in the mines developed. We had on our staff a distinguished member of the U.S. Forest Service, and he went out and discovered the trouble. Traditionally, the props were cut in late summer and fall and left in the woods until winter, when Bavarian farmers picked them up and moved them on sleds drawn by heavy draft horses, to rail heads in the valley below. In winter, ice and snow covered the ground in that area. These heavy draft animals had to have heavily cleated horseshoes in order to keep traction on the ice and snow and pine needles. There were no horseshoes or horsenails to be had in Bavaria that winter and the animals simply could not perform the task expected of them.

Our forester's report caused the usual flurry. It was very reminiscent of my experience two years earlier in Sicily. Those horseshoe nails ordered in Sicily in the summer of 1943 were two years getting to Italy. "Order from the states was out." But now it developed

that there was a very modern iron and steel plant with electric furnaces in the American zone near Stuttgart which had been closed down tight by the occupation authorities. What I needed was authority to open it and then someone to push a button turning on the electricity.

To accomplish this, our industrial section had to be consulted and convinced that such action was needed. This took a little time, due largely to lack of communication and the location of our offices in different areas. Next, General McNary, then commander in the American zone, had to be convinced, and finally General Clay and the Allied Commission. This was all achieved in time and the factory duly began to turn out horseshoes and horseshoe nails. By then it was nearly Spring, but the hills in Bavaria were still slick with ice and wet pine needles.

Horseshoes and nails are traditionally shipped in stave barrels to facilitate handling and distribution; but when it came time to ship the shoes and nails, not a single wood staved barrel could be found. The products were eventually loaded in bulk in trucks and taken to the small shops and hardware centers throughout Bavaria. But meanwhile new problems continued to surface with no apparent end in sight.

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REFUGEE PROBLEMS

By this time the handling of Jewish refugees had been pretty well organized, but with the restoration of government in Czechoslovakia under firm control of the Russians, ethnic Germans were being expelled from the Sudetenland of that country. It is recalled that one of the excuses Hitler had for taking over Czechoslovakia at Munich was that the Germans in the Sudetenland were being persecuted. It was natural that the new Czechoslovakian Government would want to expel these people -- especially because their properties could be confiscated and divided up among the Czechs. So once again, here was a great operation in human misery, no matter how justified or unjustified it might be.

German families would be notified on less than an hour's notice that all of the people in their village were to be extradited to Germany. Each person was allowed to carry 11 kilos, about 30 pounds, and were to be out in front of their homes at a given hour. They were loaded in trucks, taken to rail heads and loaded into unheated box cars with only the food supplies they carried. The trains took from one to three days to wind their way over the mountains, stopping on sidings, and at the gateway into Southern Germany at Hof.

On arrival at Hof the refugees were temporarily dumped into camps and finally distributed to various towns and villages. The German villagers had been ordered by their officials to fill every room in the village with at least two people. But even the villages overflowed. One cold and snowy winter night a solid trainload of these people arrived in Munich with absolutely no place to stay. On this occasion, our little man of many parts, Dr. Phil Raup, was on the scene and after much palaver, it was decided to divert the train to the blown-up I.G. Farben complex some fifteen miles in the woods west of Munich.

This facility, covering several acres, had been completely leveled by a gigantic blast described earlier. There was nothing there but piles of brick and twisted tin roofing and steel beams. Luckily, the rail line to the place was still intact. These several hundred persons were from a single village in Sudetenland. They piled out of the cars and somehow pulled together a little shelter and survived that cold night and many other cold nights that followed, beginning rather quickly to build shelter of a kind out of the brick and rubble.

To help alleviate their food shortage, we supplied them with sweet potatoes turned over to the Food and Agriculture division by the U.S. Army Supply System. These sweet potatoes, which the army had brought under some pressure had been grown and processed in Louisiana. Germans knew little of sweet potatoes, canned ones at least, and would eat them only when they were just short of starvation; but these refugees who had been days with little or no food, ate them with gusto.

The settlers in the Sudeten village had brought with them only their skills and that was glass-making. In later weeks they came to our authorities asking for only one item -- some sand -- and the right to burn some charcoal. They had brought with them the small wooden sticks which they used in fashioning the glass. Their skill was in their heads and hands. Soon an entire city began developing around these ruins. It is a commentary on

war and human beings that this Sudeten German village, ten years after, exhibited some of their fine Czech glassware for which Czechoslovakia proper had long been famous.

Almost an identical story can be told of a village of Poles who had backed the wrong group in Poland after the war and were summarily dumped into the American zone and resettled in a ruined village. These people were glove makers. They soon had a going concern in making fine leather gloves. The only thing they were able to bring out of Poland was the skills, which, matched with some leather created not only an industry but a self-supporting village of people.

Occasional warm days and sunshine during March began to signal the farm and village people that Spring was coming and planting time was approaching. Seeds of almost every kind were non-existent. We sent requests to the Department of Agriculture, consulted with former seed merchants, and began to stir up things toward getting seeds and other inputs for food production.

The various military zones by now had, in effect, become four different countries and one could not move from one zone into another without the most elaborate passes, orders and formalities. The German whisper line had informed us that there were plenty of seed potatoes in the Quidlenberg area, the sector where seed was traditionally grown. But Quidlenberg was in the Russian zone. How to get hold of the seed was the problem.

The job of working out something was assigned to Major John Lynn on our staff. He spoke fair German and got along well with the few Russians we had encountered at our various Quadripartite meetings. He first had to get permission to enter the Russian zone. This involved making an application through channels to the Allied High Commission in Berlin and to the proper Russian bureau which, after about two weeks issued a ten-day pass.

Since many of the Russian guards on the border spoke neither English, French, or German and could not read much of any language, each pass had to have a particular colored stripe across the face of it. The color of the stripe was usually changed without notice about once per month. This presumably was to prevent forgeries and illegal entries into the zone.

With proper passes for himself, driver and identification for his vehicle, Major Lynn took off for Quidlenberg, but complications developed. During the period between the issuance of Major Lynn's credentials by the Russian bureau in Berlin and the time he reached the border they had changed the color of the stripe on the pass. The guards would not let them enter under any circumstances.

After much fruitless palaver, Major Lynn returned to Frankfurt for another try. This time a new pass with the new color didn't take so long and he was off again. His trip was largely exploratory to see first whether any seed potatoes really existed, second, whether the German farmers would be allowed to sell them and under what conditions, and finally, transportation facilities for getting a train load of seed potatoes to the American

zone. On arriving he found plenty of seed potatoes and farmers anxious to sell, but they were demanding German deutschmarks -- no IOUs. The common practice of the military powers was to issue an IOU -- really a chit -- indicating that a certain amount of money was due the particular German individual for his products. The farmer theoretically could then go to his provincial office and cash the IOU for his goods, and the provincial office would then charge this to military occupation cost which the German economy was supposed to be bearing at this time. However, the Russians had written so many IOUs and the provincial government was so slow at redeeming them that the farmers were busted and demanded cash, or no potatoes. This presented a problem, as Major Lynn had no cash.

On the matter of transportation, there was a sort of tug-of-war going on at the time between the various zones, and especially between the Russian and the Western zones. It was charged that they were stealing rail cars from each other. A trainload of goods would go into the Russian zone, but the cars carrying the goods would never come back. The Russians charged the same thing against the Western allies. So it reached the point when a train load of goods moved across the border into any zone, an equal number of empty cars had to be moved into the exporting zone to replace the cars going out.

Lynn got over that one fairly easily. Military on both sides controlled all transportation and it was simply a matter of the military in the American zone shoving an equal number of empty cars across the Russian zone line as the loaded potato cars moved into the American zone. Paying for the potatoes in cash was another matter entirely. The total bill for the potatoes would run into about six million Deutschmarks and only small-currency bills were in circulation at that time. To move that much money in one bulk would take a six ton truck and with the hazard of highjacking (which was frequent), and trucks just getting lost, the venture looked like risky business. So the idea of hauling the money by truck was abandoned temporarily. Then the idea was to fly in with the money. That would take either a DC-4 plane, which we could not get, or two old workhorse DC-3 or C-47s. However there was no landing field at Quindlenberg large enough to handle these planes. That meant landing at some other point and again trucking the money. Finally after a long debate Lynn said, "Hell, there must be some easier way to get that money up there." We began to explore other possibilities even if they were illegal.

Before the war Germany had a vast system of banks with most of them controlled from Berlin, with branches in the principal cities. All movement of money between these central banks and the various branches had been stopped with the occupation and each branch more or less served its local constituency with no normal flow of currency between the central bank and branches. There were vast amounts of credit and deposits in each branch and in the central bank. We went to the Frankfurt branch of the Berlin bank, which also had a branch in the Russian zone, and proposed that we deposit six million Deutschmarks in Frankfurt and notify the branch bank in the Russian zone that they were authorized to pay out to farmers the money indicated on their potato sales slip.

The transaction worked like a charm. The farmers were happy to sell the potatoes for marks, they were loaded with dispatch, and the trainload reached the American zone without a hitch. The empty cars were shoved into the Russian zone and all was well. However, this was not quite the end. When the military authorities got wind of this rather bizarre operation, it raised some eyebrows; but since the potatoes were already happily sleeping in the ground and the money was in the German farmers' pockets, the matter went no further. That there was pressure of hundreds of other perplexing problems also helped.

The Russians had proclaimed land reform with great fanfare; another big hurdle we had to grapple with early in 1946. The Russian system is simple. When they take over a territory, whether it be East Germany, Bulgaria, Hungary, or the Ukraine in their own country, they instituted a land reform with a big splash. Usually, the big estates were taken over first and the next step is to collectivize the small holdings. The big farms were usually broken-up into about 12 acre plots and landless persons were selected to buy the acreage -- with payment over a period of years.

Under this system there was not much sorting out of whether the recipients of these plots were farmers or not. If they were landless, a barber, or a plumber, or any other person on the right side of the ideological fence, they could get land. This always made a lot of people happy. But in most cases these folks got the land with no credit, no seed, fertilizer, horsepower, or machinery and in many cases they knew nothing about a farm. Under the system each 12-acre farm was assigned a quota of products to produce and deliver to the state. These quotas were stiff. In about half the cases the farmer failed to meet his quota. This would go on, as my observations later proved, for about two or three years when a decree would go out in effect saying to the farmer, "since you have been unable to produce your quota of food for the state, the state will have to take over management of your property until it can be made productive." Those few who had made good on their land deal would be asked to join a collective whereby good management, inputs, and machinery would be supplied and they would be better off.

Many did join these collectives first on a voluntary basis and more often than not on a forced basis. At any rate, agriculture was soon completely controlled by the bureaucracy, which told each farmer what he must plant on what ground and in what manner. Since the farmer had no discretion in the management, he turned his attention to cultivating, in his own way, his little free plot, usually only one acre or a little more. If the main crop failed, and in most instances it did, the government had failed and he had not. He could live sparingly on his little one hectare, which he farmed like a garden, with his two hens, two sows, a cow and other animals allowed him by the system.

In 1967, nearly 50 years after the Russian revolution and the ruthless collectivization under Stalin, I made an extensive study of the system Russia had imposed on its satellite countries, Hungary, Poland, Romania, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia. It had signally failed in Russia and had been discreetly abandoned in all of the Eastern European countries. (see my book "Agriculture and the Common Market")

When the Russians issued their land-reform decree for eastern Germany in late 1945, the Western allies were immediately alert to the fact that they should undertake some reform in the West, and General Lucius Clay ordered the agricultural staff to come up with a plan in ten days for the American zone. We had on our staff a Dr. Phil Raup, a Kansas boy who was a graduate in land economics from the University of Wisconsin. He had busied himself during the early occupation studying land reform in the Russian zone and saw the Russian move mainly as a means of breaking up the power of the land barons and making a lot of land-hungry people happy.

We set out to draft a land reform decree for the American zone; but first we felt that we must know more about the land-holding pattern. Raup and two other staff members were dispatched to look at the situation, and when the statistics were compiled they showed that the average land holding per farm family in the American zone was just a little over six acres. Often that six acres was in many small unconnected plots due to the land inheritance system in vogue in Germany over the centuries. There were very few farms of 100 acres or more, only a few dozen large estates of 1000 acres or more, and only one great estate, some 50,000 acres, belonging to a family whose head had been an ardent anti-Hitlerite and had fled for his life, but who had just come back to take over his property again.

Another jarring fact we discovered was that the Catholic Church was the largest landlord in the American zone of Germany and to break up those church estates meant a real hassle with Rome and all of its political and religious connotations of the time. A law was drafted but never issued. As I recall, the problem was turned over to the Germans who were told that something must be done toward a redistribution of the land.

In accordance, the Germans undertook, on their own, a land reform of sorts, which, in addition to providing for the voluntary relinquishment to the state in return for bonds of lands in excess of about 200 acres, provided for a revised system (long limping along in Germany) of consolidating the fragmented plots. This would make cultivation more efficient and gain some productive land by eliminating the endless paths and inlets to each little parcel of land, which in many cases made up a 30-acre farm.

The Military Government Agricultural Staff helped as far as possible in getting the farmers in each village together to exchange tracts and swap about until each had his acreage in as near one piece in one place as possible. The farm families lived in the village and traditionally went out to their plots with their oxen or hoes or horses to work each small plot.

In one village I studied, a couple of years after this program was revived under the Occupation, the village had actually gained more than five acres of cultivated land simply by consolidating and cutting out the paths and easements necessary for the farmer to get to each fragmented plot. (Germany now, some 25 years later, has a program of gradually enlarging the individual farm structure by paying farmers over 55 years of age with a small tract of land, a fairly high pension to let their land be consolidated into a large tract so that modern, small-draft machinery may be used. However, Germany still makes it

attractive to the small farmer to remain on his land and not crowd into the cities to join relief lines.)

The matter of securing potato seeds spurred the interest, not only of Germans but of the military authorities, in other kinds of seeds and inputs which might in the spring and summer bolster to some extent the shaky food supply. Some of the high brass observed what a former hot-house used for producing flowers in winter could do when such a small space was turned to vegetables. It was easy when we proposed that literally tons of garden seeds be secured anywhere we could find them for possible use in home and communal gardens -- something we then imagined on the order of the Victory Gardens in the USA. But as a matter of fact, the Germans were already ahead of us on that. This was especially true of the city-dwellers. They saw gardening as outdoor recreation, a week-end combination of fun and food. Literally thousands of people before the war rented small strips of land outside the cities, along railroad tracks, roadways, or on common land, where they planted fruits and vegetables.

With the surrender, the dislocation of everything, the shortage of seed, and restrictions on travel imposed by the military, these projects languished despite a large vocal demand for seed and tools. But now, with the favorable attitude of the military, and enthusiasm among the Germans for anything that would let them get busy at something and provide a little food for themselves, we launched the Kleingarten program.

Our young hustler, Raup, headed it up and we called in experts from the USDA and sought seeds in USA which would do well in the German climate. This movement snowballed and we were soon in trouble to find strips of land on which people could work and plant their gardens. We then sought and got permission to take over hundreds of former military parade grounds, military installations, and airstrips for Kleingarten use. As a result, when the totals were added up the Kleingarten program was responsible for something over 900,000 families having something to do and having some fresh fruits and vegetables to eat.

In the U.S. the impression seemed to be that Germans were eating their heads off -- that was the view reflected in news reports and some congressional speeches. The little-publicized and less understood food crisis in Germany began to spread into Western Europe, Eastern Europe, and almost throughout the world. Washington began to listen to General Hester, Tracey S. Vorhees, and others who saw the crisis coming. When it spread to our allies and Eastern Europe, wheels began to turn.

As already mentioned, President Truman summoned Mr. Hoover from obscurity to Washington to consider the world-wide situation. We in Berlin had heard rumors that things were beginning to stir in Washington and General Hester's return had brought news that maybe some food allocations would be made by the World Food Board directly to Germany rather than through UNRRA or the military.

On April 1st, I was ordered to attend a food conference in London, ostensibly called by the British government, but with delegates from all of the Western European countries,

including Austria and Spain. Germany was not allowed to participate under the Potsdam rules and I was, presumably, to represent the American zone of Germany in this conference.

In preparing for the trip, I quite naturally speculated upon what would develop in relation to our own immediate problems.

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LONDON CONFERENCE

Our trip by plane from Berlin across North Germany by way of Bremen to Belgium, and North France and then across the straits at Dover to London was like a traveler following the tragic trail of recent history. Across North Germany and the flat country to Bremen one followed the trails of invaders through all the ceaseless struggles which history has recorded for this part of the world.

Of that trip to the London conference, I later wrote, in part:

"Over Belgium we see thrifty Belgian farmers toiling in the fields which are like so many strips of Belgian tapestry. Brussels sits like a clay-roofed island in a sea of green grass and budding groves. Down from Brussels we skirt North France, and below is Dunkirk of 1939 fame. Lazy waves roll up to the sandy beach and linger a little before breaking and retreating to the sea. Not long ago, they were red with blood and caressed the dying bodies of those who engaged in the struggle of yesterday. Today they beckon children to come and romp on the sands. Such are the contrasts of a few short years -- and such are the diabolical contradictions of mankind.

With but minutes over the channel one sees ahead the White Cliffs of Dover and if one's imagination had not brought the realization of just how narrow the thin ribbon of sea is between France and England at the Dover straits, this flight in a comparatively slow C-47 is enough to jar one into full realization.

"Driving up from the airport through winding country lanes one is impressed with the extreme beauty of the English countryside and the energy and will with which English villagers and farmers are clearing away the rubbish of war. Tractors were chugging in the fields where a maximum area of land is going under the plow as English farmers, in peace, strive to continue the food program holding down imports. English used to import 60 percent of her food. Under the present program carried on after the war she will produce 60 percent of her needs.

"It was a thrill to see a real village filling station again with tire patches, oil in cans, gasoline pumps, and a uniformed young lady to 'fill 'er up' when the driver of the car chooses to fill up. It was more of a thrill to come into London through its famed West End and see taxis and buses and subways again; to see windows filled with goods, and modern hotels geared to civilian trade and not run by an army.

"The boys who work over ledgers and figures in the counting-houses of the world may consider England bankrupt but England is never bankrupt so long as she has the spirit and will and drive which she now has -- don't count England out -- her heart beats strong."

Here in London, of course, there is no language barrier for an American. Probably the only real point of difference between British and Americans is the tendency of the Britisher to insist on doing things his way -- and conclude without any argument that his is the RIGHT way. A Britisher explained this characteristic in this way -- pointing to a

church, he said "See that church? Well it was standing there when William the Conqueror invaded England about 1067. People are going to that church today whose forefathers went there and said and did about the same things as these people are saying and doing now. Save for the 'American Invasion' (he was referring to the numerous troops from America stationed in England during this war) -- we have not been invaded by any power to shake us up into doing things, or reminding us that any other way except the British way is the only way."

"The average Britisher never stops to think of there being any other approach to a problem than the British approach. But with all of the twisting of the Lion's tail that we all do at times -- our experience in this war has convinced most of us that the Britisher is a pretty good fellow to team up with and modern-day England we think feels very much that way about America."

A conference of the scope of this International Conference, which I was here to attend, was a new experience for me. I was no little impressed when the Prime Minister of England, Mr. Bevan, greeted us in the most cordial fashion. Sitting in the rather important entourage was a lonely, aloof figure, the Duke of Windsor, the former King of England, who had given up his throne for his marriage to Wallace Simpson, the American lady from Baltimore. I learned later that he was anxious to play a part in the reconstruction of Europe and had offered his services in any way that might be used. However, it seems that for high political reasons his services and prestige was never used.

My notes on the opening session described Bevan as a "crusty, blunt-talking fellow, but with lots of steam. His talk made sense." Previous notes reflected, "this conference, like almost any other conference, starts with a tone of high idealism but seems to boil down finally to a point where each individual country expects the other fellow to do the sacrificing. Somehow, emissaries from 18 nations gathered here surely can agree on such a fundamental issue as food; but it seems about the only agreement up to this point is that "People somehow must eat."

After Bevan's stirring opening, Herbert Hoover, who had just flown in with his staff on the first stop of his world food tour, took the stage. As I saw it that day, "It was the Herbert Hoover of Food and Famine fame of World War I, not the disenchanted and bitter ex-President of the United States. Hoover still packs a punch when he talks to groups like this. As always, this cold-mannered man becomes emotional when he talks of human beings and their needs." My account of the three-day London visit ended: "This three-day meeting has been a tonic. Don't count Britain out. Britain may be broke and on the slide, as the world seems to think, but if any Englishman knows or senses it he is not about to admit it."

One small after-thought on the London conference which I didn't put down in my notes: It came at a time when the currencies in most of the countries attending that conference were practically worthless except in their own countries and foreign exchange was virtually non-existent in Austria, Poland, Spain, Ireland, Denmark and so on. In order to be sure that representatives of these countries had exchange to buy air or train tickets to

the conference, the United States and Great Britain went to extra-ordinary lengths to see that air tickets and spending money were provided in London.

The U.S. agricultural attaches, through the American embassies in several countries, were authorized to provide the delegates with the necessary foreign exchange to get to London. One country which needed help was Austria. Their representative had his air ticket, hotel accommodations, taxi fares and other out-of-pocket expenses to the London Conference paid by the American government. Six years later the Austrian delegate to the London Conference became the Ambassador of Austria to England and I met him under completely different circumstances.

At that time I was in London heading the U.S. delegation negotiating the International Wheat Agreement (in which 18 nations were taking part including Austria). In those days, though I was actually a representative of our government and the State Department, I was in a category other than Foreign Service officer, and as such was not entitled to the prerogatives of a State Department official. This meant that I had to look after getting my own taxis, and run about on my own as I would have to do as a USDA employee in Washington.

One noon I was standing outside the Cumberland Hotel frantically waving for a taxi when a Cadillac limousine driven by a uniformed chauffeur stopped before me. Sitting in the back seat alone was my Austrian friend of former days -- now Ambassador. He gave me a lift in his chauffeured limousine to the afternoon negotiating session.

On the morning of April 6th I was off from London. It was a rare occasion for a low-level military officer. I had been invited to join the official Hoover party for a short hop to Brussels and wrote of the experience:

"The scene is a giant four-motored C-54 skyliner upholstered and equipped with all of the gadgets most modern in air travel afforded by the Air Transport Command. In a seat slightly to the rear and silhouetted against the plane window sits a heavy-bodied, gray-haired solemn man -- very much like an old family doctor. As the plane drones along, staff members settle down in their seats, gossip about the latest stop, some pull down tables and work. The gray-haired man reads the London papers, puffs a pipe and contemplates the landscape rolling back in the wash of our plane. When he gets up and walks forward, his aides stop the "Chief," as they call him, to bring up a point, or to introduce a new member of the party. The gray-haired man wanders forward, sits down at a table, and pulls out huge sheets of paper and charts and statistics, bites hard on his pipe stem and begins work -- the man is Mr. Herbert Hoover in a setting and on a mission for which he is best known -- trying to point some way out of the tangle and the tragedies of the hungry in Europe.

"Yesterday, in London, Hoover addressed a meeting of Ministers of Food and Agriculture for eighteen nations of Europe, and the allied representatives of defeated Germany. Hoover is a gray 71-year-old, but an amazingly erect and vigorous man. Those who listened and applauded him were not listening to or applauding Hoover, the former

President of the United States, who was so unpopular as a president and defeated for a second term. They were listening to the Hoover of 27 years ago, the Hoover of World War I fame -- the old family doctor called in on the case to prescribe a remedy; to give advice based on the storms and stresses of yesterday, and to arouse people all over the world to new efforts to cover up some bad planning on the part of those in high places who would have known what was coming if they had but heeded the danger signals. That was the Hoover who spoke yesterday.

"Even the expressionless drone which is typical of a Hoover public speech could not drown out the drama of the situation he was describing. Millions from the Russian border to the English Channel are heading toward starvation -- there is no real starvation in the dramatic sense yet -- but a slow slide into disaster and despair for at least 170,000,000 people of the lower classes of Europe unless wheat continues to come and the present low rations are held.

"It was the Hoover of old with the glint of a humanitarian in his eye and emotion in his voice as he told of Poland's homeless and underfed children -- of little folks from the dingy cellars and soup lines in Italy, and of the distress and disorder generally experienced across Europe which only quick united action and food will help."

Mr. Hoover's visits after Brussels to Denmark, Holland, and Sweden gave us a little time in Berlin to get ready for the Hoover party which contained a varied group of specialists, and some old hands of the Hoover Belgium Relief days of World War I. As in most VIP affairs, about the first order of business for a visiting group is the proper dinner hosted by the Supreme Commander, then General McNary, who had succeeded General Eisenhower. One member of the party remarked that he had never eaten better food in his life than what he had been served on this "Famine Tour."

The press party followed on the second day of the official visit and it was now General Clay's turn to give a dinner. It was held at a swank Lakeside club, formerly a hideout of Hitler's gang. Of the fourteen journalists in the press party, Luce of the Time-Life publications represented the largest group; Adler of the New York Times, Gannett of the Gannett papers in the East, Wall Street Journal, wire services, photographers and specialists, made up the party. To me they seemed bewildered and a little ignorant of what it was all about here, as well as what was printed in their own publications about the food situation in Germany.

Mr. Hoover, in his after-dinner remarks, was at his best. He talked off the cuff and off the record. It was a harrowing experience for some of the editors who had viewed the war, hunger, and misery as a sort of an academic problem from their plush and comfortable offices. Hoover harked back to World War I when in the pursuit of food and the staving-off of starvation in Europe, the Hoover mission controlled almost the entire production, transportation and distribution systems from the Russian border to France. Hunger, said Mr. Hoover, was real then. It is no less real now, but we are in a new age of cynics, centralized government and international power plays which requires new methods and new approaches. Our ration was still 1280 calories per person per day.

While an occasional grain ship was arriving at Bremen for the civilian sector it was not sufficient to dare boost the calorie level above the sparse 1280 which was available in mid-April 1946.

Absenteeism from the important rail shops and a few industries allowed to operate was running as high as 60 percent as workers took off to scrounge for food or simply try to build up energy for the next day. The dramatic fainting of some 50 communications workers in the important Frankfurt communications center served to dramatize the tragic seriousness of the developing crisis. Health advisors to General Clay hastily urged that the 200,000 tons of reserve grain stocks in Mannheim be released immediately as "people were actually falling out from inadequate nutrition." General Clay promptly ordered the last reserve stocks in Military Government control released.

As grain ships began to arrive in Bremen we were beset with the same problems which caused trouble in Italy. There was the usual pilferage at the docks, lost cars, and the siphoning-off of wheat to the black market. Since U.S. took German marks or credits for only that which arrived at the interior warehouses, the shortfall was quite steep.

It fell to a Lieutenant-Colonel Gynn, former member of the Maryland Extension staff, to be the Food and Agriculture representative at the port and to receive incoming grain and see that it was put on cars and headed to the American zone. Handling civilian cargo, designed for Germans through military transport was a complicated problem and just as we were getting ready to take off with a group of specialists and a couple of newspaper men -- Wall Street Journal and Chicago Tribune -- for a survey of the U.S. zone, Colonel Gynn called to say that he was stymied with the port situation. He was unable to get the necessary clearances to get the grain unloaded and put onto trains. Recalling our problem in Italy, I told Colonel Gynn to call in the Germans, take IOUs for the cargoes and let the Germans get the grain out and into our zone.

This was a little extra-legal and against regulation, but Colonel Gynn said, "Okay, if you get hung don't blame me." He did just as I suggested and, as in Italy, in no time our grain for the German civilian economy was moving smoothly. If there were any losses in transit, the Germans were paying for it, not the U.S.A.

The maneuver to expedite matters did not come to the attention of the higher authorities until after I had left Germany later in the year. Then it was picked up by the General Accounting Office which kicked up some fuss about it. But since the IOUs were cashable for German marks on presentation to the German authorities, and the food was moving into channels, little more was done or said about it.

The system prevailed over the next years until the famed Berlin airlift when, in order to supply the airlift to Berlin the army stepped in and seized train loads of wheat and flour destined for the American zone to be lifted from Rhein-Main airport to Tempelhof.

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OFF ON THE FINAL ROUND-UP April 21 to May 31, 1946

The week of April 21st to 28th I was off with a survey party trying to assess how things were moving after all of our efforts at getting seed, supplies, grain and materials into the hands of farmers.

I had suspected that this might well be my swan song as a Military Government officer in Germany. There were continued rumors that I would soon get to go home, and I wanted to leave my job with as clear a picture of the situation as possible. It was my hope that as a private citizen back home I might help in some way to reflect the situation as I saw it.

As editor and publisher of a farm magazine, and later as head of the Regional Credit Bank of the Farm Credit Administration, plus my involvement in farm movements prior to my Army service in World War II, I had been frequently called upon by civic clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Jaycees, churches and other groups to "make a talk" when they were looking for someone to fill out their programs. I more or less anticipated that this would happen again once I returned to civilian status at home.

I was convinced then, and I learned later that it was largely true, that after the War, the American public was still feeling sorry for itself in the sacrifices of war to "knock out those Germans" and that we were feeding them while the U.S. public suffered. While policy at the very top was changing perceptibly it was still quite popular for a Congressman or a Senator or a bureaucrat to speak in terms of revenge and punishment rather than reconstruction. This attitude had been fatal after World War I and it should not be allowed to happen again. Fortunately, as I will relate later in this Journal I had the opportunity to speak out -- shortly after returning home in mid-summer 1946.

This tour proved to be one of the most informative and, I think now, the most constructive of any I took in the nearly three years that I had been in Food and Agriculture from North Africa to Germany.

Our survey party consisted of myself, Major John Lynn, our doer on the staff, and a civilian, Dr. Omar Pancoast. The latter had worked during most of the war at the Pentagon on food-supply problems for the army, and had participated in some of the planning for the occupied areas once peace came. Also in the party was Carl Ross, now a Second Lieutenant; a correspondent for the Wall Street Journal and a Chicago Tribune writer.

Our first stop was at a non-Jewish refugee settlement in the Wurtenburg-Baden area south of Frankfurt. Once a German artillery cantonment, this army installation had a unique history. It was originally laid out by Napoleon when he occupied that part of Germany, and had been in continuous use as an artillery camp since that time. Its some sixteen hundred acres had not seen a plow since its establishment.

Some seventy-five families, all ethnic Germans from Czechoslovakia, Poland, Eastern Germany and as far away as Hungary, had been allotted this area to resettle. The barracks

and horse stalls were being occupied by the families and their children, and each family had been allotted about 12 acres of land but had little with which to cultivate it. However, the group had found an old tractor, repairing it with scrounged equipment and made it ready to plow. A single tractor for seventy-five 12-acre plots was hardly a solution. The group formed a cooperative, pooled their land, and planting each crop in a long strip so that this tractor and others they hoped to get could be used effectively. On the day I was there, 1000 acres of the 1600 were being planted to potatoes, barley, rye, oats, sugar beets and the whole category of crops common to the area.

At that time there was only one horse in the area. This horse belonged to a Hungarian family which had made their way out of Hungary ahead of the Russian armies, across Poland and into Germany. The man had led the horse, hitched to a cart loaded with household goods and children, and the mother had trailed along behind the cart. It took days to get out, but they finally ended up in that part of Germany. I have a picture of the man and his horse which I sometimes look at and wonder what finally happened to this little group who seemed to have found some hope on this old artillery camp.

As a part of our survey we called upon the heads of the Military Government in the various German states of the U.S. zone. In this case our head of Military Government in Stuttgart-Wurtenburg-Baden was Dr. James Pollock of Michigan University, professor of public administration and father of the proportional representation theory of government. Dr. Pollock was more optimistic on the future of Germany than most of our party and he was proved more correct as the years have passed.

Our next stop, outside of brief drop-ins on villagers in their fields and the picture-postcard villages of Southern Germany, was at the ancient town of Freising, long famous for the location of the first brewery in Germany. The brewery, long a brewmeister's school, is operated as a branch of the company making Lowenbrau beer. The brewery was in the charge of a Major on the Food and Agriculture staff and was operating full-blast making beer for the occupation forces out of barley and rice from the United States, and hops from the famed hop fields of Bavaria and Czechoslovakia.

A brewery was established on this site by a group of Friars during the time of Charlemagne in 742 A.D., and the site has been in continuous use as a brewery ever since. It was brought under what one would now call a corporate charter in 1146 A.D. and has operated under that document and various amendments since. It was for centuries, and still is, a school for brewmeisters and was operating as such under the Military Government control in the Spring of 1946. Brewmeisters from this small school have set up breweries all over the world -- from Maimilian's breweries set up during his reign in Mexico to Anheuser-Busch in St. Louis Missouri. Modern Lowenbrau brewery branches now pretty well dot the world and the brew is found in thousands of restaurants worldwide.

As we drove toward Munich we stopped briefly at Dachau, one of the infamous concentration camps. At that particular time there was some discussion of using some of the buildings and the surrounding farm land as an agricultural experiment station.

However, that was only a discussion and was not to be -- because pressure was too strong to make this place a monument to those who had suffered here and died in the death furnaces.

We arrived in Munich and that night we accompanied Mr. Kenneth Ingwalson of the Bavaria agricultural staff to a village for a night meeting with the residents of the area. Ingwalson's task was brought on by one of these informal suggestions which people at high level make and are often taken as orders to follow through upon.

There was a conviction on the part of somebody in Washington that the people of the United States were suffering lack of food in order that we might keep alive our former enemies; that these former enemies did not really appreciate the fact that America was "giving them food." It was true that by this time we were beginning to get substantial shipments of wheat, and when a cargo of this wheat arrived in Bremen, German marks (then merely something to measure or keep count of) were paid for the wheat. In the minds of some Americans this payment was nothing; the U.S. had still made a gift of the food. The higher-ups somewhere along the line thought that the individual German buying a loaf of bread at the local bakery should be told that he was receiving a gift from the American people.

As a result of this thinking, the Commanding General in the Bavarian area had suggested to the Agricultural Staff that "we should do something about this lack of information on the part of the German people." Ingwalson and staff were assigned the task of doing something about it. Ingwalson, who spoke only fair pidgin German, worked up a series of charts which showed the journey of a bushel of wheat in Kansas to the loaf of bread picked up by the housefrau at the corner bakery in Bavaria. This was some exercise.

Notice would be sent to the Burgermeister of a village advising that an American team was coming to the village on a certain night and that all of the local residents were expected to attend a meeting. Burgermeisters in Germany know how to obey and give orders. When we arrived at the meeting hall, we found it filled with men, women, and children rather anxiously waiting the word which was to come. Ingwalson got up with his charts saying in his best German that he was going to show them how they were getting their bread from America. He painstakingly led his somewhat dazed audience through the whole maze of transactions ending up with the loaf of bread on the hausfrau's table, the gift of the people of the United States. This was quite bewildering to the hausfraus present because they had to pay their hard-earned Deutschmarks for that loaf of bread and they could not see it coming to them as a gift. This exercise went on through most of the winter in Bavaria, although in other areas of the U.S. zone the suggestion from on high was taken less seriously.

Thousands of refugees were settled in shacks around Munich, and some were, under German thoroughness and direction, draining swamps, clearing up trash and garbage dumps, reclaiming idle land, and planting crops and gardens in a desperate attempt to survive. At the blown-up Farben complex where we had dumped several hundred Sudeten German families in early January, we found a new village, literally a town, being

built out of the bricks and rubble of that destroyed factory. Everybody was working at something and though food was not bountiful, it was adequate.

As we drove again toward Berchtesgaden, the fields were teeming with Bavarian farmers plowing, planting, mowing the lush green grass of spring. Nearly all of them worked behind those famous triple-use Bavarian cattle -- many of which we had confiscated and sent either to Berlin or the Jewish kosher slaughter floors. These sturdy animals are good work animals, yet fair milk producers, and when too old to work, so the story goes, they are slaughtered for beef.

Along the way we stopped at the Alpine cottage of a retired Major General of the German Army of World War I. He and his wife were living in a scene as serene and lovely as anything one might imagine in the Swiss Alps. Their cottage had been taken over for a short time by some army officers as a billet and he and his Frau had retreated to a servants quarters. He was not bitter about it; he had been the Military Governor of Alsace-Lorraine after World War I and had, as he said, taken the victor's rights. Since we were victors and he was the defeated he took things as they came. Later we stopped at the village where several hundred Poles (almost exclusively glove makers) had been allowed to establish a refugee village. They were again making gloves, but looked longingly for the time when the international situation would permit them to return to Poland. They had supported the Polish Government in Exile during the war, and were even then fearing the ultimate Russian takeover which took place a couple of years later.

I shall not attempt to describe the Berchtesgaden area. I had visited there earlier, having come up through Salzburg, Austria, into Germany just after the surrender, but as we approached the hills and valleys, the alpine cottages and the greening promise of spring in the Easter eve of 1946 I was almost breathless with the sheer beauty of that part of Germany. In my feeble way I wrote in my notes: "God, what beauty -- and how could people living in the midst of such natural and serene wonderment follow such a fake like Hitler? The Eagle's Nest is a mad-man's dream or a Wagnerian legend set in stone."

Our group put up at the Berghof Hotel, on a hill above the village. This plush hideout of Hitler's jack-booted SS and other generals had been taken over as a U.S. Army billet. It was staffed by the most elegant waiters and cooks, true Bavarian folk entertainment was presented in the main concert hall each evening, and we Americans were living it up like the Generals of only a few months back.

On that Easter evening an incident occurred which could only have happened in a story book. My colleague Dr. Omar Pancoast, who had sung with glee clubs, appeared in Gilbert & Sullivan operettas, and on occasion classical operas had tired of the folk entertainment and decided to take a walk in the balmy April moonlight night up on one of the hills near Hitler's burned-out villa. As he walked around the hills he stopped and viewed the quiet and peaceful village below and, for reasons he does not know to this day, he burst out in song -- his ringing baritone drifting across the wooded hills and valleys. As he sang the opening bars of Wotan's music in Act II of Die Walkure, a soprano voice clear and cool came out of the scattered woods singing Brunnhilde's part.

Pancoast continued singing and walked toward the voice coming out of the woods. Soon he came upon a typical Bavarian alpine house perched on the side of the hill. A lady on a small window balcony on the second floor was singing back to him. When the duet ended, she invited him in for cookies -- and this was the story. There were eleven persons in that alpine cottage, representing five different families, all refugees from the war. The lady who sang had been with a Viennese opera company and had been stranded in the backwash of war. Others, including several children, were part of families scattered here and there by war's fortunes. They were occupying a cottage which doubtless belonged to the cluster of houses surrounding Hitler's villa and the Eagle's Nest above.

Now it so happened that this was Easter eve, and children in Germany have candy treats at Easter time. There was none in the cottage that night. Later in the evening, when we were all pretty well settled in our rooms, Pancoast came scrounging the candy bars and goodies which each of us were carrying from our raid on the Munich PX earlier in the day. Pancoast gathered it all in and headed for the cottage again and the children enjoyed candy for Easter.

The next day we attended Easter services in the Berchtesgaden village and again it was a scene out of a book, as both farm and village people attended, dressed in traditional Bavarian costumes. My German was not good enough to understand much of what went on, but the music was indeed heavenly.

After a swing around the demolished and partially burned Hitler Villa on the hill above the village and a peek into the 700 foot tunnel beneath it (formerly filled with choice foods and wines before the Army GIs reached it in the last days of the war) our party headed again for Berlin and the more pressing and mundane problems there.

The newspaper correspondents who accompanied us, were satisfied that Germans were indeed working and trying to meet their own problems, that there were -- at least among the people we met -- earnest people, trying to forget the war and to dream about the future. Their dispatches back to the States changed quite perceptibly; not necessarily because of the trip, but in part because of what their colleagues had seen and heard on Mr. Hoover's stop in Berlin.

Once back in Berlin on the morning of April 27, events were indeed moving fast, and rumors were still about that I might get the long-awaited signal that I could go home. But first another mission had to be chalked up, and this too was interesting, exciting, and to a degree important.

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ITALY AGAIN

It had been decided that Military Government people would go to Italy and negotiate for the Germans in the American zone the first commercial trade officially allowed since the end of the war. While the details of this mission were being worked out, and with a now rather firm commitment that I would be going home in May, I took occasion to do a little sight-seeing East Berlin, then fairly open to any of the personnel in the allied missions in West Berlin. Also, during the two or three days interlude, I enjoyed the famed Sunday two-hour symphony concerts by the Berlin Philharmonic and on the night of May 2nd, I attended a production of the opera "Martha" which had particular significance to me. In my journal, I wrote in part:

"Last night we attended the opera Martha presented at the Stadische Theatre in Berlin by a local company. Martha happens to be the first opera this writer ever saw -- we saw it in November 1917, at Camp Funston, Kansas, in a boarded-up amphitheatre, when a traveling entertainment unit of World War I, very much like the USO in this war, came to give the boys a glimpse of opera and the art of song, symphony and acting blended into one performance.

"It is a long way from Camp Funston, Kansas in 1917 to Berlin, Germany, in 1946 -- in miles to travel, in the mileposts of history, in approach to world problems and human relations, in concepts of international order. Then we were entering a war on the wave of tremendous idealism and a concept of self-determination of peoples and nations. Now we are winding up a war which was fought with a singularly cold, calculated realism and we are winding it up in the earthy atmosphere of power and political expediency, giving wide concern to the ability of a nation to make good its principles by power rather than by moral standard.

"A little over 27 years ago we left Europe firm in the belief that we had participated in a 'war to end wars' and that the mechanics of international negotiations would some way, some how patch things up to where we could all live in peace. Now we are far less sure of peace, of any real long-term security for the so-called little people of the world, then we were twenty-seven years ago -- indeed there are times when it seems Europe is about to explode of its own problems.

"The opera Martha, which we saw last night, was written in 1812 by a German who had come to America. It told in beautiful music a love story of Colonial times. In the years since it was written few concert halls in the world have not been filled with the mellow and brooding strains of 'The Last Rose of Summer' and the audience which last night heard it -- Germans, Russians, French, Americans and British alike applauded to the rafters through the Martha of opera sang it in German.

"Today we are asking ourselves -- why, if we recognize the good and beautiful almost universally in music -- why can't we recognize, applaud, and appreciate the common good which is found in all men and work toward that instead of some so-called prestige

which we call Sovereign Power -- which is another name for a big nation ready to impose its will on one not strong enough to resist it.

"In the mass trials before the International Tribunal at Nuremburg one sees 29 men, ring-leaders in an archaic scheme and philosophy that war is a necessity -- that it is an honorable profession and a means to a national end. But there are more than 29 Nazi criminals on trial there at Nuremburg -- there is a system on trial and a code which in the past has said that nations could trample down their weaker neighbors, that men could destroy weaker men, that there was something legal, and indeed honorable in the art of war, no matter for what purpose made. It is time for that philosophy to die with these men as they will surely die when the final verdict of the court is read.

"The day we attended the trials, Herr Doctor Frank, the former gauleiter of Poland was defending himself against the charges that he ordered the execution and expulsion of some six million Jews from that country. The Doctor denied giving the order -- in fact presented copies of letters to prove that he opposed such measures but he admitted the ultimate responsibility for the acts because he was the titular head of the area. What shocked this writer was that except for changed names and situations these memorandums and letters and proclamations sounded very much like some of our own.

"The twenty-nine men in the dock on trial looked just like any other twenty-nine men involved in a government or business enterprise -- they had their marks -- Goering the huge, cat-like restless one; Hess, the brooding dreamer; Jodl, the austere Prussian; Raeder, the tall squint-eyed man of the sea; Schacht, the straight-laced bespectacled banker -- 29 men -- fanatical men with a genius to lead, who almost conquered the world, now just gangsters in the dock. It sobered one to think of the ability in that group and think what might have happened had those men turned their tremendous energy and efforts toward constructive things in Germany and Central Europe.

"We are leaving Germany after ten months here with the conviction that 'The German Problem', as we term it, is but one of the many problems which must be somehow met on an economic as well as political basis if there is to be any long-term real peace in Europe. There was an hour back in 1943-1945 when Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin -- along with the many tremendous achievements in their collaboration in war -- might have done for world peace what they did in war. It would have been easy then. It grows daily more difficult now. There may be no shooting war in the next ten years, but there will be war -- desperate and deadly -- war for men's minds -- war for men's loyalties -- war for resources -- war for commercial advantage -- war of political ideas -- the years ahead will be dangerous and explosive -- America must keep watch, with men on the walls."

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A TRADE MISSION TO ITALY

On May 3, our group headed by the Chief of the Trade and Commerce Division, one John Logan, former Vice-President of the Chase Bank of Manhattan was ready for take-off. I was added to the mission roster largely because I had been in Italy from the beginning of the Sicilian invasion to the collapse of the German armies in the North and was something of an expert on Italian agriculture.

Our objective, as laid out in the instructions from Washington, was to go to Italy and buy citrus fruits, apple pulp, and other surplus products piling up in that country as an opener to normalizing trade; but more importantly as a gesture of the United States toward Italy which now approached a vital decision, on her political future.

Italy was now free of military government control, operating under a Monarchy and parliamentary system headed by Prince Humbert II of the House of Savoy. The representative government was headed by Bonomi, a Christian Democrat of the center, against the strong communist party then surfacing in Italy. The elections were to be held in June 1946 and the people were to decide whether they would continue under a Monarchy or a Republic. Our spending of some 18 million dollars allotted was expected to relieve the explosive citrus producers in South Italy and Sicily of some of their problems and the apple growers of the North of some of their surplus apple pulp, vinegar, and apple sauce. At the same time, this would provide the Germans with treats they had not had in nine long years.

Somehow a leak out of Washington hinted that our mission, with 18 million dollars in pocket was to spend it for goods in Italy. Upon our arrival in Rome, headlines in the Italian newspapers proclaimed the fact that a mission from the American zone of Germany had come to buy the Italian citrus crop. The price of oranges in the market stalls doubled over night and our mission, expecting to really negotiate good prices, was a dead duck so far as the Italian sharpies who were cornering the citrus market were concerned.

When our little group of four was getting ready for takeoff from Berlin word came that we would be going to Italy in a four-engined DC-4, the plane which had only recently been introduced on the commercial airlines in the States. General Eisenhower's pushed-up job was the only DC-4 with which we were familiar in Germany, and we had visions of making a real VIP sortie in Italy in a posh plane. However, that was not to be. On arrival at Tempelhof there stood our DC-4 all right, but it was a freighter loaded with a couple of spare engines lashed to the floor, an assortment of tires, boxes and other freight, and two iron bucket seats on each side of the cargo for passengers.

This heavily-loaded plane lumbered off the runway and we were soon Italy-bound. On arrival over Rome that airport was completely under clouds and we passengers knew little of how high or how low the clouds were. Our pilot made two passes at the runway but never did get through the overcast. Finally he headed away from the field for several miles, dropped to what looked like fifty feet, and banked sharply. The giant crates shivered and groaned as if they were going to break loose from their moorings on the

floor. After what seemed like hours, but were only seconds, the plane leveled off and skimmed the tree tops into the runway. We were there at last -- four pretty shaken emissaries to trade with the Italians.

Our first meeting was formal with the various government officials, the Minister of Trade, Agricultural Minister, and others. Then we were turned over to the chaps who had the lemons and the oranges and the apples and pulp. Since the mission was dealing mainly with agricultural products, it fell to me to do most of the arguing with the Italians. They took us for a ride, no doubt, but after two days of haggling we ended up spending the 18 million for oranges, apples, lemons and a list of processed by-products to be delivered to the great fruit and vegetable exchange center at Munich. In prewar days this exchange had been the principle distribution point for fresh fruits and vegetables from the south, spreading out over all of Germany and much of Eastern and Western Europe.

We ended our mission on the third day with a sumptuous lunch during which the Finance Minister, whom I had met a couple of years before when he was a sort of a runner and interpreter for the Allied Commission in Rome asked, "Didn't you have something to do with that Northern Italy operation with Switzerland which for a time resulted in a great deal of illegal traffic between firms in these two countries?"

"Yes," I said, "but I hardly classed it as illegal since Italians wanted to get rid of their apples and wanted Swiss cattle and the Swiss wanted to get rid of their cattle and wanted apples." "Ah yes," he said "but there were no border taxes paid on the products going either way and that was illegal."

There could be only one answer. "That," I said, "is something the bookkeepers will have to work out among themselves."

Our return to Berlin was routine and by now it had been made definite that I would be leaving Berlin on May 7th, 1946 for that long-awaited trip home. I had been waiting for that for thirty-three months. In the meantime, the Italians, especially the Sicilians, served notice that two solid train loads of lemons and oranges would be arriving in Munich pronto.

On the evening of May 6th the whole gang, including General Hester, crowded into my office, and what turned out to be a "going away ceremony" got under way. During my stay in Germany we had wanted a couple of cameras, in anticipation of returning to the States and eventually taking up journalism again. The German Leica was the most sought-after of all cameras and they were worth a fortune in the black market which was the only way they could be procured since the Leica factory was closed tight.

The black market was notorious in Berlin, and while I was no more moral than anyone else, I felt that in my position of responsibility I could not, in all conscience, deal in cigarettes, coffee, cooking oil and the many things of trade for which the Germans were giving up their most prized possessions. I had refrained from trading on the market and had been pretty critical of those on my staff who did.

The other camera I wanted very much, also unobtainable except on a lottery basis, was the new 2 1/4 by 3 1/4 Speed Graphic -- one of the prize newspaper cameras going at the time. Occasionally one came over from the States and was on display at the PX but it could not be bought. It was always given away on a raffle deal. One of the civilians, a lady economist who had just come over from Washington to join our group held the lucky number and won the only new Speed Graphic in Western Germany. I offered her a fabulous amount of money for the machine but she refused. So I was getting ready to go home without cameras, except for a little Decker machine which I had brought from an RCA industrial scout in Frankfurt months before.

When things got under way in my office that morning I was handed, with proper ceremony, both a Leica, which I had dreamed about, and the Speed Graphic. The Speed Graphic I could accept with a great deal of gratitude, but my conscience hit me pretty hard on the Leica. In a little speech I told my staff that I could hardly accept the Leica since I knew it had been bought for 17 cartons of cigarettes on the black market and with all that I had been saying about the black marketing it would be unseemly for me to accept the Leica.

At this point, General Hester stepped up and said, "Andrews, damn it, take that camera, if you don't I will!" and that was that. I took the camera, a military model of the original Leica with a 3-5 universal lens which I have to this day. I have carried it to more than sixty countries of the world, have in my possession more than 2000 slides made with that little camera, and it is still going strong.

The black market in Germany, I must say, was one of the most shameful and degrading aspects of the military occupation. It really started right after the surrender and the printing of a German military occupation currency to be used instead of the German Reichmark. The plates which were used in printing this new money for the Western Zones were lent to the Russian zone and the Russians made plenty of hay with the plates. Their soldiers, many of them, had not been paid in five years of fighting. The new marks were printed in bales and the soldiers were paid off. The Russian soldiers, rich as lords, bought everything in sight and loose.

The GIs and others, found out before one could hardly blink, and a roaring market was established in the Eastern zone where anything from a necktie to a jeep could be sold at a fabulous price. An ordinary wrist watch brought the equivalent of \$1500 U.S. dollars. In no time GIs and others were importing watches from the States and selling them to the Russians. The nick in the wall was the fact that those marks used by the Russian soldiers could be taken to the U.S. Military Post Offices and converted into a postal money order and in the end transferred into U.S. dollars in America.

Millions upon millions were so converted, and the occupation authority woke up in time to the fact that it held literally millions of these marks which had been exchanged for U.S. dollar currency. The racket was finally stopped, but not before literal fortunes were made in this maneuver. The racket not only involved military people, high and low, but when

the civilian staff of President Truman in the Potsdam Conference learned of this racket they rushed the market and many of them boarded their planes home with everything sold but the shirts on their backs and their pants -- even shoelaces and neckties were absent.

As the winter grew grimmer and conditions became worse, Germans found that they could trade their fine furniture, porcelain, art works and cameras for coffee, cigarettes, and stolen food from the commissary. This they did in an ever-increasing volume until currency reform in 1948. The authorities tried many devices to either close down these markets or legalize and control them; but when an attempt was made to legalize and police this traffic, a howl went up that the military authorities were encouraging a barter market.

Many of the civilians, as well as military staff, would systematically order from the States coffee, cooking oil, and cigarettes by the case and trade for goods. One gentleman of our acquaintance joined up with a German authority on Meissen China and systematically developed one of the largest collections of fine German porcelain in the country. He and the German wrote a book about his collection and he has since become something of an authority on Meissen. He should not be singled out as an example, however, because apparently everybody did it if they could get away with it.

This whole pernicious operation sprang, I am afraid, from a very permissive and lax policy during the fighting and after it of allowing -- or at least closing eyes -- to a great deal of plunder. When a high-ranking General was caught exporting some stolen priceless art from Italy, one could hardly expect the GIs to be very observing when it came to "enemy property." The rationalization for all of this was that "The Germans, principally Goering and Hitler, had plundered the art treasures of Europe and had stashed them away in their private and state collections." This was generally true, but what was also generally true -- the Germans made a meticulous record of each item they plundered and this led to easy recovery of most of the valuable pieces.

I closed my May 6th notes with the observation: "General Clay, General Draper, and General Hester are making me feel as if I really mattered here -- a few odds and ends to shore up and I guess I'll be away soon."

My notes on May 7th read: "Things surely happen fast. It is now 9:20 A.M. and I am to report to Templehof by 12:30 for take-off for home." My few possessions were hastily thrown into a valpack, two cameras slung over my shoulder, and with two bottles of champagne in my duffel bag I made the plane by an eyelash. Just as I stepped in the jeep I was handed a special brown envelope which I was to deliver to the Pentagon on arrival in the U.S.A. This brown envelope put me in a courier class, which meant that I would not be delayed anywhere along the line for whatever reason. I did not know what the envelope contained at the time, but I learned later that I was carrying a copy of the surrender terms of Bulgaria to the Russian Army. I later read those terms, which were spartan to say the least.

My trip home by air was something of an adventure. I had crossed the Atlantic in World War I in an Australian cattle boat out of Halifax, Nova Scotia -- rabbit stew and cheese the main menu all the way. I had come back from World War I on the old battleship Rhode Island, the flagship of the fleet Theodore Roosevelt sent around the world. I had good navy food on that ship, but we were caught in a storm in mid-Atlantic and bobbed around like a cork for days -- taking exactly 22 days from Brest, France to Newport News -- too sick to enjoy food. I came over in World War II in a convoy of Liberty ships loaded mainly with tanks and ammunition and landed at Casablanca, making the trip in some twelve days -- powdered eggs and spam on the menu. Now I was going home high-class in a DC-4 and would make it in less than 20 hours, my first transatlantic by air. Of that long ago trip, I wrote in part:

"While transatlantic air travel has long ceased to be an adventure and commercial and military planes lace the Atlantic and Pacific skies like so many shuttles weaving the fabric of modern commerce and travel, to a "first timer" the prospect and actuality of a transatlantic air trip is something more than a routine affair.

With baggage flying in all directions, armed with orders and the laundry list of clearance, inspections, property releases, overdue inoculations and all of the papers and routine it takes to officially clear an army command, we presented ourselves at Tempelhof Airdome -- that one-time pride of German commercial air development and probably the first really modern airport in the world.

Customs had to be cleared here but with an air of having done this thing all of my life, the hour came and the big ATC C-54 four-motored liner came up to the ramp and we were ready to board the ATC which in other lingo is Air Transport Command -- which operates with neither the studied courtesy and formality of a commercial airline nor the lackadaisical indifference and boredom of a strict army outfit like the EATA. So with a firm and courteous "good voyage" from the young Lieutenant who seemed to run things around there, four of us disappeared into the cavernous tube which is the body of a C-54.

There were four passengers and a small amount of mail. In a matter of seconds we were leaving behind Tempelhof resting like a green octagon mirror in a forest of building shells -- heading into the sun across the green and brown striped carpet which is Germany west of Berlin. In one hour and twenty minutes we were circling Hanau Field for the landing, at the ATC field for Frankfurt on the Main. Here more mail and two additional passengers came on. Coffee at the Red Cross and then, with ten thousand pounds of mail aboard, six passengers and fourteen empty seats we flew into the sun for Paris one hour and thirty minutes away. Here we were scheduled to eat a bite and in an hour be ready for the next stop -- Paris to Iceland -- but fog over Labrador meant holding up the flight until six the next morning.

Paris at dawn is no less intriguing and no less beautiful than Paris at dusk. At the air field we found our giant transport ready for the morning hop. Five more passengers came with us -- most of them lads who were going home on emergency furlough -- a black soldier from Claiborne, Louisiana, a sergeant from Raleigh, North Carolina, and a young

serviceman from Texas among them. There was sickness in their families and Uncle Sam was sending them home the fast way.

In a matter of minutes we were out of France and across the English Channel skirting the craggy shores of Scotland -- seven hours then above the North Atlantic during which we read, slept, and ate a meal; then snowcaps of Iceland loomed ahead.

Meeks Field in Iceland is a cluster of Niessen huts, a series of landing strips and a radar station plumped down in the most desolate shore of grey stone and gravel clay that a human could imagine. A chill sharp wind whipped across the field when we landed to stay for an hour while the plane was refueled. Inside the little station made from a Niessen hut was a neat restaurant operated by ATC. We had breakfast and while we waited other planes came in -- one with a man, his wife, and six-month-old child. They were Russians on their way to Paris -- other civilians on missions abroad -- diplomatic and otherwise -- a few officers returning from leave at home -- GIs bumped off by priority big shots.

Next was Westover Field, a port of debarkation for air travelers where the formalities of customs inspection and debarkation papers takes about an hour. But since our mission was an official one and our destination Washington, we were permitted to go ahead to New York with our plane crew. A scant forty minutes and we were sitting down at LaGuardia Field -- four o'clock in the morning New York time -- my plane for Washington, an American Airlines DC-3 would be taking off at five o'clock. This time eats were in order but we could not eat: the glitter and galaxy of clothes, jewelry, luggage and things to buy, porters to carry bags, ticket counters, telephone girls, newsstands, throngs of well-dressed men and women, important-looking businessmen drowsing in chairs waiting for the morning take-off: gosh, we just sat and looked at the passing parade. Before we hardly knew it, the hour had passed and we were taking off in another dawn in another world -- where hunger was a matter for discussion and not an ever-present fact.

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EPILOGUE

On arrival in Washington I reported to the Pentagon with my sealed packet and was immediately asked to remain on duty at the Pentagon for a short period to assist on the food problems for Germany and Japan. On arrival in New York I telephoned Mrs. Andrews that I would be coming home in a few hours but the request by the Army to remain in Washington for a few weeks was almost an order. Our plans were changed and Mrs. Andrews came to Washington where we were then confronted with the serious housing shortage then in overcrowded Washington. We finally settled for two rooms and a kitchen on the second floor of an old house in Central Washington.

During the war there had been a combined Food Board which supervised and controlled the food resources of USA, Canada, and Australia and food supplies for all of Europe and much of Asia (in total some fifty nations of the world) were controlled by this board. After the allotment was made the food was purchased in regular commercial channels but was rigidly controlled in amounts by export licenses issued by the Commerce Department. With the end of the fighting war, the board was disbanded since nearly all of the existing food supplies were in the United States. In all of the allocations during and after the war the World Food Board operated under the so-called Joint Chiefs of Staff Memorandum 1067 (JCS 1067) which directed that in the allocation of food resources Germany and Japan would stand at the end of the line. After the Board was dissolved, there were substantial amounts of wheat, corn, cotton, and soybeans in the United States and the Secretary of Agriculture in the U.S.A. had the responsibility of making allocations to the various claimants.

By an agreement between the Army and the Department of Agriculture, I was to be stationed as a special assistant to the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Clinton Anderson, to work out the allocation of the remaining resources between some fifty claimants, including Western Germany and Japan. We were still working under JCS 1067. One afternoon, General Marshall, who had become President Truman's Secretary of State, came over to the Department to ask that Germany and Japan, "the Flag Areas" be given greater priority in food supply. When reminded of JCS 1067, Mr. Anderson picked up the white telephone on his desk with a direct connection to Mr. Truman in the White House and in a matter of minutes JCS 1067 was eliminated and these "Flag Areas" had equal status with some other fifty countries seeking monthly allotments of wheat, corn, cotton and soybeans.

When I had left Germany in 1946 there was every hope that 1947 would have good crops. Further, there was strong evidence that there would be large crops of wheat in the U.S.A. and Canada. With the allotment system virtually abandoned and general return to ordinary commercial channels for the distribution of food products I buttoned up my work in the Department, resigned my job, which had been held open for me as General Agent of the Farm Credit Association and returned to Arkansas and joined the Arkansas Democrat, the State's second-largest newspaper as associate editor. Prior to the outbreak of war I had owned and operated a couple of newspapers in Eldorado, Arkansas which I later sold. I had retained my interest in a farm magazine and a radio station in Little

Rock. Upon the outbreak of World War II and my joining the Army I sold the radio station and farm paper but was retained as a contributing editor to the farm paper for which I prepared a monthly article for the magazine. Some of these articles were widely reprinted in other publications around the state. I had long wanted to return to the newspaper business on my retirement from the Army but my small capital and the increased price of even a small daily paper was not enough to undertake such a venture -- so the opportunity to join the Arkansas Democrat was quickly accepted.

My family had moved from New Orleans back to Little Rock during the war and I was rapidly settling down too, as one described it, to being an Arkansas booster, a pillar of the community and a deacon in the church. Prior to war the Department of Agriculture had inaugurated a crop reduction program designed to reduce the vast surplus of wheat, corn, cotton, turpentine, and honey that was accumulating and depressing prices to farmers. Each year, planned production goals were set up and county committees were called upon to implement the program in their various counties. Regional meetings were held where the program was presented for discussion and eventual implementation.

With a world food shortage looming in 1947 the committee shifted to organizations promoting all-out food production for 1947. These committees met in various regions to hear and receive the plan for the next year's production. While in the Department of Agriculture I had been asked to speak to one of these regional meetings in New York State. Back in Arkansas as associate editor of an important newspaper I was asked to continue this sort of thing -- since I was one of the few freshly-returned from the front, so to speak. At one point I went to a large meeting in Memphis, Tennessee where I had presented a rather far-reaching six-point program on the situation in Western Europe, arguing that no matter how much we might dislike what Germany had done, the American people could not countenance the starvation of old men, women, and children. For the sake of Europe, Germany must be allowed to work her way back to respectability in the family of nations. The talk was widely noted by the Associated Press and considerable criticism as well as commendation came my way.

On return to Little Rock and reporting to work the next morning I found two copies of telegrams which had passed between my publisher and Washington. The first was a request by the Pentagon for my publisher to release me from my contract for one year to return to Germany -- the second was his reply which said in effect, "if there was a compelling reason for my services he would release me and protect my employment for one year." A few days prior to this, I had received a telephone call from Berlin asking me to return. I had protested rather loudly that I had been away for more than three years, that I was just getting back to being a civilian again and I thought that I had done my share. A few days after the Memphis meeting I went out to Denver, Colorado for a large meeting of farmer committeemen of the Western District. Due to the time factor I was all night getting back to Little Rock at about 6:30 in the morning. I ate breakfast uptown and did not go home but went directly to my office where I found another telegram on my desk authorizing transportation to Washington for travel at government expense to report to the Secretary of the Army at 9 o'clock on the morning of December 24. This was December 23rd and our daughter, one of the crop of debutantes in Little Rock that year

was to be presented with her parents at a debutante ball. I dressed up in party clothes and as a proud father attended the dance but left at midnight to catch an overnight plane to Washington. Arriving in Washington at about 6:30 A.M. I went to the University Club, changed clothes, ate breakfast and reported to the Pentagon on the dot at 9:00 A.M.

Secretary Royal was a large six-foot two, 250 pound gentleman sitting behind a large mahogany desk piled high with papers. When I reported in he looked up and said, "Well, Clay says he must have you back in Germany, what are you going to do, go over as a civilian at the highest salary the government can pay or will I have to put you back in uniform and send you over?"

I replied, "Sir, you haven't the guts to put me back in uniform."

He said, with a laugh, "Well I don't know about that, we are having to do a lot of unpleasant things these days." At this point General William Draper came in -- he was now an Under Secretary of the Department of the Army. After some discussion of the food situation in Germany -- I agreed to return if my family did not object too much and if they might follow me once I got settled in Germany.

He asked how I got to Washington. I told him that I had been able to get a reservation on a midnight plane coming up but with the heavy traffic on Christmas Eve I might have some problems getting home. He pressed a button, called in a WAC Major and told her to set up a special plane to take me back to Little Rock. I was to report to Bolling Field at 4:30 P.M. for the trip home. Back home, my family was quite excited that they might follow me to Germany after I had gotten settled. They had always been wonderful in tagging along with me in my somewhat tramplike existence in the newspaper and radio business. To make a long story short, within eleven days I was back in Germany as head of the Food and Agriculture and Forestry Division of the Allied Military Government of Western Germany.

During 1947, there had been an open break between the Russians and the Western Powers over Germany and the beginning of the so-called cold war. I made no notes of this tour as a civilian except the official reports. When I left Germany as a Army officer in mid-1946 there was every evidence that every foot of soil in Western Germany would be planted to the traditional crops of wheat, rye, barley, and potatoes.

The agricultural difficulties which prompted my return to Germany stemmed from one of those long-ago perpetual arguments between Stalin, Churchill, and President Roosevelt which usually ended with a communique stating that theirs had been fruitful and frank discussions -- meaning in most cases nothing had been actually agreed upon. I did not know of the decisions or lack of decisions at their last meeting of the Big Three at Tehran in 1946 when the eventual borders of the various zones in Germany were confirmed. In the sweep of the Russian Armies across Poland in the last days of the war the Russian Armies had overrun the agreed Western borders of Poland, some 120 miles deep along a 400 mile front.

The foreign ministers meeting in Paris during the war had agreed that Russia would annex a strip of Poland's Eastern provinces 100 miles deep and 500 miles long but Poland would be compensated by taking an equal strip from Eastern Germany running roughly along a previously-designated line called the CURZON LINE or the eastern ODER NIESSE River. However, the Russian sweep across Poland overrun this CURZON line by a full 120 miles, along the 400 mile front mentioned earlier. They had settled won as had been their practice all along and embargoed the movement of all food stuffs out of the area and had kicked out the some eight and one-half million Germans living in the area. This was the area from which the British-occupied Ruhr zone received more than 70 percent of its food supply. Churchill argued with great fervor for Russia to withdraw her troops from this area in order that the British zone might again receive the food resources from that area's residents.

President Roosevelt, sick and really dying and from a country more concerned with too much food rather than too little, took little part in the discussion but Stalin's refusal to allow food to get to the British zone set in motion a chain reaction that meant disaster for Great Britain. Britain, bled white of foreign exchange by the conduct of the war and having to import 60 percent of her food supply and then having to divide that with the 20 million Germans in her zone in the Ruhr was in a desperate situation and had to throw in the towel. The United States assumed the responsibility for the food supply to the Ruhr at a cost of some \$900 million annually. In the meantime there had been almost a sharp division of Germany into two Germanies.

The Western German Republic was in formation and the Eastern Russian Zone was rather quickly set up in the Russian sector. Since Germany had already been de-facto divided into four Germanies and the new Federal Republic of Germany was being formed out of the three Western zones: U.S., British, and French, my job was to try to administer the Food and Agricultural Division of what was to become the present-day West German Republic. Berlin was still a divided city -- four zones and administered by a Four-Power Allied High Commission. This was the real beginning of the Cold War and the entual creation of two Germanies.

This brought on the Berlin blockade and the much-publicized airlift. Though there has been a lessening of tensions and harrassment in recent years, Western Germany has become the keystone of the Common Market and one of the major powers in Europe and staunch friend of the United States.

Such are the fortunes of war and what historians 100 years from now will report about this period of history is anybody's guess. In the meantime maybe the detente and lessening of tensions between Russia and the West will yet evolve a more peaceful world -- but the missile bases scattered over the United States with the ability to literally destroy civilization of both countries gives little hope of any more than a continuing buildup of modern weapons of destruction and a military trade totalling 240 billions of dollars annually in a world that is short of fertilizer plants gives little hope that power politics will ever be abandoned as a means of settling disputes between even the smallest and poorest nations.

CONCLUSION

For services in World War I and World War II, I was awarded several military decorations. The Soldier's Medal with four battle stars was for World War I. World War II brought the Soldier's Medal, the Bronze Star, the Legion of Merit, the Medal of Honor for Distinguished Civilian Service in the Army of the United States -- all deeply appreciated whether deserved or not.

But the most cherished of all was a letter from General Lucius Clay sent a few months before he died, in reply to my query on just how the decision was made to defy the Russians when they blockaded Berlin and brought on the airlift -- it reads as follows:

933 3rd Avenue
New York, 10017
April 30 1977

Mr. Stanley Andrews
Pleasant Green Plantation House
Route 1, Pilot Grove MO 65276

Dear Stan:

I'm not going to pursue you with letters which you feel that you might have to answer. I await your book with some interest. However, all I really have to say is -- for the help you gave me in darkest moments, thank you and God Bless you.

Sincerely,

Lucius Clay

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